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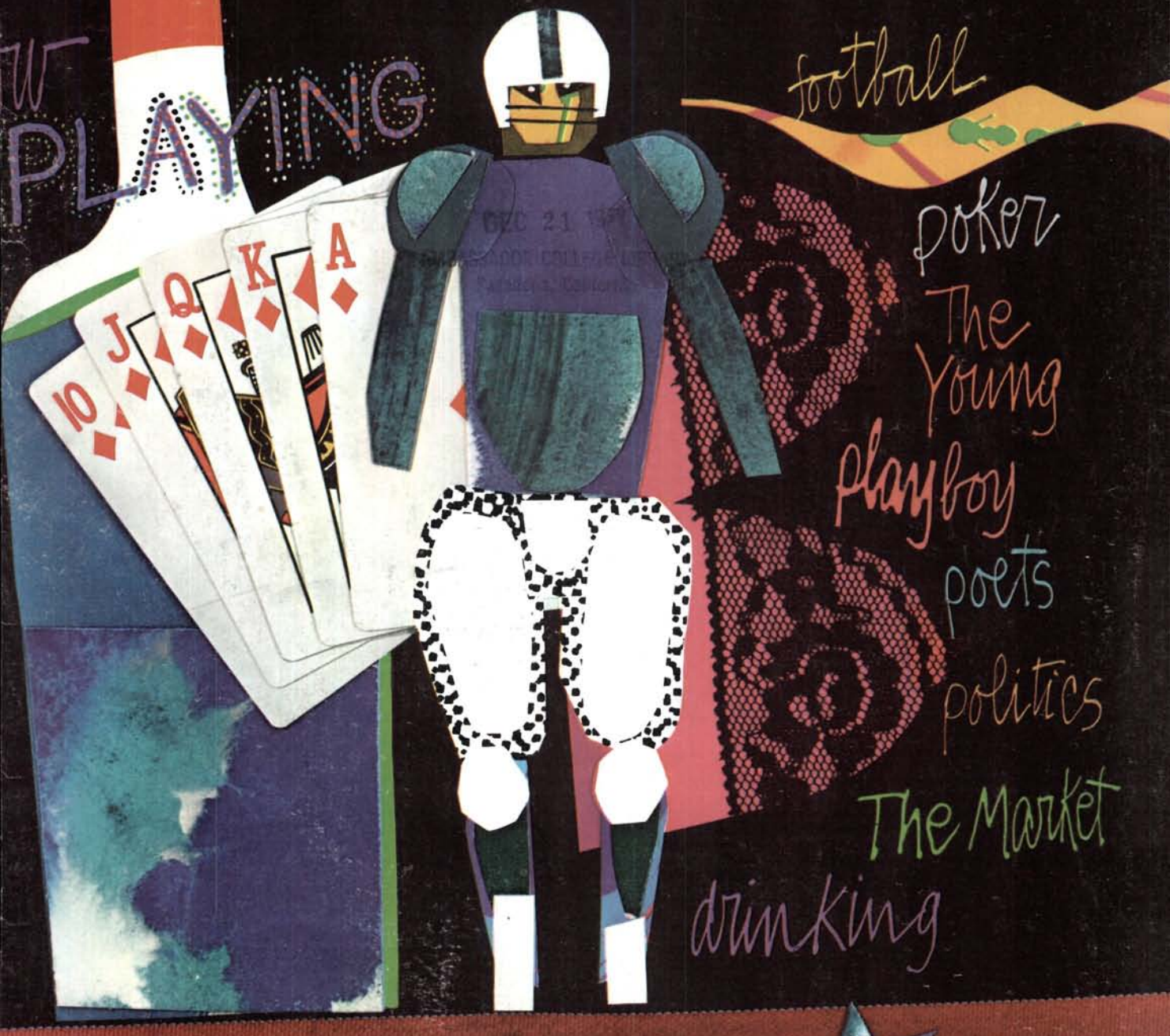

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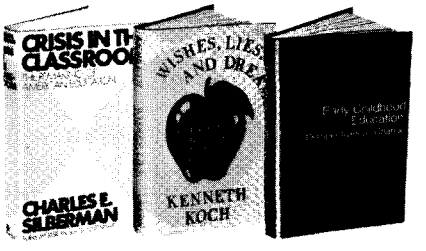

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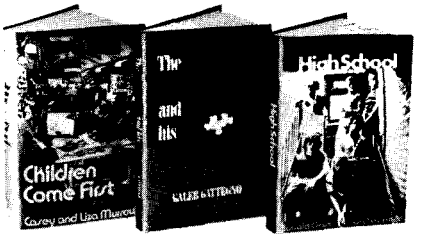

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

Just after the December issue went to press, a letter arrived answering the question raised on this page last month, about how readers might help the imprisoned Greek lawyer George Mangakis, whose "Letter in a Bottle" appeared in *The Atlantic.*

"I am sure that many of your readers were greatly moved, as I was, by the 'Letter in a Bottle' . . . in your October issue," the letter began. "Apart from its impact as a beautifully written testimony to the strength of the human spirit, it draws attention to the tragic situation of prisoners suffering in the jails of Greece. Professor Mangakis is but one of several hundred brave Greeks who today undergo severe hardship rather than collaborate with the dictatorial regime.

"Thousands of political prisoners have passed through Greek jails and detention camps since the Colonels seized power in 1967 and of these people, many have been subjected to brutal treatment and held under inhuman conditions. After being released from prison, political prisoners are often denied work permits and are kept under constant surveillance. As a result, their families have become destitute. Without outside assistance, there would be little hope for them."

The letter is signed by Charles E. Goodell, former senator from New York, who is now chairman of the American Committee to Aid Families of Greek Prisoners. Mr. Goodell explains that the committee is a nonprofit, tax-exempt group independent of any political organization and that all the money it collects (tax-deductible, incidentally) will be channeled directly to Greece. Contributions of any size are welcome, Mr. Goodell adds. The address is 777 UN Plaza (Room 6E), New York, New York 10017.

Contributing Editor Ross Terrill with a Chinese acquaintance, Liu Ju-ts'ai.

While the praise pours in for the first part of Ross Terrill's "The 800,000,000, Report From China," we proudly present Part II, an examination of the men who run China, the way their Foreign Ministry works, and the way China views the United States and the rest of the world. Since the first installment appeared in November, Contributing Editor Terrill has been deluged with approving mail, requests for interviews and TV and radio appearances. Fellow Asian scholars have reacted with enthusiasm ("The best writing out of China since the '40s"—Harvard Professor John K. Fairbank), and the prestigious American Academy of Arts and Sciences invited him to talk about China at a recent meeting. Ensconced in his bachelor's digs at Harvard's Kirkland House, Mr. Terrill is refusing other invitations while he incorporates the *Atlantic* articles and extensive additional material into a book, *800,000,000: The Real China,* to be published this spring.

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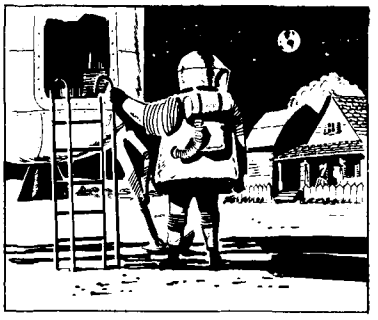

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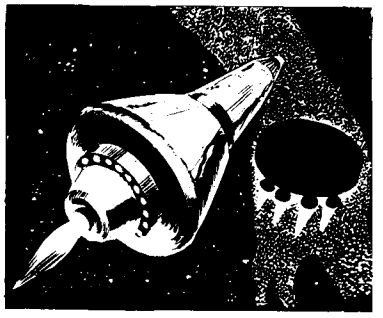

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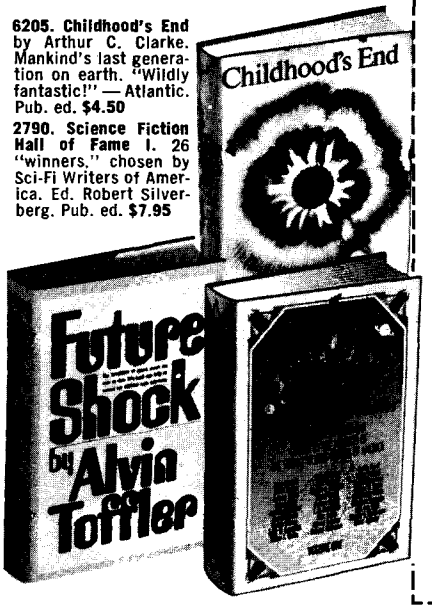

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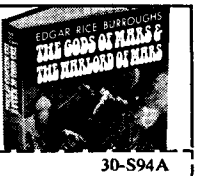

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REPORTS & COMMENT

SCANDINAVIA

"The Swedes make it, the Norwegians brag about it, the Finns complain about it, and the Danes sell it," runs an old Scandinavian epigram. In fact it tells quite a bit about the character and attitudes of the four countries. To travel around Scandinavia is to be struck again and again by the differing personalities and the real divergences which periodically emerge to shatter the image of symmetry and harmony in these hard-working, prosperous, and thoroughly pleasant lands.

Scandinavia is going through one of those shattering periods right now. By Scandinavian standards, 1971 was a year of almost unparalleled internal political and economic upheavals. And in the midst of all this, each country has been trying to chart its own course in coming to terms with the European Common Market.

Making it?

Sweden, the largest and most productive of the Scandinavian countries ("the Swedes make it"), with the highest living standard and per capita income in the world after the United States and Canada, is mired in its worst economic crisis since the Great Depression. The country is wealthy enough to heat the sidewalks in downtown Stockholm with underground steampipes in the winter; but ordinary beefsteak costs over $5 a pound, and a standard scotch or gin and tonic sets you back $2.25 in a bar. Bankruptcies rose by 50 percent during 1971, mostly among medium-sized and small companies. Investment is falling off, and production has declined month by month. The export order books for the coming year are thin, reflecting in part the vulnerability of Sweden's exports to the American 10 percent import surcharge. Unemployment has risen to 113,000, an unheard-of 2.8 percent for Sweden and about double the 1970 average. Moreover, the figure is closer to 200,000 if the number of women who are staying at home instead of working is added in.

Prime Minister Olof Palme's basic approach to this has been more socialism, more emphasis on social security, more taxes, more distribution of wealth in narrowing lower and upper limits. This approach has worked in the past when the Swedish economy has been expanding and business leaders could be counted on for cooperation or collaboration as long as they were getting their cut. But higher taxes do not mean higher production, and the leveling out of society through socialist mechanism no longer means a leveling up for the vast majority of Swedes.

The combination of half a century of "middle way" socialism on top of nearly two centuries of neutrality has made Sweden a rather suffocatingly smug and self-satisfied place, insular even within Scandinavia. The Social Democrats have been in power so long, and the habit of collaboration is now so ingrained among politicians of all parties, labor, banks, manufacturers, everybody, that there is no coherent alternative approach to Sweden's problems, no opposition thrusting for power in order to change things or do things differently. All those superficial trappings of permissive attitudes toward pornography, group sex, and multiple marriages, asylum for American deserters, and support for leftist causes in other parts of the world may give Sweden a certain avant-garde, "with-it" appearance. But in reality this is little more than relief or escapism from the conformity—social, economic, and political—to which the nation is fundamentally and deeply committed.

Membership in the Common Market almost certainly would have given Sweden precisely the kind of stimulus to re-examine and rethink which is so lacking in its outlook. But the country's obsession with its neutrality makes such a step apparently impossible. Swedish business leaders, the Swedish Foreign Ministry, and even some Swedish politicians fully realize that membership in the Common Market would be a logical, sensible, and even necessary step for Sweden. But nobody is ready to try to square this overriding long-term national interest with the true meaning of "neutrality."

When the ebullient and outspoken Joseph Luns, then foreign minister of the Netherlands and now NATO secretary-general, made an official visit to Stockholm a few months ago, he was asked by a television interviewer if the Common Market would respect Swedish neutrality. He jarred the Swedes somewhat when he replied:

"Neutrality? Neutrality? Oh, Sweden isn't a neutral country. Only Swedes think Sweden is neutral. Independent—yes. But neutral? Certainly not!"

Until Britain decided that the time

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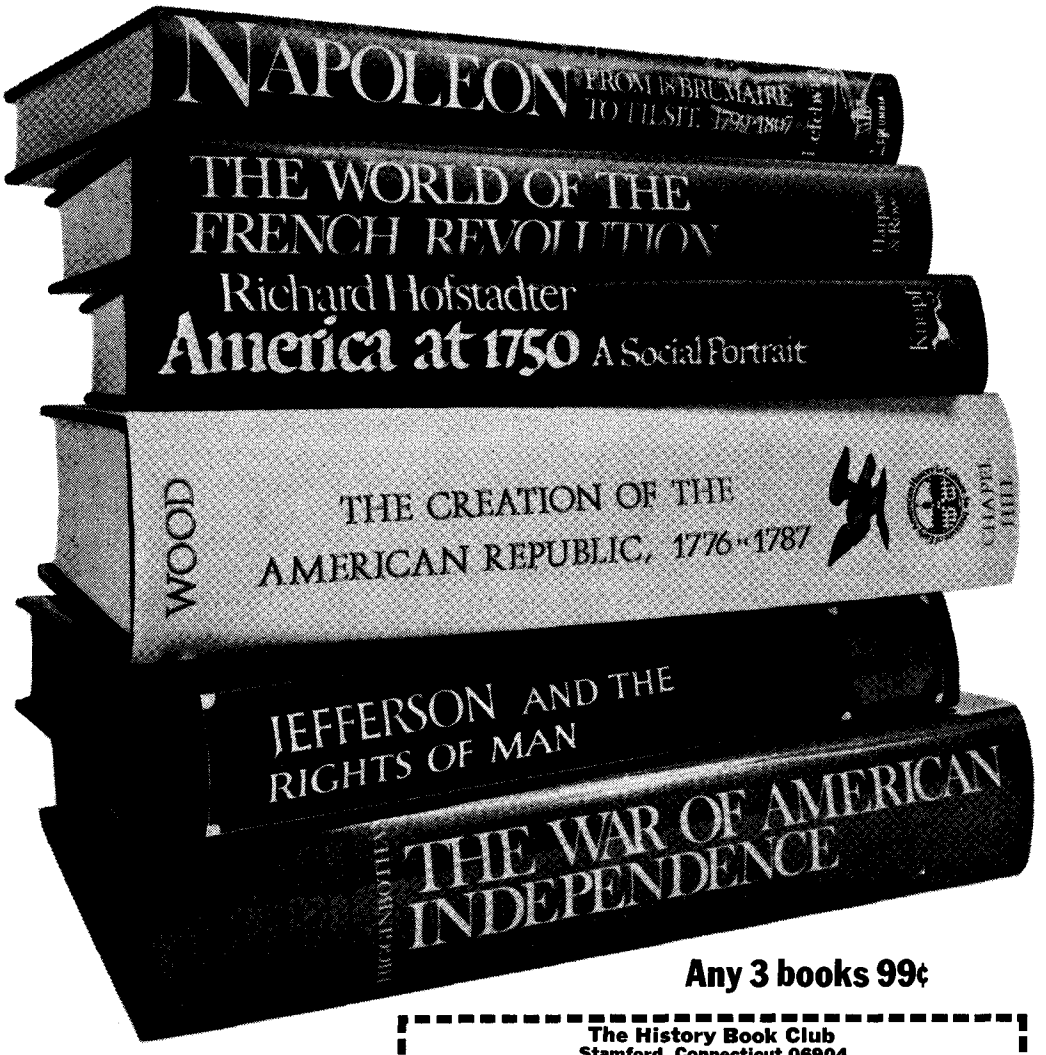

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SCANDINAVIA

was at last ripe to enter Europe, the issue had been dormant in Scandinavia. But for Norway and Denmark, with economies closely tied to both the British and the European markets, Britain's decision forced an immediate choice between Scandinavian and wider European loyalties and attractions. The Swedes tried to head the issue off by proposing for all four Scandinavian countries a Nordic Economic Union, which might eventually negotiate some kind of membership or association with the Common Market as a bloc.

When Sweden broached its proposal for an economic union, Scandinavian solidarity required that it at least be examined and treated seriously. The Norwegians were distinctly reluctant, but the Danes professed to be in favor, and it did offer a way to help the Finns edge away from the Russians. So negotiations got under way. But then suddenly, early in 1971, the Russians stepped in and blew the whistle on the Finns, warning them off even such a modest step as economic association with their own Scandinavian neighbors. When the Finns pulled out, the Nordic Union proposal collapsed, leaving the Norwegians and the Danes free to open negotiations in Brussels to join the Common Market.

The Swedes themselves then had to test the mood in Brussels, and although they find it cool, they are now almost desperately asking for a sweeping association agreement which would amount to joining without signing the treaty. They are ready to align not only their tariffs and industrial trading policies with the Common Market but their agriculture as well—just as long as they don't have to give up their illusion of neutrality by signing a treaty. But this poses some very awkward matters of principle as well as technical issues for the Common Market.

To grant privileges and concessions to Sweden without membership would be to invite others to ask for the same. There is also the question of the rules of the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs (GATT), which permit members of customs unions or free-trade associations to do certain things among themselves. But to partake of these advantages, a nation must join. So the Common Market negotiators are warily sorting out just how far they can go in being generous to the Swedes without creating a lot of bad precedents and future problems.

Selling it

Meanwhile, the Common Market issue in Denmark and Norway is still very much touch and go—despite strong convictions at the top in government, business, and industry that both countries must follow Britain and join. Denmark, moreover ("the Danes sell it"), has been waging a seemingly hopeless fight with internal inflation and a growing balance-of-payments deficit for four years. Its parliament has long been such a fragmented collection of political groups (thanks to an electoral system of proportional representation) that strong governmental leadership is almost impossible. Neutralist and extreme leftist pressure groups can make themselves disproportionately felt—not so much to achieve action but to block action. Whatever the logic and the economic interests of the nation, the Danish political problem of joining the Common Market is, therefore, complex.

In this state, the Danes lurched along to a general election in October, 1971, which produced a typically Danish result. The three-party rightist government coalition lost ten seats in the Folketing. The Social Democrats, under Jens Otto Krag, pulled out in front by one seat by virtue of the election of a Socialist poet in the remote Faroe Islands. But no single party has won a majority in the Danish parliament in sixty years. The Socialists have formed a minority government with the votes of the extreme leftist Socialist People's Party.

On the Common Market issue, Krag has to put together a constitutional majority of five sixths of parliament in order to ratify the treaty. He certainly can't expect any help from the Socialist People's Party to his left. Both he and a strong majority of his own party, as well as a large body of members to the right, are strongly convinced of the necessity of joining. But Krag played down the issue in the election campaign because it is a touchy one with the neutralist-leftist voting fringe. Ultimately he counts on the suction pull of British entry followed by Norwe-

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gian entry to drag his reluctant parliament along.

Looking out

Norway, as in 1949 at the time of the decision on NATO, is again the key country in this Scandinavian moment of history. Although Norway is the smallest of the Scandinavian countries, with less than half the population of Sweden, it has always had a major impact on regional affairs. "The Norwegians brag about it" is at least inherently true. Unlike Sweden, Norway is an outward-looking country. Having broken away from the Swedish crown in 1905 and fought a desperate war from 1940 to 1945, Norway is not overawed by Swedish political leadership or wisdom. For that matter, Norwegians are not overawed by anybody.

It was nevertheless as providential as it was unexpected when the Norwegian Labor Party suddenly returned to power in March, 1971, after six years in opposition.

Trygve Bratteli, the Labor Party Prime Minister who took over, is a man whose convictions about European unity are very deep. A strong and forceful man who spent the war years in a Nazi concentration camp along with Halvard Lange and other Norwegian Social Democrats, he subsequently worked closely with Lange, Norway's Foreign Minister, in selling the Labor Party on membership in NATO.

"This is not a question of public opinion—it's a problem of political leadership," Bratteli told his party and his associates before taking office. "If we had left it to public opinion in 1949, we would never have joined NATO, and where would Norway be today?"

His first contact with Sweden's Olof Palme after taking office was equally forceful. Palme had decided to seek an association status in Brussels for Sweden, and journeyed secretly to Oslo to discuss his move with Bratteli, his fellow Socialist.

Bratteli listened to Palme deploy his arguments about how the Scandinavians could get all they needed from the Common Market through good association arrangements, and about Swedish neutrality. The Norwegian then replied coolly that he thought that Sweden, not Norway, was making a mistake. The neutrality

Calcutta Report on Elizabeth Dass

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CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA. DATE: MARCH 17, 1969

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE. SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH ARE RESTORED.

PARENT CONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.

MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARNER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS-INDEEDIT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNS TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS: MARIA DASS, DECEASED OB SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS: ELIZABETH WILL CENTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM HER PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

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issue did not strike him as real or valid where the Common Market was concerned. Norway was determined to press on with its application for membership, and Bratteli expressed his conviction, now borne out, that the negotiating problems of fisheries and agriculture could be solved.

"The parallel with Norway's decision to join NATO is uppermost in his mind," says one of Bratteli's close associates. "As he sees it, if Norway were to stay outside the Common Market with Britain going in, then it would look to the Russians as if our whole policy of solidarity with Western Europe and the NATO alliance is in doubt. Norway is already confronted with an enormous Soviet naval presence in the North, and we can expect pressures always to get us out of NATO, curtail our defense activities, take a more neutralist line. Bratteli is determined not to show any weakness in Norway's ties, and he sees joining the Common Market to be as much an act of political solidarity with the NATO countries of Europe as it is an act of economic union necessary to our economic future."

But with all of this determination and leadership at the top, Bratteli, too, has a political hill to climb. He needs a three-quarters majority in the Storting to meet the constitutional requirement to join the Market, and if this is less a problem than the five-sixths majority which Prime Minister Krag needs in Copenhagen, it is still a difficult vote to achieve. The Farmer's Party on the right and some extreme Marxist-Socialists on the left are within two or three votes of being able to block ratification—despite the overwhelming support of the Labor Party and the various centrist parties.

The Labor government intends now to outflank its own parliament by holding a national advisory referendum on joining the Common Market sometime in the late spring or early summer. They are convinced that they can poll better than a 50 percent majority, and even though the referendum would be only "advisory," this would put pressure on the parliamentarians not to vote against the people's will.

Waiting

Meanwhile, Finland, right up against the Russian border, can only watch and wait and hope that after the Common Market issue sorts itself out, Brussels will take a kindly interest in problems of Finnish trade with Europe. The Finns have been told quietly not to worry. There is a great deal of sympathy for Finland, and the number of trade agreements which it would like to strike with the Common Market is not all that large in total European terms. It is important, moreover, that whatever special arrangements are made, there should be as little fanfare and unnecessary attention as possible to avoid arousing the sensibilities of the Russians.

While waiting for the future with its head down, Finland has not been immune to the upheavals which have been sweeping across Scandinavia. In March last year, the Communists walked out of the government, thereby ending nearly six years of the only "popular front" experiment in democratic Europe. In October, the coalition Cabinet broke up completely, and a "caretaker government" of civil servants under the mayor of Helsinki took over pending formation of a new government following general elections.

Of key interest in the elections is the strength of the Communists, whose vote dropped from 21 percent to only 16 percent in the last elections in March, 1969. There was quiet relief among a majority of Finns when they quit the government in a complex argument over support of the rather stiff economic stabilization program in force in Finland. But the real reason seems to have been that the Party simply wanted freedom of political action on all fronts again.

While drifting along in governmental suspended animation, the Finns are nevertheless actively preparing for the long-sought European Security Conference which they now confidently expect to host in Helsinki during 1972. Whatever the conference achieves in the way of a new ordering of Europe's affairs, it will be Helsinki's great moment of history. Helsinki is not a city to set statesmen dancing as they did at the Congress of Vienna in 1815. But it is a place where tourists and statesmen alike quickly become aware of the great sacrifices which are necessary to preserve freedom and the benefits these sacrifices bring, whatever the cost.

—DON COOK

EGYPT

Cairo today has a tentative air. The Egypt Firsters are in charge. They reflect the daily concerns of a weary people who hope for real peace and want to get on with their unfinished social revolution. Yet, at the end of President Anwar el-Sadat's "year of decision," they could not see how tensions would ease. Sadat's gamble of diplomacy had failed. Israel still refused to pledge future pullout from Sinai in exchange for his offer of a peace agreement. Instead Israel suggested opening the Suez Canal without Israeli withdrawal. Sadat's answer was mobilization and one more UN appeal. If that failed, he maintained, a return to war was inevitable.

Windfalls and losses

President Sadat's policies at home have obvious popular approval. During his first year in power, he dismantled the police-state apparatus which has haunted civilian life these last years. He has amnestied all but the hard-core leftists and most corrupt officials who actively tried to replace him, and he has liberalized the constitution, stressing the rule of law in place of personal politics. A specific reform was signaled when he reinstated over one hundred judges who had been removed in 1969 as opponents of Nasser.

The problem-solvers are replacing the amateur politicians who could not cope with the industrialization process. The laboring class expect a better deal in a modestly improving economic climate. And villagers in the expanding agricultural provinces await the arrival of long-heralded electricity, promised from the power grid stretching out from Aswan. The problem for President Sadat is to produce results.

The High Dam at Aswan is the most important legacy from the Nasser era. It is storing floodwaters which used to leave farmers at the mercy of the seasons. The present controlled flow makes possible greatly increased production with two crops a year instead of one. Already, thanks to this new regime of the Nile, Egypt is self-sufficient in maize, and produces a large surplus of rice for export. Perennial irrigation has increased the total cultivated area in the Nile Valley

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by some 10 percent. From Lake Nasser above the High Dam, a new fishing industry is adding to the country's food supply. The original historic aim of using the river for the greatest good of the greatest number seems well within reach. With the use of miracle grains, which have revolutionized agriculture in Mexico and Asia, Egypt is in sight of becoming self-sufficient in food.

Equally important for the future is the hydroelectric power available from Aswan. About a quarter of the potential supply is already in use. Industry will make use of much more, once the country can divert some of the money spent on defense to development. A start has been made on carrying electricity to some of Egypt's five thousand villages, and this is being done with Russian aid. Egypt's planners hope for a consequent revolution in peasant attitudes: when peasants see that manual labor can be replaced by machinery, the traditional dependence on many hands in the family should cease. This is one of the approaches to family planning which the government foresees.

Meanwhile, Egypt has wrung the immediate economic benefits from the High Dam at some inevitable costs. These were anticipated during the years of planning and engineering carried out by German engineers in the fifties. One problem is leakage and evaporation. Other ecological and hydrological problems, some of them soluble, accompany any large irrigation project. The one great disadvantage of the project is the increase in bilharzia infection which follows any irrigation in Egypt. A cure for this serious malady has been developed, but it is expensive. Prevention is still the best hope. This means keeping the peasants from bathing in irrigation canals, and educating them to drink clean water.

In addition to the benefits from the High Dam, there were a few economic windfalls to ease President Sadat's first year. One is the oversubscription by European and Japanese participants in a new 210-mile oil pipeline to run from the Gulf of Suez to the Mediterranean. It represents an investment of some $280 million, much of it from Europe, in an enterprise to be built by a group of British, French, and Italian companies.

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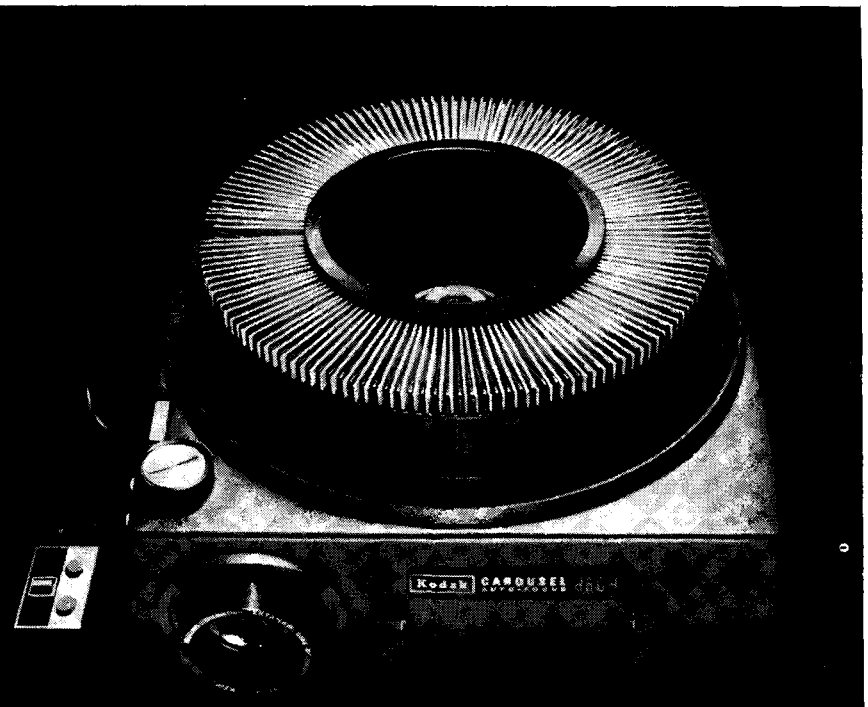

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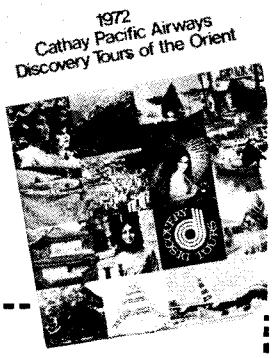

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EGYPT

rassed economic planners is the recent discovery of large deposits of phosphates on the Abu Tartur Plateau between the Kharga and Dakhla Oases west of the Nile, and a potentially more valuable find of rare earth metals near the Red Sea coast. This second discovery, made by the Egyptian Geological Survey, suggests to the scientists in charge that the deposits of tantalum and related minerals could be as important for Egypt as oil is for Kuwait. Dr. Rushdi Said, head of the Survey, explains that these are minerals "of the future," used in solid-state physics and in the production of fine steels.

A third boost to the economy has come from new oil discoveries in the Western Desert and offshore in the Gulf of Suez, which have offset the loss of the Sinai wells, still in Israeli hands. These finds make Egypt an oil exporter at a time when it is trying to rebuild foreign trade.

Egypt's economy needs all the help it can get, with 30 percent of the budget going to defense. As a further incentive to normal business development, President Sadat has initiated an investment bank designed to attract Arab and other foreign capital. Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and the smaller Gulf states are taking the lead in subscribing capital, signifying the changed relations between socialist Egypt and the conservative regimes. Western investment will be encouraged as well, with tax incentives and guarantees against confiscation. The door, Sadat seems to be saying, is open for any business which will help Egypt.

Within and without

Part of the present politics of reconciliation is represented by the loose federation of Egypt, Syria, and Libya, which is in the process of organization. This association, initiated by Colonel Muammerel-Quaddafi of Libya, could scarcely be rebuffed by Cairo, which still draws a heavy subvention from Libya. It remains to be seen whether the form will eventually assume substance. It is not, as in the case of the hastily contrived United Republic of Egypt in 1958, a rescue operation for Syria but rather an alignment for political defense, presumably against Israel. Yet the fine print does not deprive Egypt of its independent negotiating position in relation to Israel.

The real pressure on President Sadat for a more aggressive posture seems likely to come from within his country. The humiliation represented by Israel's occupation of Sinai and the immobilization of the Canal by the Israeli Bar Lev Line there is intolerable to the Sadat government. The government has not yet given up entirely the hope of a diplomatically arranged peace settlement. But the expectations behind Sadat's offer of last February to recognize Israel and sign a peace agreement in exchange for withdrawal from Sinai have been reduced now to the faintest hopes.

One source of potential trouble at home is the younger army leaders who have replaced the discredited officers of 1967. A whole generation has grown up in Egypt fed on the violent fare issuing from Gamal Abdel Nasser's famous *Voice of the Arabs* radio broadcasts. Many of these youths are now manning the dreary desert outposts along the Canal with no sign of a break in the frustrating stalemate. It is no longer just a peasant army. Of some 650,000 men in uniform, 60,000 have university degrees. Yet, if they would like to see action, they must know that their Russian patrons would not save them. The Russian commitment is more to its own strategic interests *in* Egypt than to the Egyptians themselves. In exchange for their position, the Russians provide protection for Egypt's interior cities and the Nile Valley.

The Russian presence in Cairo is not obtrusive, but it is there, and the Russians cannot fail to sense the ambivalent Egyptian reaction. It is often not even ambivalent but all too plain. Such papers as *Al Akbar,* for example, write that Egypt is struggling "against the occupation within and without," and that the "occupation within," which "hides behind a Socialist mask," will eventually disappear like a nightmare.

As if to counteract the "nightmare," President Sadat repeatedly emphasizes Islamic principles and ties. This is one of the bonds with the present regime in Libya, and it is a strong bond with Saudi Arabia. At the same time, personal life is no longer a preoccupation of the state. A whole army of informers has been put

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out of business. It is possible to get an exit visa for travel without great bureaucratic fuss. The government is encouraging intellectual exchanges, and recognizes the great gap between scientific development in Egypt and in Europe. It will be hard to lure back the good Egyptian scientists who have been driven to emigrate because of poor facilities and jobs, but there is an immediate program to enlist some of this lost talent for at least temporary exchanges at home. The government, with French assistance, is planning a science center for Alexandria to revive that city's once important role in education.

It will take time and money to revitalize Egypt's academic and scientific community. The National Research Center in Cairo, for example, employs 2000 people, of whom 400 have doctorates and 1000 master's degrees. Today it operates on half the budget it had before the 1967 war. Yet last year the National Science Foundation in Washington listed 764 Egyptian scientists, engineers, and doctors admitted to the United States as immigrants. Many others are known to have gone to Canada. This drain of Egypt's greatest resource preoccupies the Cairo government. Some of the gaps are being filled with outside help. The social sciences are a strong feature at the American University in Cairo. A thousand undergraduates crowd its campus, and another four thousand are enrolled in evening extension work. The Egyptian universities are so jammed that the whole system is in danger. Salaries are still meager, libraries and laboratories inadequate.

Two shields, no sword

Overshadowing all Egyptian domestic efforts is the uneasy cease-fire along the Canal. Cairo has very little room for further maneuver. It has gone a long way to meet the realities of its situation. Any attack on Israeli positions is doomed to failure. Egyptian cities are presumably safe from attack, and Egypt apparently has enough defensive strength to avoid being overwhelmed again by an Israeli assault. The military situation has been well described by an Israeli strategic analyst, Edward Luttwak, of the Van Leer Institute in Jerusalem. He writes: "Both sides have their options, but the Israeli army does have

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EGYPT

the fundamental advantage of flexibility, owing to its airpower and to its crushing superiority in mobile warfare on the ground. The Russo-Egyptian air defence deployment is certainly formidable but it cannot substitute for the lack of one vital ingredient . . . a powerful air force capable of carrying out offensive tasks. Similarly, Egyptian forces on the ground can deter an all-out Israeli offensive, but lack an offensive capability of their own. The Egyptians have two Maginot lines, one in the sky, and another on the ground. But two shields cannot make up for lack of a sword."

Given this obvious fact, Egyptian policy has been to try negotiation. If Egypt resumes a war of attrition, it will be a measure of last resort for the Egyptian government. Its whole strategy since the summer of 1970 has been to arrive at a settlement it can live with, through diplomatic means. When the Jarring effort failed to elicit cooperation from Israel, Cairo turned to the United States's good offices. In the last eighteen months, Egyptian concessions have gone a long way toward giving Washington intermediaries something with which to bargain. The cease-fire has been maintained. Egypt concedes the principle of a demilitarized Sinai, and the principle of some outside supervisory force at Sharm el Sheikh. Above all, Egypt holds to the agreement which the late President Nasser bequeathed his heirs: to recognize Israel as a Middle East state.

One seasoned Foreign Office official puts the situation this way: "We cannot make peace with Israel sitting in Sinai, and we cannot make war. We do not want another angry debate at the UN, but if nothing else happens we must at least go through with that."

It is a lament, not a threat. Like all Egyptians who favor settlement, this official is baffled by what is seen as the United States's inability or unwillingness to convey to Tel Aviv Cairo's readiness for peace. At the same time, Moscow has pushed the diplomatic approach. Unless Moscow shifts its stance, Cairo's current moves sound like desperate ploys rather than real threats to Israel.

—GEORGIANA G. STEVENS

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A Little Night Music: The Curvature of the Earth

by L. E. Sissman

Throughout our lives, far more efficiently than responsibility or taxes, we evade the idea of death. This is no mean feat: in a world of massacre and genocide, of widely reported individual deaths in Belfast, in Vietnam, and in our own backyard, we keep our blinders firmly on. Even the deaths of our friends and relatives do not persuade us fully of our own mortality; it's always somebody else that death happens to. In adolescence we are reckless with our lives, as if there were more than one life to a customer; in middle age we are cautious and husbanding of them, but as an affirmation, not an admission; in old age we fight tooth and nail—or toothless and horny-nailed—to keep our licenses to live, as if they could never be revoked by the Registry of Spiritual Vehicles. We are all of us always, in the words of the noble old cliché, living a lie.

Or almost always. Sometimes there comes to some of us, at ages when the knowledge would ordinarily be immaterial, a stinging vision of the inevitability of our own death. It is like, I should imagine, being the first man to see for himself—was he Major General Orvil Anderson, the USAAF balloonist, or one of those RAF fighter pilots who flew special high-altitude reconnaissance missions in supercharged, camera-bearing Spitfire MK IX's toward the end of World War II?—the proof of the theory of the curvature of the earth. At any rate, I felt just like an explorer of the bourns of our existence when, in the fall of 1965, a doctor told me (with considerable embarrassment, as if he had somehow been responsible for the dreadful foul-up) that I was the newest case of Hodgkin's disease.

Hodgkin's—which has had a good press lately but was obscure, almost reclusive, in those days—is a kind of cancer of the lymph nodes which used to be routinely fatal, and was still thought to be so in 1965. (A brave young woman I knew slightly in the forties and fifties had died of it, after an eighteen-month siege, in 1956.) So, although the skillful and kindly doctor did everything he could to pillow the blow, I soon became aware, after a little blunt-phrased digging, that I was in for it myself in a year or two or—possibly—ten. There would, of course, be radiation treatment—the doctors had great hopes for some new techniques of cobalt therapy—but no guarantees were given or received.

When my wife suddenly put her arm around me in the corridor leading to the garage from the medical building, a gesture both generous and possessive, I realized that both of us were about to lose me, a fact that I was, to draw it mild, quite unprepared to face. Apart from the beastly injustice of the whole idea—and beastly, bestial, is exactly how it seemed, like the wanton killing of a child, for who isn't, all his life, as innocent and vulnerable as a child in matters of life and death?—it struck me as a double injustice to my wife, who would go on suffering, mentally and materially, long after I had broken ground for my new venture. Equally, it was a serious—indeed, fatal—hardship for my old venture, a belated resumption of a career as a poet that I had just succeeded in relighting two years before. Finally, I realized that I was going to have the greatest difficulty in renouncing, however involuntarily, my wife, my house, my friends, my work, my dog, and certain ash and maple trees, not to mention various winsome bit players in my life so far.

My first reaction, an almost entirely unconscious one, was to clamp a tight lid of security down on overt expressions of these feelings. It seemed that the only way to deal with this crisis—different in degree but perhaps not, after all, in kind from others I had had to deal with—was to negate it, to pretend to myself and everybody else that, though it *had* happened to me, it couldn't happen to me. This ersatz stoicism, grafted on from the outside after the fact, worked fine. It took my wife and friends in, not to mention me. I soon convinced myself that *che serà, serà,* and to hell with it. My wife found me an uncomfortably uncomplaining monolith. The doctors took me for some unheard-of man of steel. And all the time I was simply denying the enormous, realistic likelihood of an untimely (whatever that means) death.

This high-flown irrefragability did not, however, extend itself into the area of physical discomfort. Always a sissy about pain, I moaned and writhed unconscionably during the various surgical and diagnostic procedures, especially a new one called lymphangiography, which, by pumping a dark dye into the lymph vessels in the insteps, permits a fluoroscopic detection and examination of the infected and enlarged lymph nodes. The dye needles were bad enough, but their predecessors, a series of Novocain injections to deaden the skinny, bony insteps, were worse; between the two, I had soon put down the copy of R. P. Blackmur's *Form and Value in Modern Poetry* I was rereading the same page of and started wincing and groaning in earnest long before the hour-and-a-half procedure was over. This was characteristically ironic, too, because it was probably the newly invented lymphangiogram that saved my life; a year or two earlier, nobody would have known how to locate the affected nodes in order to treat the area with a bearable dose of radiation.

From diagnosis, I crept on to treatment: a character in a 1935 movie of a 1905 H. G. Wells novel, I lay on a table, pinioned by lead bars, while a huge, rocket-shaped GE radiation machine circled a circular room and drew a bead on me, day after day. Ports clanked open; light leaped out in the darkened room; a buzzing X ray zapped me in the offending abdomen; the monster rang down its metal shutters and wheeled away. Soon I got sick from this: diarrhea, weight loss, constant nausea, wooziness.

But it was nothing to the sickness of the cancerous recidivists, two- and three-time losers to the disease, who sat beside me in the radiation waiting room. These frail, brittle, sallow people, decently, patiently awaiting the next failure of treatment and

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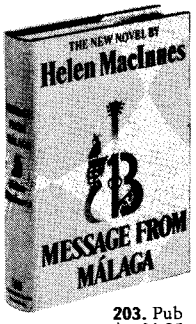

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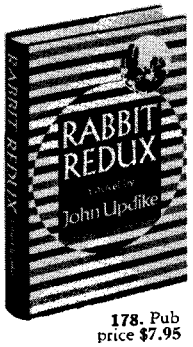

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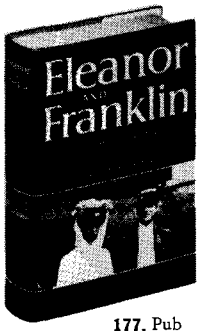

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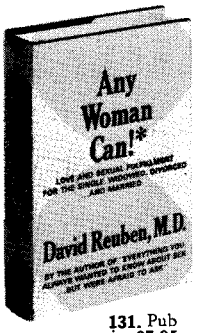

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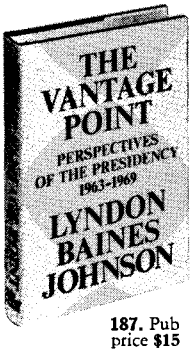

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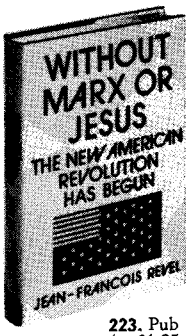

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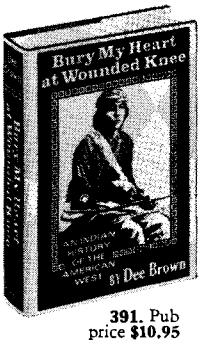

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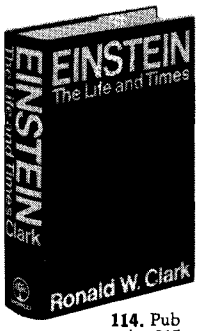

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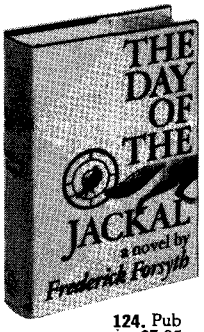

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loss of hope, are probably the most courageous men and women I've known, and it still pains and frightens me to think of them.

From inpatient I went to outpatient, creeping out of the office at four each afternoon to my rendezvous with the cyclotron, creeping home afterward, feeling very much an old man at thirty-eight, to inspect my burns, getting serious by now, and to slough the burnt skin off my belly like a snake. In the midst of all this dubious progress toward a cure, or at least a remission, a bizarre and unexpected thing occurred: my boss precipitately left the company, and I was promoted overnight in his place, the youngest and sickest vice president they had. The money was more than welcome, in view of the backlogging medical bills; the responsibility was not, at least at first, though I now suspect that it helped keep my mind off illness and on recovery. When my treatment at last ended, and further fluoroscopy showed that my lymph nodes had shriveled back to normal size, I was pronounced remitted—a kind of temporarily burnt-out case, like a dormant volcano. Again, no guarantees were given, though, and I was made aware that my next attack, should it ever come, might be my last. Nobody said this in so many words, of course, but the aura of irrational malice that hangs over a hitherto fatal disease made it clearly understood.

I was still in a state of *rigor mentis* after all this uproar of diagnosis and therapy and putative cure, still less than willing to admit to myself that, from the moment the painless, seemingly innocent lump on my thigh was biopsied and found malign, I had been in view of the curvature of the earth, of the whole trajectory of my life, and had seen the black and negative jackpot at the rainbow's end. Yet, in this state of inadmission of the evidence, I was still able to make certain basic decisions about the future course of my affairs, if any. First, my wife and I decided to sell a handsome 1743 house we had bought barely a year before, on the substantial grounds that I didn't want to burden both of us, if I survived, or her, if I didn't, with the constant, costly care and feeding of a delightful relic. We were lucky enough to find a buyer at a profit, and to build a brand-new colonial, not too badly reproduced, on some other land we owned. Next, and still on the serious side, I determined to step up the pace of my verse writing to complete a first book of poems before any further fatal hands were laid upon my throat. Fortunately, the onset of my illness had found me full of plans for poems, and even more fortunately, I was able to pick up where I had left off and spend 1966 writing them; by the end of the year, I had a manuscript which was soon after accepted as my first book.

Meanwhile, I also reacted frivolously to my experience. Moving my personal timetable a couple of years forward, I bought an expensive sports car (a Jaguar roadster) for the first time since I'd been a spendthrift kid, and took a five-week trip to England and Scotland with my wife. The motivation here was plain: though I might not have admitted it, I was damned if I'd die without having driven very fast and seen London at least once. (We saw a great deal more than London, driving at what now seems an exhausting pace, at least in a Mini—the Jaguar remained at home—over 2700 miles of Chilterns, Wenlocks, Cotswolds, Highlands and moors.) In pretty much the same way, I threw myself into my work, both at the office and at home, as if I were making up for lost—or borrowed—time. While I still officially dismissed the suggestion that my illness had had any very deep or lasting effect on my life, I was busy proving with my almost every action that I valued that life far more comprehensively than I ever had before.

This was not all demonstrated, of course, in sound and fury. A lot of it came out in the increased sensitivity of my personal emulsion to the otherwise quite ordinary things in life. I could be startled, for almost purely asexual reasons, by the great spectacle of a young girl smiling; I could be transported by the odor (for example) of thyme crushed underfoot; I could be moved, almost embarrassingly, by the sound of a friend's voice over the telephone; I could be stunned by the taste of the first Macoun apple of the fall. Though, as a writer, I had always been aware of the analogy between our life and the seasons, I now began to invest those seasons with an almost tactile significance and power. Spring, in its universal renovation, rejected my irradiated body, but summer, brandishing umbels, accepted it; I saw my decline summed up in fall, my death in winter, my revivification in the following spring, the first in which I had truly taken part since a childhood April on a farm. Somehow, my personal home demonstration of the fleetingness of life redoubled my perception and enjoyment of its mutant shapes and shadows. Instead of a curtain falling, a curtain rose. And stayed up, revealing a stage decked in defining light, until Doctor Hodgkin's second call—which I'll tell about next time.

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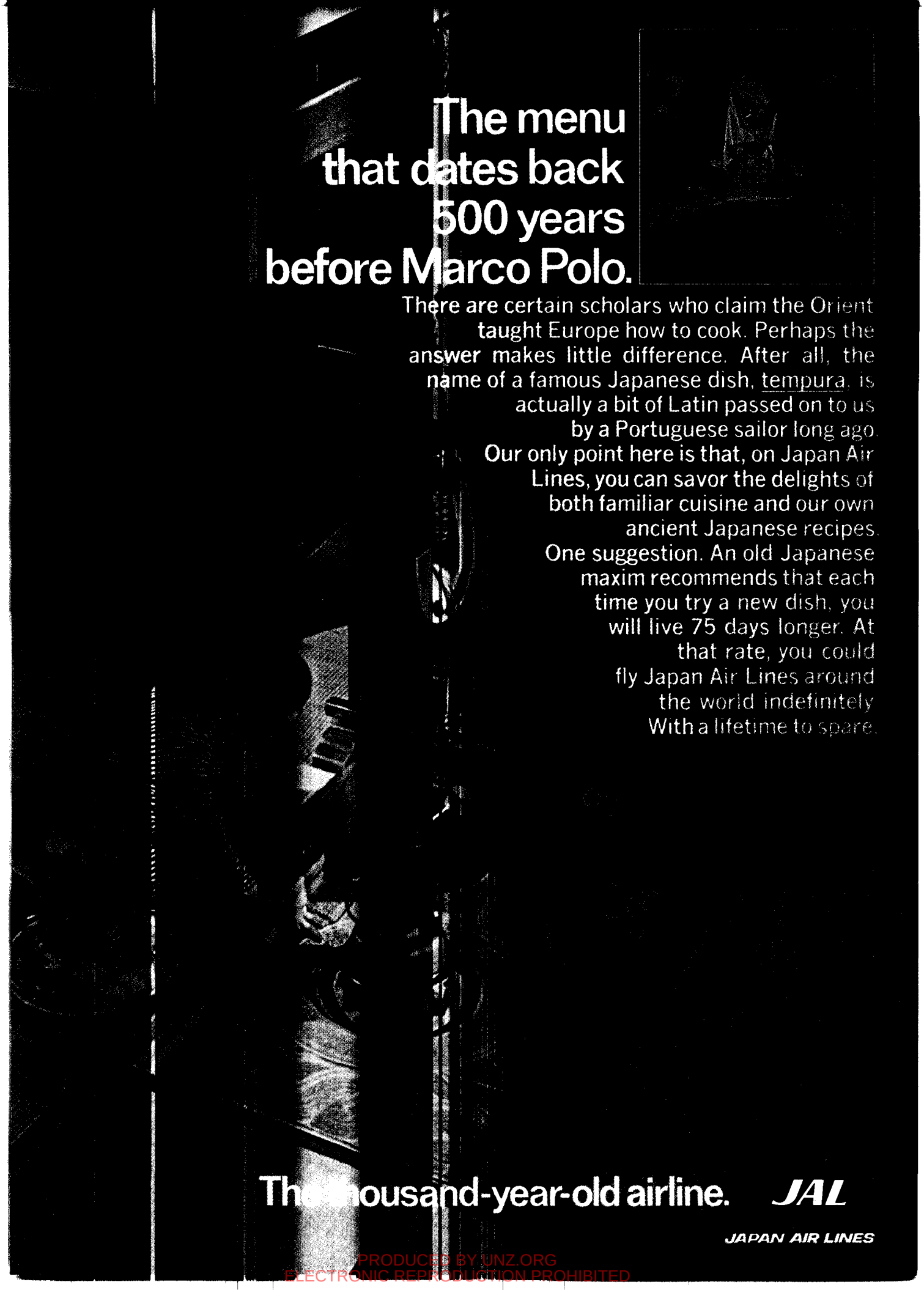

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CANADA

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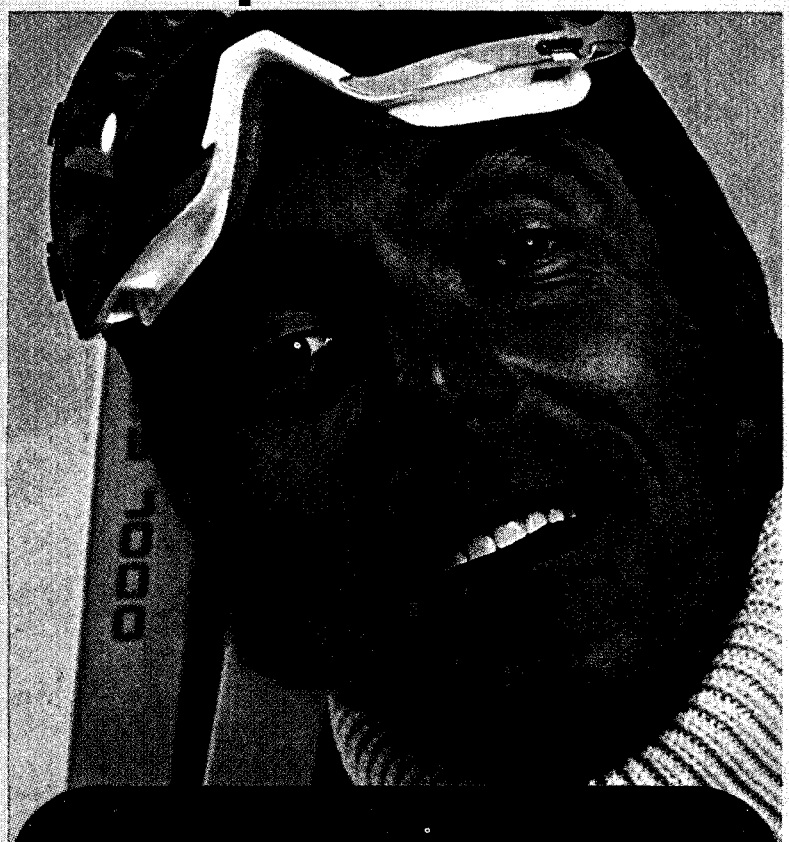

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MONODONOUS GLOOM

SIR: I wonder if it was chance or necessity that yoked together in your November issue Gunther Stent's monody on Jacques Monod, "An Ode to Objectivity," and David Denby's "Our Misanthropic Movies." Or was it just natural selection? While Mr. Denby laments the lack of "clear-sighted affection for human beings" in contemporary films, Professor Stent chronicles the growing psychological irrelevance of much scientific methodology. Nature may imitate art, but science, it seems, imitates only itself.

In our time, unfortunately, art often chooses to imitate science rather than nature. Description replaces thought, conversation becomes a grunting of symptoms, and the viewer (or reader) is encouraged to remain detached, like an observer at an autopsy.

Our social institutions—from marriage to the Army to the cop on the corner—are dissected with savage glee, but the problems are always someone else's and therefore insoluble. Films like the ones Mr. Denby discusses are peopled by hominoids too warped, too perverse, to manage even the simplest aspects of their lives. This helplessness would like to be called despair, but it is too unenlightened—and unenlightening—to deserve the name.

Those of us who grew up closer to Wordsworth and Keats than to Darwin and Einstein can only smile wanly at Professor Stent's conclusion that "nature in its deepest aspects turns out to be incompatible with rational thought." Any pebble-kicking farm boy could have told him that. But does this fact "presage the end of science"? Or does it presage a necessary humbling, a humanizing, of science? And would such a humanizing necessitate a turning toward the animist East, a worshiping of someone else's ancestors? Emerson had the same idea over a century ago, and numerous writers of our own day have looked eastward, with few worthwhile results. Surely we can learn "natural philosophy" from our own sources, our own antecedents. The circle was once whole in Western Europe, too: men lived who loved nature and learning both, the compass and the pen. Only in our own century have the findings of science so intimidated those who must live with them that the very harmony of man's psyche appears threatened.

Some of us—and not just the dyed-in-the-sheep Wordsworthians—would suggest that Western science and art do not need to reorient themselves by changing compasses, by borrowing something from outside, but by re-examining what is already there. Monodonous gloom should not prevent us from recognizing that even in the West, there are alternatives to sterile "objectivity" and self-induced despair. The opposite of objectivity is, after all, subjectivity, a word implying examination of the self and the attendant possibility of a rediscovery of selfhood. Such an examination need not be morbid. It might even be scientific.

CALVIN K. TOWLE
New York City

SIR: It is difficult for me to understand how a molecular biologist such as Gunther Stent could predict the end of the scientific method.

The crucial difference between science and philosophy is that new ideas evolve in the former as an outgrowth of experiment. Thus, scientists must continually change their basic concepts of nature. Rational thought is then nothing more than reaching conclusions—deductively or inductively—based on those concepts.

The most prolific scientists, such as Einstein and Bohr, must have considered physics to be an art form. They propounded their theories of nature strictly for the sake of the discipline itself. Dominating nature was the concern of the technologist.

Unsolved problems in basic physics appeal to the psyche of the physicist precisely because nature seems to conspire to violate rational (i.e., contemporary) thought. Whether the philosophical implications of science cause men anguish is quite an irrelevant consideration to the contemporary physicist.

Had the Chinese invented the scientific method rather than resorting to Taoism, they might have advanced their science instead of reducing it to philosophy.

MARTIN KEANE
Winthrop, Mass.

Gunther Stent replies:

Under the terms "art" and "science" I understand human activities that seek to discover and communicate truths about the world. The domain to which art addresses itself is the inner, subjective world of emotions. Artistic statements, therefore, pertain mainly to private events of affective significance. The domain of the sciences, in contrast, is the outer objective world of physical phenomena. Scientific statements therefore pertain mainly to relations between public events.

Thus Mr. Keane may be right in supposing that Einstein and Bohr considered physics an art form, since science is the art of nature. And Mr. Towle is right in saying that the op-

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posite of objectivity is subjectivity, so that art is the science of the affects. But according to the views I tried to develop in my book *The Coming of the Golden Age, both* art *and* science are now reaching the end of the road, because it has become more and more difficult to add to the accumulated capital of meaningful statements about outer and inner world. I hope Mr. Towle will forgive me for smiling wanly at his recommended inward directional change for science, since that change not only would transform science *into* art but would also be futile, since the end of art is closer at hand than the end of science.

My remark that it is now the West's turn to learn philosophy from the East was meant as a statement of manifest fact, not, as Messrs. Towle and Keane have wrongly inferred, as procedure I advocate. Twenty years ago this philosophical reorientation began to spread from the California beat scene and presently reached, albeit in denatured form, our national leadership. As has now become clear, our government mounted the Indochina War not for the traditional goal, drawn from what Mr. Towle calls "our own sources and antecedents," of dominating another nation, or defending it or us from domination, but for the alien, harmony-oriented goal, borrowed from the outside, of saving face.

SKINNER BOXED

SIR: In his review of *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* (October *Atlantic*), George Kateb seems caught in the same traps that have been arresting anti-Skinnerian arguments since Krutch's *The Measure of Man.* The subtle difficulty is that there are at least three distinct Skinners, each one drawing support from the other two and each ready to retreat in the face of a challenge that may best be met by one of the others. There is Skinner the philosopher (*Walden Two, Beyond Freedom and Dignity*). There is Skinner the scientist (*Schedules of Reinforcement, Verbal Behavior*). There is Skinner the social engineer (*Science and Human Behavior*). Krutch, Kateb, and other humanistically oriented political theorists have, quite understandably, reacted to Skinner the philosopher. Avoiding the technical and scientific base upon which he rests his philosophy, they are led to treat the only Skinner they know as but the limiting case of an empiricism run amok. Accordingly, they invoke criticisms appropriate, say, to Bentham or to the later Utilitarians and assume that they have successfully exposed the intrinsic flaws in Skinner's psychology. An additional snare—evaded nearly perfectly by Kateb except when he uses the term *"induced* by the environment"—often awaits those not conversant with the intellectual history of psychology. Nearly invariably, they identify Skinner the scientist with Pavlov. They then proceed to assault a reflex-psychology that Skinner never proposed—one that he has done so much to challenge and transform.

Beyond Freedom and Dignity is another in a long and old line of treatises wrestling with the most profound tension faced by social man, the tension between law and freedom. Kateb's disappointment that *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* offers no "disclosure that would remake the world" is undeserved. That civilizations can be created in the service of man is no disclosure, since we all know it. That the creation awaits a conscious, imaginative, and self-sacrificing leadership able to employ "conditioning" is equally obvious. (Kateb must certainly recognize that our present non-Skinnerian ambience is virtually inundated with the crassest forms of behavioral control and social homogenization.) That in the process certain individual freedoms become casualties is self-evident. We may ask what we're willing to give up in order to get something we want, but we're well past the point of wondering whether it is possible. Skinner has reminded us of an option that has been available throughout our social experience, one that has been exercised from time to time. In addition, he has provided techniques to facilitate our progress, should we decide to take the risk. If, as I fervently believe but do not "know," there is something inviolable about our nature, it will surely survive the test. Indeed, it may be in that very test that we will discover the "human nature" so easily granted us by the poets and humanists. Nor am I persuaded to pessimism by Kateb's forebodings of a shrunken consciousness in a wordless world. We are not free because we say we are, nor virtuous, nor just, nor precious. We must find our dignity at levels that transcend the verbal and our consciousness in our works. We are but the history we author, and it is only indirectly that words enter into it. The issue is not *that* we will be able to say but *what* we will be able to say. If I judge Skinner correctly, he is urging us to be able to say, "We tried."

PROFESSOR DANIEL N. ROBINSON
Georgetown University
Washington, D. C.

George Kateb replies:

I appreciate Professor Robinson's letter, and just wish to clear up one small matter. Robinson takes exception to the word "induced" to describe a person's behavior in a Skinnerian environment. I know that Skinner says he prefers "emitted." But in *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* (p. 126), he writes: "The simple fact is that a culture which for any reason induces its members to work for its survival . . . is more likely to survive." Skinner is faithful here to his own overriding ambition: the *creation* of desired behavior through deliberate scientific intervention. He should not object if others use "induced" when discussing his ideas.

PAPER VICTORY

SIR: Attorney Charles Rembar's reasoning ("Paper Victory," November *Atlantic*) is tissue-paper thin. First he admonishes (justifiably) Justices White, Stewart, *et al.* for certain dicta regarding the newspapers' "possible criminal liability" in the Pentagon Papers case. He laments that those Justices did not adhere to the traditional judicial practice of settling only the narrow, precise questions necessary to dispose of the litigation. Then, incredibly, Rembar proceeds to indict the Court for resolving the case on the narrowest issue at bar—the matter of prior restraint. The government had sought an injunction prohibiting publication of the information. The Court said the government could not restrain publication. Rembar says, "The decision should have said: the press is free to publish the Pentagon Papers"—implying that the press should be free from *post hoc* criminal prosecution. Supreme Court dicta, it appears, are also in the eyes of the beholder.

ROBERT THOMPSON
Berkeley, Calif.

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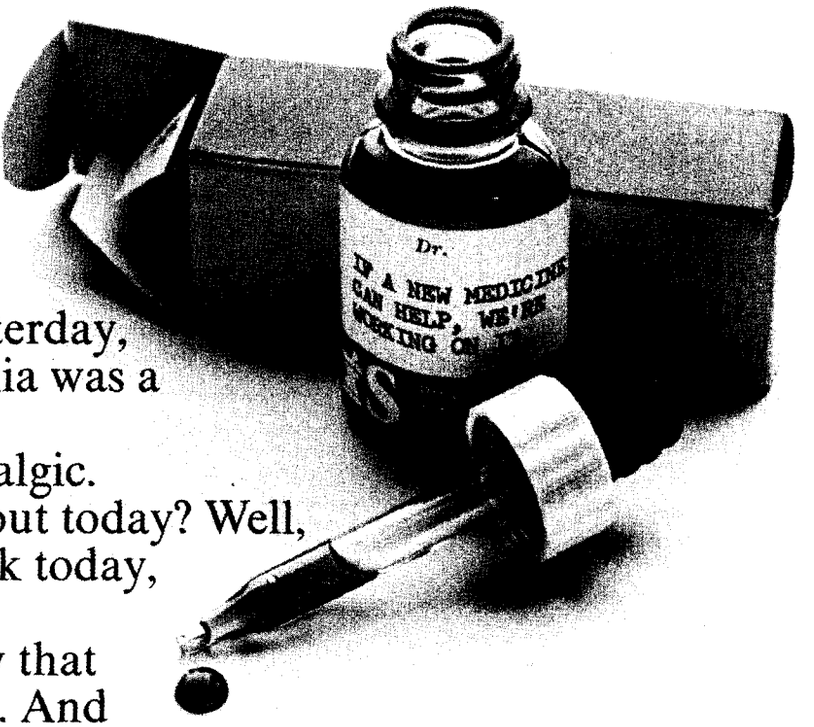
Thank God for tomorrow's medicine.



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Charles Rembar replies:

"Dicta" are judicial statements not necessary to decision; they are not part of the chain of reasoning that leads to the result. The portions of Mr. Justice White's opinion I objected to were dicta.

My comments on the doctrine of prior restraint had to do not with dictum but with holding—that is, the ground of the Court's decision.

The Court, I think, should have dealt substantively with freedom of the press rather than hold that freedom may mean one thing or another depending on what procedural device the Executive decides to use.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: Your Peripatetic Reviewer's discussion of *Jennie: The Life of Lady Randolph Churchill* (November *Atlantic*) attributes to Mrs. Patrick Campbell a witticism I first heard years ago from my grandmother: "I don't care what they do as long as they don't do it in the street and frighten the horses." It was supposedly said by Lady Desborough and *au courant* in April/May 1895 apropos the vicissitudes of Oscar Wilde.

RUPERT SYKES
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Edward Weeks replies:

Mr. Ralph Martin, the author of *Jennie,* attributed that witty remark to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and I supposed him to be accurate. Whoever said it, it is as apropos today as it was then.

SIR: Thank you for Mrs. Chayes's magnificent article ("Disarmed at Middle Age," November *Atlantic*). Of all the endless verbiage on "these kids," only she has starkly and totally knitted together all aspects of the hurt and horror.

EUNICE FABER (MRS. ROBERT)
Ann Arbor, Mich.

The Atlantic welcomes communications from readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless stipulated, is free for publication in our letters column.

Contributors

DON COOK covers Europe for the Los Angeles *Times.*

GEORGIANA G. STEVENS writes frequently from the Middle East for *The Atlantic.*

WILLIAM MCILWAIN, former editor of *Newsday* and the author of a novel, *The Glass Rooster,* is at work on a book about alcoholism.

RICHARD W. MURPHY, who was once young himself, is a writer living in Paris.

DONALD JUNKINS teaches English at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst.

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LARRY L. KING'S most recent book is *Confessions of a White Racist,* a collection of essays.

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EDWARD WEEKS, PHOEBE ADAMS, and L.E. SISSMAN appear regularly in our pages.

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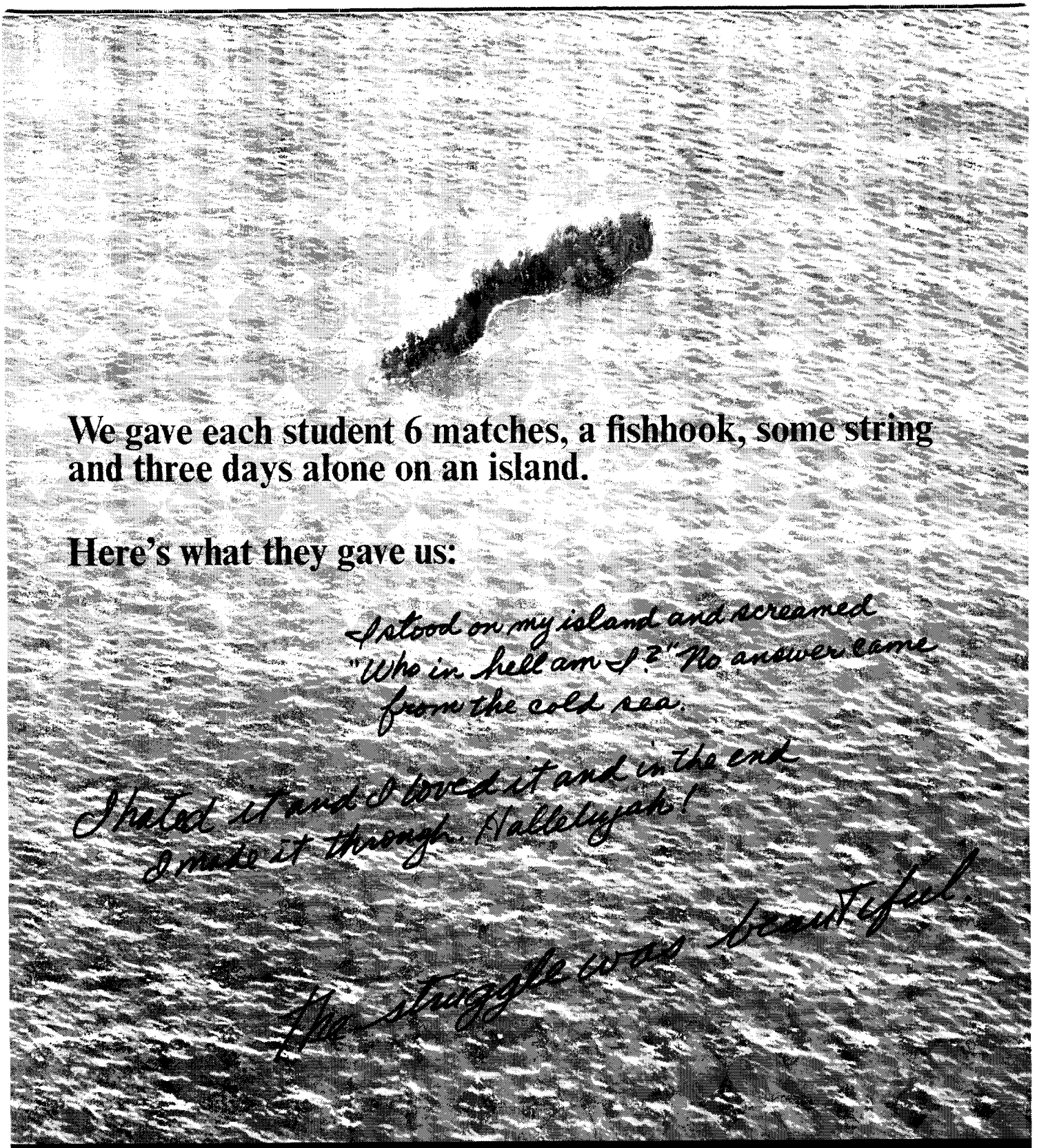

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THE Atlantic
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A FAREWELL TO ALCOHOL

by William McIlwain

Of every three men who try to stop drinking at Butner, two fail.

Butner, North Carolina

I was late getting to Butner, and they wouldn't let me in. The psychiatrist in Winston-Salem had told me to be here at ten thirty, but he hadn't made a special point of it; and I couldn't see where time made much difference. I got out of bed at nine o'clock, fixed a vodka and orange juice, and drank it while reading the sports pages. I sat for a while by a window, thinking, and drank another vodka and orange juice. Around eleven, I decided it was time to go, and I fixed a cup of black coffee and a vodka and orange juice to drink while I shaved and showered. I had never been to the Alcoholic Rehabilitation Center at Butner, or any other institution, and I wasn't sure what I would need. Deciding it would be casual, I packed two bags of sports clothes, my bathing suit, an alarm clock, a briefcase full of supplies, an unfinished magazine article that I was writing, my typewriter, two tennis rackets, a hundred newspapers that I was supposed to study for a publisher for $1500, and nine books—*Slaughterhouse-Five, The Crackup* by Scott Fitzgerald, *Immortal Poems of the English Language, Diary of a Mad Housewife, People in Quandaries* by Wendell Johnson, *Editor and Publisher Yearbook* (I have been a newspaperman), *The New American Webster Handy College Dictionary, The Penal Colony* by Kafka, and *Romantic Poets* in the Viking Portable edition. I thought that would be all I would need. I wasn't sure whether drunks played tennis, but I would have an extra racket if I found a drunk who did.

I got to Butner at one thirty and stopped at a pool hall, drinking a tall Schlitz while watching three games of eight ball. I didn't have a particular feeling that this beer would be the last one I'd ever drink, but I mused over it. I got to the Alcoholic Rehabilitation Center around two fifteen and told the lady who I was. "Bill," she said, "you're late." "I know it," I said. "I'm sorry. I left late." "Bill, you're four hours late." She was beginning to annoy me by calling me "Bill"—she didn't know me, and I wasn't a small-time drunk. "I'm sorry," I said. "You'll have to come back next week," she said. "I can't take you." I almost said, "The hell with it, lady," but something strong made me know I had to get into Butner. If I went away, I wouldn't come back. "Can I get a motel and get in tomorrow?" "Bill, you'll just drink all night, and then we can't let you in." "No, ma'am, I won't do that. I really need to get in here." "Do you have any friends in AA you could spend the night with?" "No, ma'am." Finally, she said that maybe a person scheduled to report the next day might cancel out. I could call her in the morning and see. I went to the liquor store in Creedmoor, bought a fifth of vodka, and got a motel room beside a muddy pond. I had a few vodka and Sprites, and fixed another one to carry to an outside phone booth. I hated to do it, but I was going to call the woman. I told her how much I appreciated her consideration and that I hoped someone would cancel tomorrow. I was taking a nap when the motel manager came down and

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knocked (the rooms have no phones), and said, "The lady at ARC said she'll take you in the morning." I dressed, put my vodka in the car, and decided to ride around Butner. It would be the last chance I would have to see all of it. Butner was an army camp, near Durham, North Carolina, during World War II, and now it is a vast State of North Carolina complex that includes the John Umstead Hospital, a huge green-topped structure for mental patients and bad drunks; a center for retarded children; a school for the blind; a center for youthful offenders; a farm that the youthful offenders maintain; and the Alcoholic Rehabilitation Center. The center is one of three in North Carolina, operated by the State Department of Mental Health.

Across from the hospital, a softball game was going on, and I saw a black center fielder turn on a fly ball and take it on the run, almost at the fence. A little later, the left fielder, white, did almost the same thing. I thought that these must be the crazy people, because drunks can't catch fly balls. I could still hit when I quit playing softball, but I couldn't judge a fly ball. I was getting a little drunk now, and I saw some deep significance in this—the crazy people being able to catch fly balls. I watched until the game ended at almost dark and drove back to the motel. I sat in a chair and drank all of the vodka except three drinks. I wanted to have them in the morning before I went to the alcoholic center.

I woke up sweating and shivering and feeling as if I were choking. In the old days, drinking a fifth of vodka at night wouldn't do this to me, but it does now because I've been drinking a long time. Some of the ice hadn't melted, and I thought if I could drink a vodka and Sprite I would quit sweating and shivering. I drank two and still felt bad when I stopped at a restaurant. It wasn't officially open, but the man and his wife were pleasant. He said I could have a bowl of Brunswick stew for breakfast, if I liked that. I ate the Brunswick stew, drinking the last vodka and Sprite that I had. I did wonder now if this would be the last drink I would ever have. "You going to be around a few days?" the restaurant man asked. "I'm going to the ARC," I said. He hesitated and said, "Good luck." I thanked him, finished the drink, and left the motel glass on his table.

"Well, Bill," the lady at ARC said, "you look a lot better this morning. I'm glad." I thanked her and said, "Yes, ma'am, I feel a lot better today." She filled out some forms, asked my income, studied awhile, and said, "Bill, I'm going to have to charge you $32 a day." It was more than I had expected, and I later learned that many of my fellow patients were paying $4 a day, some of them $1 a day, but that's fair enough. Certainly in a program such as this a man should have to pay only what he can afford.

A bearded young doctor, a good sport, examined me, studying my retinas, pushing at my liver, and seeing whether I could distinguish between sharp and dull objects when they touched my legs.

"Were you a wrestler?" he asked.

I thought he meant a well-built college wrestler, and I felt good; then I thought he meant a professional wrestler with a big belly. My waistline gradually got bigger as I escalated to keeping a half-gallon of vodka at home, a half-gallon in my office, and a half-gallon in the trunk of my car, in case I got caught away from home or the office. I was drinking about seven Sprites a day and also eating, which many alcoholics don't do. I told him, no, but I had been a football player. It was a long examination, and I felt ashamed of being so shaky and wet with perspiration. But I left the room feeling better because he said, "You have great lungs."

It was hot outside, and a long way from my car to C Dorm, one of the three one-story brick buildings where patients live, about twenty to a dorm. Sweating, I struggled with the two bags of clothing, the typewriter, the two tennis rackets, the briefcase, and the hundred newspapers. I had to make three trips. In the lobby of C Dorm, I saw men and women, black and white, sitting together in chairs and on a couch, watching television and playing cards. A beautiful black woman and a young white man—attendants—put my bags on a bed and went through them, taking Listerine, Bufferin, nose drops, and iodine. They would have taken shaving lotion and hair tonic, but I didn't have any.

"We'll give these back when you leave," the woman attendant said. "You should go now and eat with the rest of them."

I am at Butner, then—"with the rest of them"—for twenty-two days. *We* include all sorts: Tommy Morgan (I will not use patients' real names), who dropped out of college eighteen months ago because "I was drinking so much I couldn't keep up with my studies"; a bulldozer operator who cannot read or write; a grandmother who drinks vanilla extract; a young man who writes detective stories and has written a good book; Tip Watson, who constructed a whiskey still when he was fourteen, sold its output at a nearby sawmill, and began drinking it, too; a business executive's wife, Julie Wall, who has tried three times to commit suicide; an accountant, highly articulate; Mr. Wellington, a church deacon and "secret drinker," who lost his job in big industry after thirty-six years because "I was drinking beer at night and making mistakes the next morning"; a truck driver who was using amphetamines and whiskey at the same time; and Mr. Leland, who for years would get in his boat and go across the river to buy a half-gallon of moonshine. Mr. Leland's words are difficult to understand; he mumbles, batting his eyes steadily, shaking so much that he can hardly lift a cup of coffee to his mouth.

There is, perhaps, only one similarity in us all: none of us thought he would ever become an alcoholic, but all of us have become alcoholics.

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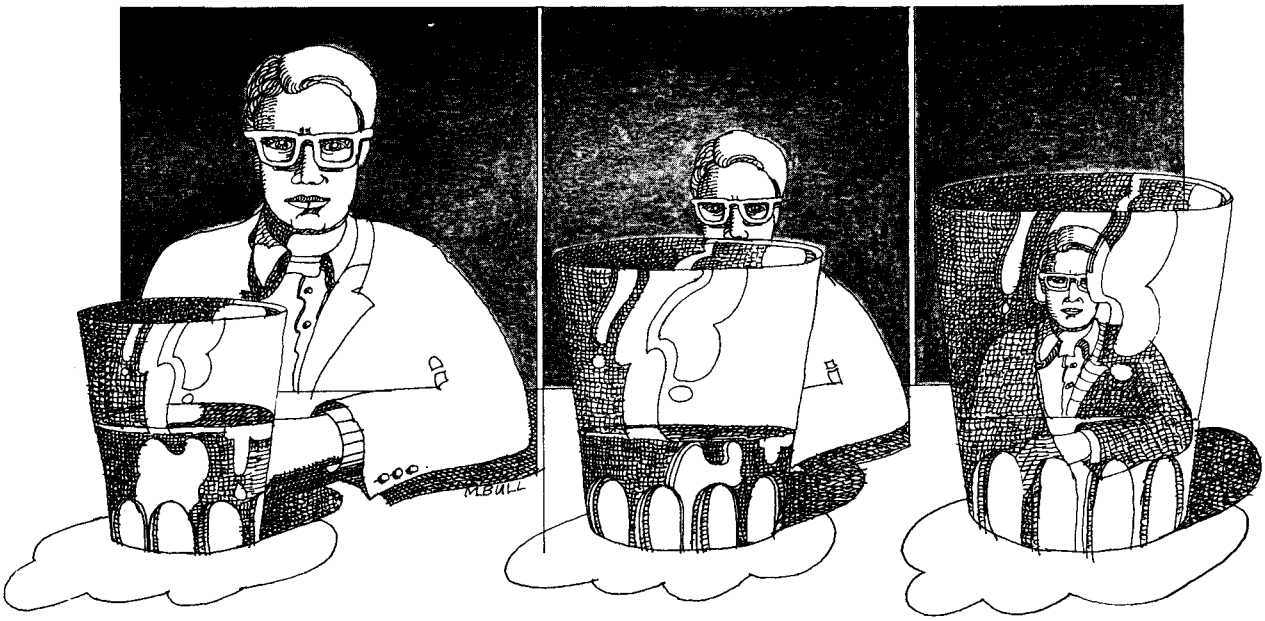

What's it like being an alcoholic and living with no one but alcoholics? Would you suppose that a dorm full of drunks (though sober now) would fight? Quarrel? Sulk? Withdraw? What?

It's the most considerate, congenial group that I have ever been a member of. That includes Sunday school classes, football teams, college fraternities, newspaper city rooms, and cocktail parties. Men and women hold doors open for others to pass through; red-neck countrymen sit down at dinner with black men with Afro haircuts, and they talk; patients see a new member coming toward the dorm and they go out to help with the luggage; they help, too, when a patient leaves; constantly, they inquire about one another's well-being—"Feeling better this morning, Mr. Leland?"

But what kind of program could be put together to deal with so disparate a group? Here is the printed schedule, with asides of my own, that we live by, Monday through Friday:

7 A.M.—Awakening of patients. (This is no problem because many patients are up and about by six o'clock, some as early as three thirty and four. Alcoholics often don't sleep well.) Clean bedroom and prepare for breakfast. (We have other chores, too, divided among us, such as sweeping the halls and lobby, polishing the drinking fountains, dusting the furniture, carrying out trash, and taking part in a mass cleanup on Saturday morning, which includes washing the big windows in the front of our dorm.)

7:45—Medicine call. (Each of us is required to take vitamin pills for the first two weeks. Patients who are in bad shape—sleeplessness, "nerves," and high blood pressure seem to be the most common afflictions—may get medication several times a day.)

8—Breakfast. (All meals are big and high in calories, except for those patients who are put on special diets. Many alcoholics are undernourished because they quit eating when they start drinking. A taxi driver in our dorm would drop consistently from 200 pounds to about 150, at which point he would become sick and be taken to a hospital.)

8:45—Dorm meeting. (Patients elect a dorm leader, and he presides over this meeting. It is attended by both patients and staff members, offering an opportunity for suggestions, announcements, and complaints—from either side.)

9—Sick call and free time. (Patients who have no need of a doctor can do as they please. The card game "rook" is a chief diversion, but there is the choice of watching television, writing letters, or sitting on benches in front of the dorm and talking.)

9:30 to 10:15—All patients meet in Assembly Room for movie, lecture, or discussion of various aspects of alcohol.

10:15 to 10:30—Free time.

10:30 to 11:30—Group therapy with group leader. (Normally, we have six or seven patients in a group, but the number varies as old patients depart and new patients arrive.)

11:45—Medicine call.

Noon—Lunch.

1 P.M. to 4:15—Avocational classes and/or group therapy as scheduled. (We have a range of choices, including woodwork, metalwork, polishing stones, painting, doing woodcuts, or making pottery. Tip Watson, who has been here several times, said he hopes to shoot basketball behind the building, if he's permitted. "Last time I was here, I worked in the mud [pottery], and my hands broke all out.")

5—Supper. (The Friday night fish—I don't know what kind it is—stands out as the only unpalatable meal of the week.)

6—Medicine call.

6—Recreation. See bulletin board for notice of activities. Free time. (Musical groups, most of the time guitar pickers and country singers, come on Thursday evenings; fishing trips are made to nearby lakes and rivers on Friday afternoons.)

10—Medicine call.

11—Lights out. Bedtime. (Actually, we stay up

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through TV's eleven o'clock news, Sunday through Thursday. On Friday and Saturday nights, we watch the "Late Show," which ends about 1:30 A.M.)

We may have visitors from 1 to 4 P.M. on Saturdays and Sundays. Attendance is compulsory at meetings arranged each Friday evening by Alcoholics Anonymous.

That's our schedule, a full one. But for all of the formal effort put forth by the staff, there may be equal therapy in our just being together—so many alcoholics studying each other. *That* therapy, which comes at cafeteria tables and on benches in the sunshine, may be as great as the therapy provided by counselors and psychologists. You know that nobody's trying to con you. You're not talking to a doctor who may be trying to scare you about your liver, or a preacher who is moralizing over you. You're talking to a man who's tried it, and if he says it's impossible to drink even half a beer unless you want to start all over again—well, if he tells you that, you can believe it. Because he will tell you that he hadn't had a drink for nine months and was convinced that he could drink moderately "like everybody else." He was drunk for three months, went into DT's, got carried to John Umstead Hospital, and now is with us at ARC. There are other benefits. One is that it's easier to perceive and understand your own flaws and troubles if you slip up on them indirectly—see them first in men and women around you, wonder if yours are similar, and then conclude that they are. You see alcoholics kidding themselves, and realize that you've been doing the same thing. Another benefit is simply that there are horror cases around you. You look each morning at Mr. Leland, mumbling, eye-batting, shaking, and you think, if I don't stop now, I'll get like Mr. Leland.

That's a negative reason for quitting drinking; a person needs positive ones, too, and I am discovering them each day. Physically, I feel better than I have in at least three years. I don't wake up shaking, sweating, hot and cold, coughing, snuffling, and disoriented. My life in the morning is much more pleasant than it used to be. Perhaps the biggest reason is that I don't wake up frightened, groping to put together exactly what I had done the night before. This is common, of course, with alcoholics, and some of them here have had a lot worse time than I did. One man said he would get up in the morning and look quickly around the house to see if he had broken anything. Then he would go immediately to the garage and circle his car, studying it, praying not to find that he had hit something or someone the night before.

My own case was never that extreme, but I've been told that it could have become so. I would try to put together minute pieces of conversations—pieces that often were of no importance, but the inability to recall them was frightening. It meant, I must have sensed, that sooner or later I would not be able to remember the big things either.

I'm enjoying thinking about things while sober. It's like finding a new plèasure. An alcoholic with the slightest degree of introspection wonders all the time—about himself and about others. *Would I have done that if I hadn't been drinking? Would I have done it differently? Better? Am I losing my skills? At least some? If I come down hard on a point, will people say, ah, hell, he was drunk? Does anyone know what's happening to me? Does the owner of the newspaper? What does he mean, "How're you this morning, Bill?"*

When I was drinking steadily, I found that agonizing. Now, I feel able to consider an event or comment, good or bad, in a clear light.

I have started writing again—pretty well, I believe. I had been working on a magazine piece before I left home, and spending the day drinking vodka and Sprite while I wrote had finally reduced my daily production to a half-page of copy. If I had been writing sonnets, that might have been sufficient, but on a 7000-word piece, it was slow going.

How did I become an alcoholic? Why did I need to drink? What's being done here to help me? What are my chances of being able to quit drinking? If I do quit, will I be happy with my life? (The suicide rate of "recovered alcoholics" is five times greater than that of the general population, meaning that many who quit drinking still aren't happy.) After drinking for twenty-seven years (very little at first, increasingly more over the years), if I stop, what will I seem like to myself and to others? Stodgy? Cautious? Scared?

It's important that I find answers to those questions, at least partial answers, and I spend much of each day reflecting. In arriving at conclusions, I am helped by a number of persons, one of them Dr. Norman A. Desrosiers, the director of ARC. He is a man with impressive credentials: he has been a theologian, medical doctor, and psychiatrist; he built an airplane and flies it; he built an organ, composes music, and plays it; he designed a house and now is building it. I give weight to what he says. And one of the things he says goes to the core of the ARC philosophy: "We're not drying out drunks here. We're treating persons who are using alcohol as a coping mechanism. We must treat the emotional needs." It's his contention that the majority of Americans who drink are trying themselves to treat emotional needs, using alcohol as a handy drug to deal with anxiety, tension, fear, grief, depression, frustration, and inhibition. "The term 'social drinker' is meaningless," he says. "If it has any validity at all, it describes a minority of the people who use alcohol strictly at social functions and at social functions alone. And in minimal amounts of one to two drinks." Statistics on drinking vary, but these rounded-off figures will serve: 90 million American adults drink; of these, 10 million are alcoholics or bad-problem drinkers; that

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leaves 80 million who might be considered social drinkers. That's the figure Dr. Desrosiers won't accept. "It is far more likely that the majority of persons who are not yet what we call alcoholics, but who drink, are in reality not *true* social drinkers but rather persons who use alcohol to treat their underlying emotional disorders. It is this population from which the alcoholic population is drawn, and which constitutes a vast body of persons who adjust to life with the aid of chemical means."

I'll accept that—whether or not my friends will (about me or about themselves)—and put myself in that group. Not that when I drank my first beer as an eighteen-year-old Marine, standing beside Frank Dassori at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, I thought, Well, Bill, you're joining the chemical-means group. And I wouldn't have put up with that kind of pseudo-psychological junk for a minute if an employer or a fellow next to me in a bar had raised the point during the following twenty-odd years. I was a boy wonder, breaking the newspaper business wide-open, and I liked to drink whiskey. I could drink more than almost anyone else, and my work never suffered. If anything, it got better. Yes, indeed.

Looking back at it, I believe I understand some of what was happening. I was doing my work well, but I seldom felt at ease, inside or outside the newspaper. Whiskey brought ease, at least some. I drank, and I continued to work well. For a long while.

From Camp Lejeune to Butner, twenty-seven years, my career as a drinker-newspaperman was this: Attending college after World War II, I went for long periods without even thinking about whiskey. But on occasion I drank a great deal, the occasion being a midwinter dance or a mock trial in which a student was sentenced to be hanged. (A law student loosened the bathrobe cord before the boy strangled.) I wrote steadily for newspapers, covering sports events during the college year and working full-time during the summer. I was able to do that because I had got off to a good start in the newspaper business as a seventeen-year-old high school senior. I was not concerned about how real my talents were, and certainly not concerned about whiskey ever becoming a problem. That pattern held true for several years after college, but in Richmond, Virginia, I began to feel an uneasiness. I recall a night driving fast through the countryside, close on deadline, going to cover a triple murder fifty miles away, and thinking for an instant, If I hit that bridge abutment I won't have to cover it. That didn't make sense: I was being acclaimed in that city, and I could read my stories and tell that they were good. It had begun, an almost mystical process in which I would always succeed, but at terrible cost—*seeing* the success but wondering how I had brought it about, wondering if I could do it again. But I never went to my apartment and thought, I've got to have a drink. A fifth of bourbon would last for weeks. My work and life at *Newsday* on Long Island were much as they had been in Richmond. At least for many years. I succeeded: chief copy editor, day news editor, city editor, assistant managing editor, managing editor, editor. I felt many days and nights, though, as if I were doing it all with mirrors: not using the *real* skills of a professional but skills less concrete, even less admirable, perhaps little more than the native cunning and charm of a Southerner who could praise, humor, pamper, and reason men and women above and beneath him into doing, finally, what he wanted done. I rarely "ordered" anyone to do anything. And I rarely made it known when anyone—again, *above* or *beneath* me—hurt me or caused me difficulty with a thoughtless act. I told myself that I acted this way because it was effective and because I was a good-natured person. For at least ten years, I did not drink much each day. I would have a cocktail, maybe two, before meals. But on occasion, as in college, I would drink for hours, great amounts, the "occasion" being either business or social. It might be a dinner meeting with other editors to work out a tough problem or make some great change at *Newsday*. Or it might be an editors' convention in San Francisco or Washington, where I had Bloody Marys at breakfast, cocktails throughout the day, and whiskey, gin, or vodka far into the night. Always, I behaved well, was articulate (more articulate, actually, than when I was sober), and recalled the next day precisely what had been said and done, by myself and anyone around me. Maybe if I had got sick or done something really stupid during those years, I would have become alarmed. I didn't. I went on drinking, gradually more because it was accepted on my newspaper, remaining the man who could hold whiskey, a good-natured editor who didn't rebuke anyone—but wishing, too, that I *had* rebuked someone, this thought coming as I drove twenty miles at night to my home, wishing I had said to a news editor: Look, you're getting paid to do your job the same way I'm getting paid to do mine. Don't sit in here like a kid resisting everything in sight. I told you to quit jumping so many stories, and I goddamn well expect you to do it. But I never said that. The next day there would be five jumps (continued stories) when I had wanted no more than two. I had a refrigerator put into my office, would play tennis at lunchtime, come back and eat a can of cold tunafish and drink vodka and tonic. I would lay off the vodka for a few hours and start again shortly before the 7 P.M. news conference in my office. Later, I quit laying off the couple of hours; I would begin after tennis, drink through the news conference, and then sit and drink awhile, thinking, before I began my ride home.

Bill Moyers, then publisher of *Newsday*, spoke to me about drinking so much—gently at first, sometimes in a kidding way, but later in a more concerned fashion. I paid little attention to him, thinking that

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he simply had been around more conventional people during his years as Press Secretary and Special Assistant to President Johnson. I felt Bill would have to accept my drinking and my brilliance; I had helped make *Newsday* one of the finest newspapers in the world, and I had done it while drinking. I believe now—but didn't then—that I was becoming paralyzed in my job, a drunk figurehead who no longer was making great contributions to the newspaper. Gradually, though, that fear was creeping into my mind. I would entertain it long enough to feel concern, remorse, depression—then reject it with great resentment. The hell with Bill Moyers and anybody else who thinks I'm not still one of the two or three best newspaper editors in the United States. But I was frightened, also growing tired of the struggle, and I grasped at the opportunity when Bill arranged what amounted to an ultra-white-collar firing: my becoming writer-in-residence at Wake Forest University on full salary. My year there (1970-1971) turned out no better than the latter days at *Newsday*. I drank steadily, beginning most days when I awoke around noon, made false starts on two novels, and succeeded in writing an *Esquire* article only because it was write it or admit total collapse. That—and the great concern of *Esquire's* editor, Harold Hayes, who worked more carefully with me than any editor should ever have to with a professional writer. I was at the end of the string. I would wake up in the morning shivering and sweating, frightened, knowing where my life was headed. I would drink to ease these terrible feelings, never totally, and begin the next day the same way. Except when asleep, I could not go an hour without drinking. My clothes had been outgrown because of fat; I had hit myself in the forehead twice with a steel racket, playing tennis while drunk; I was accomplishing nothing as a writer. At forty-five, my life had become worthless.

I came to Butner to see if I could turn it all around.

Simply not drinking for a few days helped. The remorse and depression eased, and I was able to think more clearly. For the first time in many years, I was engaged in an honest effort to help myself, and that produced a euphoric effect. I was in a good frame of mind, then, to receive anything that Butner could give.

The most important thing that I have come to accept is that quitting drinking is not enough. The ARC regards abstention as a minimum requirement. A patient also must learn new ways of behavior. That point is made again and again in group therapy sessions; often it deals with a chronic failing of many alcoholics: lack of assertiveness.

"All of us must learn to express anger," Weldon Bayliss, our counselor, said one morning recently. "If we don't, the anger comes out in some other form. Like depression. Some morning you feel extreme depression and you don't know why . . . but if you think back, you may find that a couple days before, you didn't stand up for your rights."

Several of us conceded that we hadn't enjoyed much middle ground—it was almost say nothing or fight. "I broke a cop's jaw with a hammer once," Coley Thompson said. "Another time, I drove my arm through a window." He showed the scars. "I just couldn't say anything when somebody made me mad."

"That's it," Bayliss said. "And you probably wouldn't have anything wrong with your stomach today [Coley has had much of his stomach removed] if you had been able to express anger."

Bayliss turned to Mr. Wellington, the church deacon and "secret drinker." "You seem like a passive man, Mr. Wellington."

"Well, yes, sir," Mr. Wellington said. "I am."

"Have people been pushing you around all your life, Mr. Wellington?"

"Yes, sir," Mr. Wellington said. "You could say that, yes, sir."

"That's got to stop," Bayliss said.

Mr. Wellington said that his married daughter often dropped her children off at his house, and they messed up the place. It bothered him.

"Did you speak to her about it?" Bayliss asked.

"No . . . I didn't. She has a terrible temper, and she doesn't like anyone to tell her what to do. But I spoke to my wife."

I told Mr. Wellington that he must speak to his daughter—realizing that in the past I, too, might have let it slide by.

"Do you feel you're being used?" Bayliss asked Mr. Wellington.

"To a certain extent, yes."

"Do you feel inadequate to handle things?" Bayliss asked. "Here's a social situation that screams for action. Do you feel you can't handle it?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Does anybody listen to you, Mr. Wellington? You've been pushed around, haven't you? You've tried appeasement, and that doesn't work. You wind up with resentment and depression, and you get drunk. You've got to experiment with new methods. So you bungle things—it's not the end of the world. Try something new."

Not all of our group therapy sessions explode with sudden insights and wisdom, the way they do on television. But there is a cumulative effect, a good one, as we discuss our own lives and listen to other alcoholics discuss theirs. Certainly in my own case it has been helpful to be around Mr. Wellington. I see clearly the similarities in our behavior, even if his unassertiveness is far more pronounced than my own. At first, I was reluctant to admit that; it was not to my taste to sit in a room and tell six persons that I was a lot like poor, gentle, broken Mr. Wellington. Or like Coley Thompson. Or Tip Watson, who jokes all the time. But I said it.

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I have made progress, and I believe that I will be able to live happily without drinking. The statistics on alcoholism, however, are grim. A counselor, discussing my chances of success, put it this way: of three patients who leave Butner, *two* fail and must return. He said a patient's chances increased sharply if he became actively involved with Alcoholics Anonymous after leaving here.

My own dislike of meetings in general would lead me not to join AA, but I do know that its work is sound. At a meeting last Friday night, a speaker made a point that I won't forget. He was a tanned, handsome man who is a dispatcher for a trucking company. "Maybe I can save some of you some time," he said. "If you're wondering whether you'll ever be able to drink again, don't bother. You can't. Do you know what one of the greatest dangers is? You leave here, and you get along just fine. I did for three years. You start saying to yourself, 'Maybe I never was an alcoholic after all. I never did drink all that weird stuff that those *real* alcoholics did.' You think you can drink again—and this time control it. You can't. I tried it."

I believe if I hadn't heard that man, I may have come to feel exactly as he did—and tried it. Quite likely, as he said, he saved me some time.

Weldon Bayliss has told me that I can leave tomorrow. Actually, a patient is free to leave when he chooses, unless he has been committed to the ARC under court order (a minority). Some patients get homesick or troubled by business affairs and just pack up and go. But the accepted procedure is for the group counselor to approve a patient's departure. The counselor and patient agree on a date, hold a final conference, and the counselor fills out a report for Dr. Desrosiers, offering an opinion on how he thinks the patient will get along. I went this afternoon to see Bayliss for our final conference.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to say about you in the report," Bayliss said. "You're highly motivated, highly intelligent. I would say your chances of not drinking are quite good. But you've got a tough row to hoe: no job, personal problems, possible depression if your writing doesn't go well."

I thanked him and told him that I had enjoyed the days I had spent in his group.

As I was about to leave, he said, "There's something you hear around AA—that you have to put sobriety ahead of everything. ***Everything.*** Family, job, everything. If that sounds selfish, what it means is that AA men have learned that if they lose sobriety, they, in time, will lose everything."

Mr. Wellington and Luther Moore, a quiet sawmill worker, will leave with me tomorrow. Neither has a car here. I will drop them off at their homes and go to Virginia, where I will get a solid first taste of what it's like to be in a room with everyone drinking whiskey except me. That experience will come when I speak to publishers of a newspaper chain and then, a week later, to editors of the same chain. I have been to many newspaper gatherings, and none was dry.

The Virginia meetings will mark the first time in four or five years that I have spoken while totally sober. Not long before I left New York, I interviewed a black activist on television after drinking six martinis. I'm not proud of it; it's just a fact. Now, I'll have to see how well I can do business without gin.

As Luther Moore, Mr. Wellington, and I stood together this afternoon, talking, I wondered how each of us would fare. I recalled the statistics: of three men who leave Butner, two fail and must return. One succeeds. To myself, I wished us all luck, but if numbers dog us, I want to be the one of three.

Atlantic Beach, North Carolina

It has been seventy-three days since I drove west on Interstate 40, taking Luther Moore and Mr. Wellington home. All the days have interested me. The two newspaper gatherings in Virginia went well. I arrived at the first one during the cocktail hour, necessitating an explanation, it seemed to me, of why I did not have on a necktie or suit and why I wanted only a Sprite. I had just got out of Butner, I said, a center for alcoholics. No one seemed to care much, one way or the other, except the owner of the chain of newspapers. He stayed to drink with me, having five ginger ales and explaining that it had been almost a year since he got out of a private clinic in Tennessee. "You'll find that you drink a hell of a lot of ginger ale," he said.

Soon after the Virginia trip, I went to a party attended largely by young Marine Corps fliers. The room was dark except for flashing lights and psychedelic posters; hard rock filled the room like layers of wool rug. The men, if not all handsome, were well built, the women young and pretty. Cold Duck was pressed toward me, and a pilot, drunk, not truculent but puzzled, shouted above the stereo that he didn't quite understand this business of being an alcoholic. Was I trying to cut back, lay off a while, or what? Wine's OK, isn't it? And why had I settled into this godforsaken place? (I'm living now at Atlantic Beach, North Carolina, writing a book.) There's no future for the whole Southeast, he said. Dead. Backward. California's the place.

I felt at ease all evening.

A week later, I went to a "gourmet dinner," as it was described—gin and tonics, cucumber salad, red wine and sauerbraten, followed by cigars and cognac. Spending evenings that way, without drinking, there might be a danger, I suppose, of becoming overconfident. But I keep in mind the AA speaker who cautioned against ever thinking, Well, maybe I wasn't a *real* alcoholic, maybe I can drink again.

The beach is a pleasant place to work and live. I write seven days a week, and I feel that it's going well. I swim, play tennis, fish, crab, and dig clams. Each day I do one of those things, even in rainstorms. I feel good and I don't drink. □

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A NATURAL HISTORY

by Richard W. Murphy

Will the young, like the flying saucers, eventually disappear?

So many people write to me asking if the young really exist that I feel the time has come to make my position known. Let me begin by quoting from a remarkable letter I received not long ago from Mr. Willard McTeague of Wichita, Kansas.

Dear Mr. Murphy:

I have followed your career since your days in the Sudan [actually, the Crimea. Ed.], and I am writing to you now because it has always seemed to me that you are the least predjudiced [*sic*] of all our columnists. You told it like it was in Bunzoga [rather, Yevpatoriya. Ed.], and that is good enough for me.

Recently I have begun to think that the press is trying to put one over on me. I read all kinds of reports about how the young are thinking and feeling, and the more I read the more confused I become. I have never in my life known any human beings like the young, and I am beginning to wonder if they exist.

I have a son and daughter who are generally considered to be young, principally because they are twenty-two and nineteen. Aside from that, they are scarcely at all like the young I read about in the newspapers. For one thing, they are silent in a way that is quite different from the way the newspaper young are silent. I know that this is so because not long ago the president of Yale University said in the press that when the young are silent it means they are feeling "a monumental scorn" for political hypocrisy and an impatience to get on with "the unfinished business of the republic." When my son, Willard, Jr., is silent, I am never sure what it means, but I believe that he has his mind considerably on sexual matters and on methods of developing the flexor muscles of his upper arms. My daughter, Felicia, on the other hand, tends to brood about the size and elasticity of her bust—or so my wife surmises. I doubt that either of them thinks about the unfinished business of the republic very much at all.

As I understand from my reading, the young are against bad people, wars, and corruption, and for the exploited, brotherly love, and wholesome sexual activity. The *Times* tells me that they are not acquisitive like the rest of us, and that they detest "their elders' commercialization and exploitation of sex." I see where another fellow from Yale named Reich says they love beauty so much they feel "visceral outrage" when they look at an ugly freeway.

Frankly, Mr. Murphy, I do not think my son and daughter are like that at all. I will not attempt to describe them here, except to say that they are built along somewhat more modest lines, taking after me to a degree but more after their mother and especially their mother's brother Charlie. If you were to see them, I think you would be more reminded of a fellow like Johnny Carson than of Saint Francis of Assisi, say, or Mahatma Gandhi.

My problem, Mr. Murphy, is this: are my son and daughter the young or are they some sort of impostors? And if they are not the young, what are they? My wife and I are both anxious to meet the young, and last year we traveled to Yosemite for that express purpose. We saw three bears and two caribou. This year we think we will go someplace else, and what I would like to know is where can the young be found? (Where, for that matter, did they come from to begin with?)

Then, too, maybe you can tell me what the young are good for. I was taught that every creature has its function (where would your wild hog be, for example, without your common woodgrub?), but I cannot for the life of me fathom the function of the young, even though I read almost everything that is written about them.

Finally, when I look at the newspapers I have the feeling that the young are trying to tell me something. Do you know what it is?

Yours very truly,
Willard McTeague

P.S. I saw in my newspaper that President Pompidou of France said that the young have a tendency, in time, to become old and that they are then virtually indistinguishable from the rest of us. Do you believe that this is true? W.M.

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OF THE YOUNG

Mr. McTeague has raised some very interesting points, and I will attempt to answer them in the thoughtful spirit in which he has presented them.

In reply to your first question, Mr. McTeague, I do not know what your son and daughter are, but they are obviously not the young. If you doubt this, you might take them to the nearest freeway and see if they experience an attack of Visceral Outrage within a reasonably short time (usually, within twelve minutes). If they do not, they are most certainly not the young and should not be so represented by you and Mrs. McTeague.

You suggest that perhaps the young do not exist, and there are those who would agree with you. According to this school of thought, the young are merely the psychoneuropathic projection of the wishes, fears, and fantasies of the middle-aged. The phenomenon is compared to the flying saucer epidemic of the late fifties and early sixties, and it is anticipated that the young—like the flying saucers—will eventually disappear.

I believe that this is nonsense. Of course the young exist, Mr. McTeague. They have been sighted throughout the whole of the civilized world, but particularly in the urban coastal areas of the United States. (There are no young in Nebraska, Kansas, Utah, or either of the Dakotas.) Their physical presence has been accepted by the bulk of the scientific community for nearly a decade now—since the celebrated summer afternoon (August 23, 1962) when Mrs. Hollis D. Langenheim of Wayzata, Minnesota, courageously clambered down a sheer rock face adjacent to the Thief River Falls to photograph a bearded, extravagantly beaded creature bathing nude at the falls' base. The apparition upon which she closed her feverish shutter that sultry afternoon can now be seen (slightly airbrushed) in the Museum of Natural History in St. Paul. For most researchers, the photograph marks the beginning of the Age of the Young—that is, the age of serious study of the Youth Culture.*

You ask me where the young come from. This raises another question—that of the relationship of the young to man. Those of us who have been fortunate enough to observe the young in the truth of nature (as Mrs. Langenheim has observed them) know that in their stance, in the size and conformation of their members, and in the relationship of their parts they bear an eerie resemblance to man. Not only do they walk upright, with no assistance from the forearms (although often with a pronounced forward pelvic thrust), but they take nourishment in the same fashion man does and answer to the necessities of nature in the same attitude and with the same cunningly designed equipment. Internally, they are, if anything, man's superior. I have heard it said that the alimentary canal of the young is a more remarkable conduit than the great Greek aqueduct at Samos, and I believe that this is so.

It is not surprising, in view of these various physical similarities, that the young were for some years confused with men. Mrs. Langenheim herself confesses to have been deceived at first, and the publication, in 1963, of her astonishing photographs led other researchers into a similar error. It is only as we have learned more about the character and attitudes of the young that we have come to recognize them for what they are—a separate and wholly unique species of animal.

Looking over your letter, I see that you are familiar, through your reading, with the myriad psychological differences between the young and man, and I would add to what you already know only this: that the young are wholly free from the promptings of that predatory self-interest that has for so long been the curse of the human race. In other particulars, the newspaper experts you quote are entirely accurate. (As regards the revulsion the young feel for commercialized sex, for example—I myself have often seen them tremble with rage when leafing the pages of *Playboy*, or watching the lewd gyrations of a rock 'n' roll singer, or accosted by a woman of the streets.) Dr. Dietrich Boehm, our pre-eminent authority on the young, sums up the differences between his subjects and man as follows: "I have noted that the characteristics the young despise (hypocrisy, prejudice, greed, dishonesty, envy, corruption, etc.) are the very ones that man enjoys in such abundance—and that have for so long distinguished him from the beasts. We might almost say, in fact, that the young are the reverse—or mirror image—of man."

We are now in a position to return to your original

*The strikingly similar photograph taken a year earlier (September 2, 1961) by Mr. Phillip Edwardes-Ker of Djakarta, Java, is now thought, almost beyond dispute, to depict not one of the young but an adult male ape of the genus *Pongo pygmaeus*.

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question. Where do the young come from, Mr. McTeague? We can be sure that, being of a different species, they are not the issue of human coupling. Beyond that, quite frankly, we cannot go. The consensus, since shortly after Mrs. Langenheim's Descent, has been that the young come into being by some species of parthenogenesis—or perhaps by equivocal generation from the mud of our principal rivers, or the sun-warmed shallows of San Francisco Bay or Long Island Sound. Mendelberg's experiments with aphids, or plant lice, and Frehling's with the Crustacea (particularly the water flea) may yet shed some light on the problem. But for the moment all we truly know is that the young enter the world fully pubescent and in a state of wild surmise.

I am surprised that you wonder if the young are good for anything. Surely you have noticed that they often reflect, to an uncanny degree, the views of those who write about them. The young, in fact, are capable of holding as many contradictory opinions on a single subject as there are chroniclers to record them. This chameleon quality of the young is invaluable to columnists, college presidents, statesmen, and others of the middle-aged who wish to argue their opinions and prejudices without immodestly acknowledging them as their own. (The polemicist need only be able to read the silences of the young—a skill that is taught at many universities and that is rather easily mastered.)

You ask if it is true that the young tend, in time, to become old and virtually indistinguishable from man. I can only reply that I would not pay any attention to anything President Pompidou of France says. (You must bear in mind that the French are notorious cynics and that their women have been observed to walk nearly nude on the Mediterranean littoral.) Professor Charles Reich of Yale University has assured us in his book *The Greening of America* that, in terms of what he calls their "consciousness," the young will never grow any older than they are—and considering his unique qualifications (Professor Reich is seventeen, going on forty-four), I think we can take his word for it.

Your last question disturbs me. I do not know what the young are trying to tell us, Mr. McTeague, but I think they may be telling us to be still. □

UNCLE HARRY: SHOOTING PARTRIDGE, 1941

by Donald Junkins

the yellow farmhouse over Wilson's Pond way
he said to meet: go through
the strip lot up top of the ridge
and bear right; there's a young juniper

pasture in there and a grown-over road
that comes out to the old red gate
where your father shot the doe last
year; I've put up birds in there;

go easy near the alder
swamp; might be two or three
in a clump; if one goes up way off
circle around; don't hurry none,

they're a cagey bird; might wait
till you go by and flush up
right behind you; you got to
fire high in a thicket; if they get

room they'll stay low; lead 'em
good; look up going through
pines; they'll perch in the dead
limbs. Then we left off together.

Working off that other ridge he said
he jumped a red fox and headed
into the orchard. I met him later, grinning,
gun slung over one arm, pockets bulging with apples.

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PART II

THE 800,000,000

China and the World

by Ross Terrill

"Now Dulles has a successor," said Mr. Chou with a laugh that was not a laugh of amusement, "in our Northern neighbor." Part II of Professor Terrill's report from China reveals the thoughts of Chairman Mao's associates on the Kissinger and Nixon trips, the Sino-Soviet-American power balance, the United Nations, and Japan. He shows how the ideologues of Peking are also masters of *Realpolitik*.

I. Chou En-lai

The prelude to a meeting with a Chinese leader is always the same. There is no fixed appointment time, but word is one day given "not to leave the hotel." Suddenly a phone call comes to say that the man you are to see has just left the compound where the Chinese leadership works. You leave immediately for the Great Hall of the People. The idea is to have the two parties arrive at the same time.

With Chou En-lai, Prime Minister for twenty-two years and (last summer) number-three man in China's government, the call is likely to come late at night. This war-horse of revolution, "seventy-three years young," works until 4 A.M. or 5 A.M., then sleeps until midmorning. Our group (I was with my countryman E. Gough Whitlam, leader of the Australian Labor Party) was advised late on July 5 to stay about the Peking Hotel. There would be an "interesting film" that evening. The Foreign Ministry official did not explain why we were advised to put on suits and ties for the occasion. Just after 9 P.M. a call came: the film was off, Chou En-lai was on.

The Great Hall of the People is really the Great Hall of the Government. Only on highly formal occasions do the masses view its murals and tread its crimson carpets. A stone oblong in semi-Chinese style, it was built in a mere ten months around the time of the Great Leap Forward. Its fawn solidity stands guard over the biggest square in the world, Tien An Men; the Imperial City is to the left, the big museums opposite. The building's area of 560,000 square feet includes an auditorium for 10,000 people, a room decorated in the style of each of China's provinces, and sparsely furnished halls such as the East Room, where we found the Prime Minister.

He enters from one door, we from another. A red badge with the Chinese characters "Serve the People" lights up his tunic. He is all in gray except for black socks inside leather sandals and black hair showing strongly through silver fringes. Introduced to him by Ma Yun-chen of the Foreign Ministry (the man who attended James Reston at his hospital bed), I suddenly realized that he is a slim, short man. We talked for a moment of the background to the Whitlam visit; then he asked where I learned Chinese. Told "in America," he smiled broadly and said, "That is a fine thing, to learn Chinese in America!"

Recalling his amazing career over half a century, I marveled at his freshness. This man has been a member of the Politburo of the Chinese Communist Party since 1927 (well before Mao); was forty-five years ago a close colleague of Chiang Kai-shek's in Canton; played leftist politics in Europe at the time of Lenin; covered the last miles of the Long March through north Shensi in 1935 on a stretcher, gravely ill. Now he reaches across an epoch of China's modern history to face Richard Nixon in the ping-pong diplomacy of the 1970s.

Though he is like David to Mr. Whitlam's Goliath (the Australian is 6 feet 4), you quickly forget his height; it is his face and hands which rivet every eye

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in the room for the next two hours. The expression is tough, even forbidding, yet sometimes it melts into the disarming smile which used to flutter the hearts of foreign ladies in Chungking (Mr. Chou was the Communist representative in Chiang Kai-shek's capital during World War II). The eyes are steely, but they laugh when he wants them to. The voice, too, has double possibilities. One moment he is nearly whispering, weary and modest. The next he is soaring to contradict his visitor, and the streaky, sensual voice projects across the hall. From a side angle, a rather flat nose takes away all his fierceness. The mouth is low in the face and set forward tautly, giving a grim grandeur to the whole appearance.

The small, fine hands, moving sinuously as if direct from the shoulder, serve his rapidly varying tone and mood. Now they lie meekly on the blue-gray trousers, as he graciously compliments Mr. Whitlam on the Labor Party's "struggle" to get back to power in Australia. Now they fly like an actor's in the air, as he denounces Prime Minister Sato of Japan. Now the right hand is extended, its fingers spread-eagled in professorial authority, as he instructs me to study well a recent editorial in the *People's Daily*.

Sitting back in a wicker chair, wrists flapping over the chair's arms, he seems so relaxed as to be without bones, poured into the chair, almost part of it, as persons seem part of their surroundings in old Chinese paintings. Beside this loose-limbed willow of a man, Mr. Whitlam, hunched together in concentration, seems stiff as a pine.

But the conversation is a freewheeling give-and-take. The Australian style, blunt and informal, fits in well with Mr. Chou's. The evening has a lively, argumentative note rare in talks between politicians of different countries, rarer still when the countries represent different civilizations. When he disagreed—as on how widespread militarism is in Japan—the Prime Minister would interrupt in English: "No, no, no!" Talking of Australian affairs, he twice frankly said he hoped the Labor Party would win the next election in 1972. Occasionally he struck a didactic note. "As you come to China," he said after suggesting a lesson Australia ought to draw (about the United States) from China's experience with Russia, "we ask you to take this as a matter for your reference." Both sides enjoyed themselves making barbs against John Foster Dulles' policies. The ambience was, in brief, keen and frank.

Mr. Chou's aides from the Foreign Ministry and the State Council office had prepared him well. He knew, from reports of what his visitors had said to the Chinese Foreign Minister, that on Taiwan and China's United Nations seat no great problem existed between Peking and the Labor Party. Mr. Whitlam said a Labor government would switch Australia's diplomatic ties from Taipei to Peking, and vote for Peking's installation in the China seat at the UN. (Prime Minister McMahon's Liberal regime supported Washington's unsuccessful "two Chinas" proposal in October.) So the Prime Minister hardly touched these bilateral issues, but instead pitched a complex argument about the overall problems of Asia. (The efficient briefing continued throughout the week. At the evening's end, Mr. Whitlam happened to recall that his birthday was near. Five days later in Shanghai, the Australian found his birthday observed with a festive dinner and a large cake—tactfully adorned with a single candle.)

Mr. Chou painted a picture of China threatened by three adversaries: the United States, Russia, and Japan. In one way or another, the Chinese press has given this picture ever since November, 1969, when Japan—following the communiqué signed by Nixon and Sato—seemed to step up to the status of major enemy in Peking's eyes. Interesting in the Prime Minister's remarks was the pattern of relationships he sketched between the three adversaries.

After preliminary talk, Mr. Chou reached for his mug of tea, sipped, swilled with deliberation, then asked a question which turned the conversation where he wanted it to go. He was going to be very direct, he warned. What was meant by saying, as the Australians had said the previous day, that the ANZUS treaty (which binds the United States, Australia, and New Zealand in mutual defense) was designed to meet any restoration of Japanese militarism? "That is a special approach to us, so I would like to ask you to inform us what articles or what points of that treaty are directed toward preventing the restoration of Japanese militarism?" Mr. Chou was fingering the apex of Peking's triangular anxiety.

The Australian background was explained. After World War II, Australia was much less anxious to sign a peace treaty with Japan than was the United States (and to this day Australians are slower to forget Japanese aggression than are Americans). The United States signed ANZUS (in 1951) in large measure to reassure an Australia (and New Zealand) still fearful of Japan. This perspective on ANZUS "down under" was agreed on by all shades of political opinion. The treaty was a purely defensive arrangement, concerned not with Communist revolutions in Asia, but with Japan—the only country that has ever attacked Australia.

The Chinese leaders leaned forward attentively. The Ministers for Foreign Affairs (Chi P'eng-fei) and Foreign Trade (Pai Hsiang-kuo) were present with senior aides, but the Prime Minister did all the talking. "You know, we too have a defensive treaty, concluded one year before the treaty you have." He recalled with a grim, ironic smile: "That treaty was called the Sino-Soviet Treaty of Friendship, Alliance, and Mutual Aid. And its first article was that the aim of the treaty is to prevent the resurgence of Japanese militarism!"

But what has happened, the Premier asked rhetorically, his eyes and hands now stirring to life. His an-

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swer, in a word, was that both Australia's ally (the United States) and China's ally (Russia) have gone back on their pledge to forestall any new danger from Japan. He charged that the Pentagon "is considering whether to give Japan tactical nuclear weapons or even something more powerful." Does not the fourth Japanese defense plan total $16 billion, one third more than the amount spent on the three previous plans put together? The Nixon Doctrine, he noted, turns Japan into "a vanguard in the Far East." With a shrewd addition to the usual slogan ("using Asians to fight Asians"), designed to make his visitors feel their potential importance, he assailed the doctrine's motives. "It is in the spirit of using . . . 'Austro-Asians to fight Austro-Asians.'"

Then Mr. Chou weighed the actions of the Soviet Union. He never referred to it by name but by sarcastic indirection. "And what about our so-called ally? What about them? They have very warm relations with the Sato government." Unveiling China's vision of the world, the Premier wove in two further themes. The Russians, he observed, are also "engaged in warm discussions with the Nixon government on so-called nuclear disarmament." Now his point came home: "Meanwhile we, their *ally,* are being threatened by *both* [Japan, the United States] *together!*" He finished with an application to Australia's situation. "So we feel our 'ally' is not so very reliable. Is your 'ally' so very reliable?"

The Premier had a formidable case. He had put it with passion and embroidered it with detail apt for Australian listeners. It was, Whitlam conceded, a "powerful indictment," and the Australian took a few moments to marshal himself and probe its questionable parts.

- The first theme had been Japanese militarism.
- The second, the failure of Washington and Moscow to resist it.
- The third, the charge that the United States and Russia are in collusion with each other.
- The fourth, a deep skepticism that any country can really be the ally of any other, an assertion that each country is utterly alone in the world, with nothing but its own resources and its "independence" to gird it.

Throughout forty days in China, these four themes met me at high levels and low. In a moment there is more to say of each. But stay now with Mr. Chou, for he had a fifth theme in his analysis of the triangle of menace facing China. It was introduced by another of the curious historical analogies he is fond of deploying.

During the talk Mr. Chou showed a kind of fascination with John Foster Dulles. I remembered with a certain shame what had reportedly happened between these two men at the Geneva Conference in 1954. After lunch one day Dulles walked into the chamber and found only one man there—Chou En-lai. An embarrassing turn of events! Chou held out his hand. Dulles declined it (the Reuters journalist at Geneva told me he murmured "I cannot"), gripped his hands behind his back, and strode out. But this evening Mr. Chou displayed no bitterness, just amusement, at Dulles; and a hearty contempt for his policies. Recalling the circle of defense pacts, multilateral and bilateral, which Dulles made with nations on China's southeastern borders—and showing accurate knowledge of Dulles' role as an adviser to the Truman Administration before he became Secretary of State—the Premier mused that it seemed to be an imperative of the "soul" of Dulles to throw a military harness around China. He spoke, I felt, as a man gazing down the corridor of history rather than as one faced with burglars at the door.

Suddenly it became clear that this historical excursion was for the purpose of analogy. He switched to the present. "Now Dulles has a successor," said Mr. Chou with a laugh that was not a laugh of amusement, "in our Northern neighbor." The Premier was launched in earnest on his fifth theme. *Today's military encirclement of China is by Russia.*

This emphasis—that the Dulleses of the 1970s sit in Moscow—was confirmed when discussion turned to present trends within the United States. Mr. Whitlam said that the "soul of Dulles does not go marching on" in America. American public opinion, he judged, would not again permit its government to practice the interventionism in Asia that resulted from the "destructive zeal" of Dulles. Mr. Chou responded: "I have similar sentiments to you on such a positive appraisal of the American people." By implication he agreed that Dullesism was now eclipsed in the United States.

Later he spoke admiringly of the strength of antiwar feeling from coast to coast in the United States ("Even military men on active service and veterans have gone to Washington to demonstrate"). He frankly revealed the source of his confidence about the future course of U.S. policy: "The American people will *force* the American government to change its policies." Casting around the room, Mr. Chou asked if his visitors had "in the past two years or so" been in the United States. They had. He then summed up with heavy stress 'So you realize from your own experience that in these past years the American people have been in the process of change."

Of course, the Chinese Premier disapproves of particular current U.S. actions in Asia; his words on Indochina made that quite plain. But when he mapped *trends,* the United States did not seem to loom largest among his concerns. And when he analyzed the dynamics within the triangle of threat, the United States was evidently not the ultimate focus of opposition. He lashed Washington less for its own activities than for its support of Japanese activities and for its collusion with Russian activities.

Caution would be wise in construing what Mr. Chou said. Maybe the three threats to China are so

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diverse in character that comparing their magnitude is invalid. The Japanese threat is "rising." The Russian threat is "immediate" in a crude military sense. The U.S. threat may yet be the "biggest" if the three were to be measured objectively against each other at the present moment. A conversation cannot give systematic finality to this caldron of slippery variables. Nevertheless, it was all very different from what Peking was saying in 1964 or even two years ago. Here was a picture of the world that featured power more than ideology, fluid forces more than rigid blocs, emerging problems more than well-worn problems.

Recall that the Premier was talking to Australians, and to Australians whose views on Taiwan did not greatly differ from his own. So the two chief bones of bilateral contention between Peking and Washington—the UN seat, the U.S. military presence in Taiwan—did not even come into the conversation. Maybe Mr. Chou calculated that of the three threats to Chinese security, Japan was the one to stress to these visitors. The Russians are far from Australia. The American tie is intimate, and no Australian leader is about to break it. Japan, however, is both important to Australia *and* a country about which Australians have ambivalent feelings. Yet it was remarkable that Mr. Chou did not raise—nor did his Foreign Minister the previous day—queries about the substantial and sensitive American bases (some related to nuclear weaponry) that dot Australia. Mr. Whitlam told me he had expected—as I had—that the Chinese would harp upon these bases.

It was easy to see that Japan was in the forefront of the Prime Minister's mind. Whichever country came up, he linked it somehow with Japan. He quoted the Japan Socialist Party to buttress his point of view. Broaching the subject of nuclear weapons, he seemed more worried by potential Japanese weapons than by existing massive American and Russian stockpiles. Discussing the Australian Labor Party's international connections, he wondered in particular if it was close to the Japanese socialists. Should not Mr. Whitlam, when he left China for Japan—Mr. Chou had somehow unearthed this unpublicized fact of Mr. Whitlam's itinerary—make a point of having serious talks with the Japanese socialist leaders as well as with Mr. Sato? The Komeitō ("Clean Government") Party especially kept popping up. Mr. Chou had met with its leaders the previous week (I had traveled into China in their compartment and watched them photograph each other, the train, and the countryside all the way from Hong Kong to Canton). Was it not "quite something for a Japanese, Buddhist, pacifist party" to make the shift it has this year (to a rather pro-Peking position)? Musing on the Labor Party's prospects of winning power in Australia next year, the Prime Minister again brought in the Komeitō Party, and made a comparison with it. But seeing its inaptness, he diplomatically qualified himself: "Of course it's different; your party is very near to power."

II. Behind the Kissinger Trip

Let us leave Mr. Chou there, broaden the canvas a little, and consider more of his remarks as they come into the story. As to diplomacy, I found Peking in a springtime mood of growth and hope. Some Western ambassadors, glazed by long years of boredom in Peking, flexed their muscles like invalids just out of bed. New ambassadors were arriving every few weeks, as the list of countries which had recently recognized the People's Republic of China lengthened: Canada, Equatorial Guinea, Italy, Nigeria, Chile, Kuwait, Ethiopia, Iran, Cameroon, Austria, Sierra Leone, Togo, Turkey. The Chinese Foreign Ministry, severely short of personnel since the time of the Cultural Revolution, resembled a marketplace bursting with products but short of salesmen.

A bevy of ambassadors accredited to Peking had just returned from a "diplomatic tour" of South China. Nothing like this had occurred for years—for some it was their first sight of a Chinese city other than Peking—and they were accompanied in cordial fashion on the trip by a Vice Foreign Minister. Contacts between foreign diplomats and Chinese officials have this year increased manyfold. The French Ambassador remarked over dinner that his last guest had been Ch'iao Kuan-hua, Vice Foreign Minister and perhaps the leading architect of China's policy toward the West. (Ch'iao arrived in New York in November to head China's UN delegation.) The Indian and British chargés, so long in the doghouse, still glowed from getting a warm smile and pleasant words from Chairman Mao at the last May 1 festivity. It was all like rain after a long drought.

But the most poignant element was the contrasting stance of the Russians and the Americans. The whole situation had put the men from Moscow in a foul mood.

The pinnacle of the summer's excitement—it was salt in Russia's wounds—was the Sino-American meeting in Peking in the second week of July and the announcement that Nixon himself had arranged to visit the Middle Kingdom. During my first week in China, I spent a morning at the Peking Arts and Crafts Factory, where delicate work is done in jade and ivory carving, lacquer, and the incredible *nei-hua* (painting a picture on a tiny bottle from the *inside*). Here were superb things—one piece just done was going on the market at 100,000 yuan ($40,000)—and several craftsmen, exponents of *nei-hua* and designers of gaudy birds, were ripe with fifty years' experience. But the factory's star project, now in the design stage, was an intricate ivory-carved memorial—paddles, balls, Glenn Cowan's long hair and all—of the visit to China by the American ping-pong players! No wonder the Russians gnash their teeth.

In the Chinese capital, during June, there were occasions to glimpse the unfolding of an apparently new America policy. It is a story of caution, uncer-

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tainty, yet basic consistency from the Chinese side. On Saturday morning, June 19, two Chinese diplomats invited me for a talk in a faded lounge of the International Club. Beer and cakes were served—ambitious fare for nine thirty on a Peking summer morning. I expected a *tour d'horizon* of Chinese foreign policy, and some exchange on Chinese-Australian relations.

But these two officials had other fish to fry. America was their interest, and I was hard put to get any questions in on other matters that concerned me. We went into the various positions within the U.S. Administration and among Democratic senators on China policy. We considered how McGovern differed from Kennedy on "one China" and "two Chinas." Why the Pentagon seemed tougher on Taiwan than certain elements in the White House. What the nuances of Harvard Professor John Fairbank's "culturalistic" approach to the Taiwan issue are, in contrast to his colleague Professor Jerome Cohen's "legalistic" approach. The center of gravity of their interest was entirely concrete and practical. Impossible to miss the difference from talking on equivalent topics to Americans. In America the thrust of the questioning of a foreigner is often "What do you think of us?" But these Chinese officials, caring little what the foreigner thought of China, were concerned instead with the question "How can China get what it wants?"

The second issue was the 1972 election. It was a thing of wonder to hear these officials of the most secretive foreign policy establishment on earth discuss the foreign policy angles of an American election. The cast of mind was like a blend of Jeane Dixon and the most ambitious kind of social science. They expected a statement, free of any ifs or buts, of who was going to win. It dawned on me that Peking might prefer to deal with a monolithic, dictatorial Washington rather than with the cacophonic pluralism of voices which democratic America is.

Like terriers to a favorite bone, they seemed to come back always to one issue. It boiled down to this. Which was the better prospect: the reasonable China policy of certain Democratic senators—with the uncertain chance of its becoming U.S. policy; or the less reasonable but evolving China policy of Nixon—with the certainty that here was a real live government you could do business with? I later learned that this was perhaps the crucial question on America policy facing Peking in the late spring and early summer.

The third issue was Henry Kissinger. How much power does he have over U.S. policy? Is it true that he is more "open-minded" toward China than key officials in the Pentagon and the State Department who also advise Mr. Nixon? Kissinger's alleged hostility to the Soviet Union struck them as one of his most positive attributes. I added that I knew that Kissinger finds Moscow's methods baffling: he sees decisions suddenly reversed, as if there were a "government A" and a "government B" tugging away in different directions. One of the Chinese said that that was exactly Peking's impression of Moscow. It reminded him of a saying dating from the fluid Warring States period (fourth century B.C.): *"Ch'ao Ch'in Mu Ch'u"* ("In the morning for Ch'in, in the evening for Ch'u"). "The Russians are just like that," he said; "you never know where you stand with them."

Struck by the interest in Kissinger's mind and writings, I did not yet know how immediate these matters were for Peking officials. But two features of the conversation at the International Club stuck in my mind: the apparent pragmatism of the analysis of American trends, and the isolation of two policies—Taiwan and the UN seat—to a degree that they seemed erected into absolute goals in themselves, not to be qualified by other goals.

Over the next few days I went to talk with more Chinese officials and with five European ambassadors (or chargés, in the case of countries which do not have full-fledged embassies in Peking) about Peking's America policy. Three points of note emerged concerning the genesis of the Sino-American flirtation.

A basis was laid in 1969, when Nixon saw De Gaulle and De Gaulle reported the talk to the Chinese, for an American move toward China which made it a little less difficult, two years later, for Peking to bring itself to believe that the U.S. President meant business. It is no secret that Nixon admired De Gaulle (this at least he has in common with Mr. Mao). He seemed moved to talk to the French President about some of his long-term goals. From the man whom De Gaulle chose to relay the points to Peking, I heard of Nixon's words and of what the Chinese thought of them. Nixon declared to De Gaulle—in his third month in office—that he was going to withdraw from Vietnam come what may, and that he was going, step by step, to normalize relations with China. Peking was impressed with the first point, and as events unrolled and U.S. troops came back from Saigon, began to realize that Nixon had meant what he told De Gaulle.

On the second point—normalizing relations with China—Peking was more cautious. Could this traveling salesman in the lurid merchandise of anti-Communism really bury the past on China policy? But at least an intriguing seed had been planted in the back of Peking's mind. Subsequent events—including Nixon's zigzag steps along the path of Vietnam withdrawal—suggested to the Chinese that the gap between words and deeds might be less in Nixon's case than it had been with Johnson. If he was doing what he said he would on Vietnam, perhaps he would on China also? This background—as European go-betweens testify—steadied Peking's hand during the Sino-American flirtation that swelled in the spring of 1971.

The second point is a double one about Laos. The

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"incursion" into southern Laos last February deeply alarmed China. One of the highest officials in the State Department cynically styled the attack a "widening down" of the war. Peking was more struck by the "widening" aspect than the "down" aspect. I had known last January—through friends of China's whom Peking consulted on the matter—that China was concerned at the possible use of tactical nuclear weapons in conjunction with the buildup on the southern Laos border (and the evacuation of South Vietnam's northern provinces). When the "incursion" began, Peking was anxious lest the government of Souvanna Phouma cave in under the pressure and fall to a rightist coup. Concerned also about northern Laos—Hanoi's chief concern, of course, was the Ho Chi Minh Trail in *southern* Laos—China had some thirty divisions alerted in its bordering province of Yunnan.

But did Washington not assure Peking that the aims in Laos were "limited"? A Northern European ambassador discussed this with Ch'iao Kuan-hua, Vice Foreign Minister of China. "We can never be sure," observed Mr. Ch'iao. He recalled the self-unleashing of General MacArthur on the Chinese-Korean border while Truman protested the "limited" nature of the United States's Korean operation. "We were fairly confident of Nixon's limited intentions in Laos, but not sure some general wouldn't take it into his head to provoke China, or cover failure with a drastic escalation." This Chinese view of events, said Mr. Ch'iao, can be discerned between the lines of the speech that Chou En-lai made during his March visit to Hanoi.

When the U.S.-backed incursion by Saigon into Laos failed, bringing none of the military and political complications that Peking earlier thought possible, Peking was buoyed. If anything, Chinese optimism about Indochina was now higher than it had been before the Laos operation began. Saigon had "picked up a stone to throw against the people's forces only to drop it on its own feet." It had merely given fresh evidence of its military and political weakness. Peking's conviction that effective U.S. force in Asia is in a large and long decline also deepened. For Washington did nothing drastic to salvage the Laos incursion. In fact, the flirtation with the United States would not have unfolded if the U.S.-Saigon thrust into Laos had gone well (or greatly widened the war). Yet its lack of success provided all the more reason—given the logic which underlies Peking's whole America policy—to put aside doubts and press on with the flirtation.

The third point concerned tactics, and hinged on Peking's reading of the American domestic political scene. In the early spring, Peking had reached the point of being ready to permit one or more leading Democratic senators to visit China. It was part of the ping-pong package: there would be opposition politicians, as well as sportsmen, journalists, and scholars. But before the decision could be implemented, the mutual coaxing between the Nixon government and Peking accelerated. Hesitations about the Democratic senators occurred. The option was the one that the two diplomats had suggested to me at the International Club: to coax Nixon further, or to cultivate the Democratic opposition? The Chinese were not sure they could do both. For the time being, at least, they (evidently) resolved to keep the line open with Nixon and see where it would lead. Exchanges continued between Washington and Peking. Neither McGovern nor Kennedy came to China in June, though at one stage it had seemed certain that they would.

On July 2, I spent four hours with an eloquent spokesman of the Chinese government in a suite at the Peking Hotel. "Mr. Y" I called him in Part I (*The Atlantic*, November, 1971), in quoting his low opinion of Chinese propaganda; he, too, came to New York in November as a member of China's UN delegation. Though we planned to talk mainly of social developments and political thought, America (where he once lived) was also much on Mr. Y's mind.

This strategist and "ideas man" has for many years dealt with international matters. He was like a ship in full sail when explaining the new phase in China's foreign outlook. It clearly pleased him. He had argued for it; he knew its rationale. He made several points which are crucial to understanding why Peking is going down the path of détente with Nixon.

"The opening up is going to go far," he told me; "it's a big thing." He added sharply: "And it's about time we did it, too." But why has it now become possible? We spoke of the Taiwan problem, on which he gave the long-standing Chinese position and said that "everything" in Sino-American relations depends upon the removal of this bone in the national throat of China. But why, I asked, had China started people-to-people diplomacy with the United States at a time when Washington's policy on Taiwan was just as it had always been? Nothing on the Taiwan question, it seemed, could account for the genesis of the ping-pong diplomacy. Mr. Y had quite a different reason to give. "Yes, you are right. The U.S. government made no change on Taiwan. We did it because of the new attitudes among the American people."

Unfortunately, he did not enlarge on that, but swept on to his central point. *America no longer has the capacity to work its will in Asia.* Now he was onto broad historical themes; the loquacious Cantonese swelled in him. The gist lay in the distinction between military power and political goals. Washington has the first, but is muddled about the second. Hardly new to those who have lived through the "Vietnam years" in America.

But to hear it in Peking is to hear it in quite a fresh tone. Mr. Y is not bent on a theoretical discussion of

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options. This is not a "dissenting" quibble from within the camp. The hour is long past when Washington missed its chance to grasp the fact that military power from outside Asia is unlikely to attain political goals within Asia. Now I was listening to a Chinese official coolly describe the consequences in Asia of Lyndon Johnson's failure to grasp the point. An abstract truth at home had become concrete truth here in Peking. At home one debates the point dialectically—still hoping that wisdom may prevail. From a Chinese in 1971, the point somehow strikes home with a more final logic, if only because it comes from outside you, and with the weight behind it of *Asia's most influential government.*

There was therefore a curious authority to Mr. Y's analysis. A point I had made in the wilderness of theory and dissent since 1965 now stared me in the face as a cold, hard fact of international politics. The Far East is now the way it is because people like Mr. Y saw, and Johnson did not, the political limits of alien military force. I realized, as Mr. Y discoursed, to what effect the Chinese, with their long memories and their infinite patience, had waited and watched through the "Vietnam years" while America bloodied its head against a wall of its own making.

"The U.S.A. put a million men around China." Mr. Y did not say "in Vietnam," "off Japan," "in Thailand," and so on, but "around China." And to what avail? "It simply has not worked." There was not a trace of moralism; he was like history's physician. "You can't do that for long. First, you have to *pay* for them while they are out there, far from home. You have to feed them, supply them, and this takes taxes which the American people will not sustain."

Some of his remarks came in Marxist dress, and the reasons he gave for the subsidence of U.S. power in Asia could be questioned. But his summaries conveyed a gut assessment of America's failure to prevail in Vietnam *and* of why China is now ready to sit down and talk with the United States.

He came to a second problem that Washington has faced. "You have the troops there; you start a war, fought with no clear aims; but how do you end it? It is so easy to start these kinds of wars, but not so easy to wind them up." Finally he spoke of the various forms of power. "The third problem was that spreading all those troops around China did not even increase the bargaining power of the U.S."

Do nuclear weapons increase a country's bargaining power? "Only if the other country fears them," he replied. "If the other country does not fear them, then nuclear weapons are not a deterrent, much less a decisive force in international struggles." Mr. Y was making an assumption that seemed basic to his view of the United States—that the United States almost certainly would not *use* nuclear weapons. Here was one more sign of its flagging will. He is less confident that the Russians lack the will to use nuclear weapons.

But Mr. Y did not merely mean that nuclear weapons are without power because they are unlikely to be used. He meant that they are literally without any power to change the world! For a country cannot be "captured"—occupied and ruled—by the use of nuclear weapons; only physically laid waste. And the importance of nuclear weapons short of their actual use—their deterrent effect—exists only if the potential victim fears them.

Mr. Y gave a picture of a China less pressured than in the past. More buoyant about its options. Possessing more room to maneuver. I sensed a link between the enhanced international security and the readiness to be self-critical. Mr. Y tells me about the overselling of national historical monuments. "We have had so much escalating rhetoric here," he confessed. "Once I even went to two tombs in different places, each of which claimed to contain the same Han Dynasty emperor!" The next moment he rather confidently dissects the troubles within the United States. It seemed that America's troubles were a kind of encouragement to this Chinese official (who does not hide from himself how great China's own troubles are).

And America's troubles, Mr. Y felt, meant that America would now give China less trouble. Having lived for so long in a world they never made, encircled by those one million Americans under arms, the Chinese are starting to think that they may take a share in shaping at least Asia's future patterns. Like the two diplomats at the International Club, Mr. Y put greatest policy emphasis on Taiwan and the UN seat. He believed—and events so far have certainly not shown him wrong—that there was a better chance now than in the past of China's getting an acceptable arrangement with the United States on these two long-standing goals.

Mr. Y was not blind to the sweetness, from China's point of view, of the displeasure caused in Moscow by the Sino-American flirtation. With his eagle-eyed watch on the U.S. scene, he had noticed things I had written. I recalled to him that in 1968 I had published (in *Motive* magazine) the prediction: "There will come eventually one small sign that Washington has accepted the Chinese present as a chapter in world history: the readiness of officials . . . to refer to 'Communist China' by its name, the 'People's Republic of China,' the way they brought themselves to refer to 'Communist Russia' by its name, the 'Soviet Union.'" Mr. Y had heard about the first occasion on which Mr. Nixon had publicly used the phrase "People's Republic of China"—when the Rumanian President visited Washington. He had also heard that the Soviet Ambassador in Washington, Anatoly Dobrynin, phoned Henry Kissinger in agitation the same evening to find out the meaning of this outrageous verbal accuracy. The incident made him chuckle. Pleasant that China, which Mr. Y was old enough to remember as the hopelessly "sick man of

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Asia," could without lifting a finger cause a ruffle between the "superpowers." It seemed to me, however, that he saw the frustration of Moscow as a by-product of the Chinese-American détente, not as a major Chinese goal in the pursuit of that détente.

That week in Peking, Kissinger's name cropped up with a frequency that puzzled me at the time. On the morning that Mr. Y mused on Kissinger's readiness to disregard Russian sensibilities if the science of power required it, Hsinhua, the Chinese news agency, reported Kissinger's arrival in Saigon. I did not know—no foreigner in Peking did, and precious few Chinese, since the Politburo kept the Chinese Foreign Ministry even more in the dark about the trip than Mr. Nixon kept the American State Department—that a later stop on the same journey would be Peking. But three days later, on July 6, the professor was again brought into the conversation, by Kuo Mo-jo, Vice President of the Congress. Amidst an interview about intellectual life in China, he interpolated musings about Kissinger's trip to Asia. Not again, I thought with a sinking feeling, for I wanted to draw the Chinese leader out more on cultural matters. But Mr. Kuo would make statements about Kissinger that sat in the air inviting response. "We don't know enough about the thinking of this man . . ."

There were others in Peking who would have liked to know more about the "thinking of this man." On July 10, Kissinger's main day of talks with Chinese leaders, I found myself at the North Vietnamese Embassy. The Hanoi official didn't know of Kissinger's presence—he would not have talked to me at length that day if he had—but he smelled a rat in Sino-American relations. His informality—putting a hand on my knee, drinking despite the morning hour—did not hide but rather underlined his anxiety at some of the developments of the spring which we talked about.

Of course, Hanoi was pleased that Peking stressed so much, and so unusually, the seven-point peace proposal that Madame Binh of the Viet Cong made in Paris on July 1. But Nixon had launched "sinister schemes," said the Vietnamese diplomat. He grew more explicit. "We know that the ending of the U.S. trade embargo against China was designed to produce a response from China which might pose problems for our struggle." Hanoi's nightmare, I gathered from other sources, was that a "linking" might somehow be effected between Indochina issues and the Taiwan issue. Knowing that some people in Washington have toyed with this idea, I now asked directly if North Vietnam had any fear that Peking might under some circumstances agree to such a linking. The answer was nonexistent but eloquent. The man from Hanoi alternately smiled and furrowed his brow. He leaned forward and put his hand on my knee. "What have the Chinese comrades indicated to you about this?"

III. Issues: The UN, Taiwan

Six days later I arrived by train from Nanking at the lakeside resort of Wusih (the town's name means "No Tin." In the Han Dynasty, 2000 years ago, the district exhausted its tin mines). Driving to a hotel in the midday heat, I heard the radio announcement of Kissinger's visit and Nixon's impending visit to China. Unadorned by commentary, it was identical with the seven-line story in the next day's *People's Daily*. There was no follow-up coverage, much less an orgy of speculation, as in the American press. The Chinese government closed up like a clam on informal talk with visitors about foreign affairs. Rich conversations of previous weeks were not repeated after July 16. Nor was I able, despite earnest requests, to go back immediately to Peking.

My hosts in Wusih, like workers in the city's factories, showed interest in the announcement, but were reticent about commenting on it. The Foreign Ministry official traveling with me, however, did not hide his satisfaction. The U.S. President was coming *to* China; this he stressed. Nixon said he wanted to come; Peking graciously agreed; the meetings would take place on Chinese soil.

Into policy matters the official did not venture. This was not merely because the phone call he had just received from Peking briefed him only in outline. He seemed totally confident that China's policies (touching Sino-American relations) had not changed and would not need to change. He spoke as if China were a fixed point in a fluid world. The United States was rethinking matters. That is interesting, and can only be for the better. China is always ready to talk should America drop its hostility toward China.

Such blandness lay also, it seems to me, behind the lack of public attention in China to the turn of events. Of course, foreign policy options are not debated out loud in China as in the United States. Still, you cannot overlook the almost offhand confidence of Peking's approach to the flirtation with Washington. The Chinese want certain things from the United States. But they have waited a long time for them. They can wait longer. Especially since they see American opinion stirring unilaterally in rejection of rigid and expansionist policies of the past.

It is Nixon who is committing himself most. It is he who is under pressure to deliver the goods. So the Chinese attitude is, in a certain measure, to sit back and see what Nixon will bring to Peking. Peking has worked out an eight-point agenda of items to discuss with the U.S. President. On these items the Chinese position has not noticeably softened. But the Chinese think that Nixon will have to soften *his* positions on some items, if his requested trip to Peking is to prove a boon to him and not a liability.

The Chinese feel that they gain more than they risk from détente with the United States. They have

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been seated in the UN. Equally important, the international status of the government of Taiwan slides quickly downward. A wedge, too, is inserted between Taipei and Washington. As a result of these developments, Peking's desired solution to the Taiwan issue becomes more likely. Russia will be stung. Not least, Peking gets a dose of generalized prestige from the fact that President Nixon visits China, at his own request, before he visits Moscow or Tokyo. (Indeed, Peking will be ahead of Moscow and Tokyo in having *any* U.S. President visit it.) On the side of cost, there is a possible loss of credibility with various anti-imperialists. But Hanoi's anxiety—now less deep than last summer—is the only serious problem here.

A barometer of the atmosphere at the Kissinger-Chou talks is the UN issue (though it has never been the most important issue in Sino-American relations). I do not believe that Kissinger and Chou set the UN issue "aside" when they met last July—as was often said in the press. Nor that Peking was ready to go ahead with détente regardless of what happened in the UN. I believe the issue was set aside, after July, because the two sides knew what was going to happen in the UN. Fragments of information available to me about the July parleys add up to a picture of delicate diplomacy-at-a-tangent. During the many hours of rather tough talks, the two sides gave each other a statement of intention on the UN issue. Since the talk dealt with votes and agendas in an international organization, each side could state what it would *seek*, but not guarantee what it would *attain*.

The distinction was crucial. It permitted two statements of intention to seem—to a beholder who wanted to see it that way—like an agreement on what would result. The Chinese were satisfied with what they concluded from this diplomacy by indirection. No sign exists that the United States was deeply dissatisfied.

First, it seems, the Americans indicated that they would support the seating of Peking in the China seat at the UN this year—which means a Security Council seat, as one of the permanent five members wielding a veto. Second, the visitors served notice that, should Taipei fight to keep some sort of UN place for itself, the United States must support this attempt. This place would be, at most, membership in the General Assembly. Third—here we enter the twilight land of signals—the U.S. side said it "did not know" whether the attempt to keep Taipei in the UN would succeed or not.

The Chinese responded also in three parts. They took note with undemonstrative approval of Washington's decision to back the installation of the People's Republic of China in the China seat. Second, they warned that should the effort to retain the Kuomintang regime in some UN role be mounted, Peking would vigorously fight against it. Finally, the Chinese gave their own signal with all its overtones: the government of China was confident that the effort to salvage a role for Taipei would fail.

Given the context—that the mutual coaxing during the spring had gone well enough to bring Kissinger over the Himalayas to Peking, and that Nixon wanted to come to China within a year—the U.S. position in these talks could be interpreted as having an element of shadowboxing about it. Secretary of State William Rogers' subsequent statement of August 2 did not mean quite what it said on the printed page. Yes, the United States will fight to keep a UN place for Chiang Kai-shek. But if the U.S. "does not know" whether this will succeed, and China is sure it won't, the two sides are not as far apart as they seem. Peking was not as outraged by Rogers' statement as its press made out. Though enticed to do so by journalists, no Peking official said Rogers' statement meant Washington had gone back on anything Kissinger conveyed to Chou. Yes, the Chinese called the Rogers formulation "absurd." But they did not say that the United States had deceived China or broken a promise.

In Washington a certain backpedaling began. Mr. Rogers confessed, with more sorrow than anger, that the United States had found through international consultations that "there is a good deal of support" for assigning the China seat in the Security Council to Peking rather than Taipei. He added: "We haven't made a decision about our own policy." Two weeks later, Mr. Nixon decided—in Peking's favor. Washington then came out with a double proposal for the UN debate: Peking to have the China seat; a separate, lower place to be salvaged for Taipei in the Assembly.

Meanwhile, U.S. spokesmen underlined that though every effort was being made, success for this position could not be guaranteed. By the time Foreign Minister Fukuda of Japan came to Washington in early September, it smelled as if Mr. Rogers were foreshadowing failure and looking around for others to share whatever blame failure might trigger. If Japan did not cosponsor the U.S. resolution, he warned, this would have "a detrimental effect" on the resolution's chance of success. Japan did cosponsor, but the resolution failed.

The grief in Washington was not searing. Mr. Nixon seemed more upset by the "manners" of the voters than by the vote itself. Mr. Rogers cried out "We tried hard" more relentlessly than sincerity would seem to have required. George Bush, American Ambassador to the UN, was not unhappy with his image as a mighty arm-twister. (People have wondered why Mr. Bush fought so hard for Taiwan if the Nixon Administration was in fact reconciled to losing the fight. First, after Richard Nixon's and Henry Kissinger's words, on and off the record, about the danger of a right-wing rampage in America in the event of calamity for U.S. fortunes in Asia, no one should be surprised that Bush was assigned the role of making an elaborate effort to hold a General Assembly seat for Taiwan. Second, the newspaper photographs of Kissinger conferring in

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Peking as the UN voted were more eloquent than anything Bush said or did in New York.)

The gap between "seek" and "attain" had richly served Sino-American relations. Nixon lost a battle on October 25, but salvaged a campaign (perhaps *two* campaigns). The Pakistani delegate at the UN aptly said just after the vote that one big reason for the outcome was Nixon's new China policy. Nixon's new China policy, in turn, will ultimately benefit from the UN vote, as may Nixon's prospects for re-election. Meanwhile, Peking took it all so calmly that not a single Chinese newspaperman was sent to the UN to cover a drama climaxing twenty-two years of struggle in which China was the key party involved.

Within China, the UN issue seems a bagatelle compared with the Taiwan issue. At the Museum of the Peasant Institute in Canton, a vast wall map gives details of the Revolutionary Committee of each province. When you press a button, a light flashes on with the date on which the Committee was established. I pressed Taiwan (Taiwan is invariably included on any map of China within China). A red light flashed with the characters: "We shall certainly liberate Taiwan!" The phrase is a theme song all over China.

In the beautiful hills near Sian lies the craggy cliff where Chiang Kai-shek was captured in 1936 by one of his own disgruntled generals—the famous Sian Incident. The place is now a lush and tranquil hot-spring resort. Emperors of the Han and Sui dynasties had summer palaces here, and the Communist government has built superb pavilions in traditional style to fit the history-laden ambience. My companions laughed and joked as we inspected the room from which Chiang fled—leaving his dentures behind—when shots pierced his windows.

We climbed the hill where Chiang had clambered in his nightdress. At the place of his capture stands a handsome portico. But it was built not by the Communists, to mark this spot of personal and political humiliation of Chiang, but by Chiang's own government, in 1946, apparently to try and blot out with glory an ugly memory! After 1949 the new government left the portico intact. Beside it, in red paint on the cliff face, they have simply added: "We shall certainly liberate Taiwan!" As if to suggest that, just as Chiang was nabbed here, so in the fullness of time he will be nabbed in Taiwan.

No issue seems more important than Taiwan when you talk with Chinese, official or nonofficial, about international affairs. It is pointed out that in 1950 the U.S. government reversed itself on Taiwan. Until that time, Washington considered Taiwan part of China, and planned no support for Chiang Kai-shek's bid to set up an alternative China. Came the Korean War. As part of its military encirclement of China, the United States, it is recalled, then backtracked and began the long, increasingly ludicrous sponsorship of Chiang and his dreams. Ignoring that Chiang had lost out to a stronger and more popular force, the United States from then to this day has (officially) considered his remnants the government of China.

But now the movement at the UN has unfrozen the Taiwan issue. As Peking envisaged, the displacement of Taipei from a UN seat begins a "softening up" of the Taipei regime's front of bravado.

The signs are that they expect a political bargaining process to take place eventually, in which Peking will make—at least for a transitional period—concessions to whatever elements in Taiwan are able to demonstrate political strength.

But this political bargaining cannot begin in earnest until Taiwan is fully defused as an international issue. The UN developments have done this to a degree; the big next step will be military withdrawal by the U.S. from Taiwan. I understand that in July, 1971, Kissinger talked to the Chinese about this matter. Before the Chinese agreed to invite Nixon, the U.S. side intimated that by the time Nixon reached Peking, further reductions in the U.S. military presence on Taiwan would have taken place.

In the Chinese view, there are two parts to the Taiwan problem. One is the U.S. military presence on the island. The other is the political gulf between Peking and Taipei, and the methods of bridging it. Only the first part, say the Chinese, concerns the United States (or any other nation). Washington is not being asked to "hand over" Taiwan to Peking—only to stop regarding its government as the government of China, and to take its bases away. This leaves the door open to give-and-take between the two sets of Chinese, and to a process of reabsorption that could stretch out over decades.

In his talk with me, the nimbleminded Mr. Y observed: "There's an easy way out for the U.S. on Taiwan. Simply announce a return to the position Truman stated in 1949-1950: that the U.S. is not going to interfere in the destiny of Taiwan."

IV. How China Runs Its Foreign Policy

Lights burn late in the new cream-brick monolith which houses China's Ministry of Foreign Affairs. After the Cultural Revolution, the number of personnel at the Ministry was slashed by almost one half. Those who remain must work fantastic hours to cope with a swelling volume of business. Some work who are too tired and ill to work, like Vice Minister Ch'iao Kuan-hua this past summer. Some who speak a Western tongue fluently must punctuate policy work with translating tasks. "Peking wives"—it occurred to me—must have even more to put up with than "Washington wives" (I say "wife," but in fact the Chinese no longer use the established word for wife, *"t'-ai-t'ai"*; they use *"ai-jen,"* "lover," for spouse or amorous friend alike.

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Yet morale is high. Officials are naturally encouraged that their Ministry has become as much a focus of attention as any foreign ministry in the world. The more so because it firmly relegates to an unlamented past the period of 1966-1967 when the Chinese foreign policy establishment was very nearly derailed by a hot avalanche of ultraleftism. Ch'en Yi, the Foreign Minister at that time, was harassed and "supervised" so unrelentingly by Red Guards that Mao eventually declared: "How can Ch'en be struck down? He has been with us forty years and has so many achievements. He has lost twenty-seven pounds in weight. I cannot show him to foreign guests in this condition."

Ch'en Yi no longer works on foreign policy, but I do not believe he has been purged. A senior Chinese military man, when it was remarked to him by a European ambassador that Ch'en's going was a "loss," replied with a broad smile: "Your loss is our gain." One of China's true military experts, Ch'en Yi, ill as he has certainly been, is probably now working on high military matters. He resurfaced last summer as a vice chairman of the top Military Affairs Committee. Of other high officials in the Ministry, it is remarkable how few were blown away by the storms of the Cultural Revolution. In 1967, the two Vice Ministers most assailed by the zealots were Chi P'eng-fei and Ch'iao Kuan-hua. Yet how little the huffing and puffing availed. Today, Chi is Acting Foreign Minister, and Ch'iao is the Vice Minister in charge of Western affairs and top man at the UN.

At one point in the struggle of the Cultural Revolution, ninety-one senior men in the Ministry put up a manifesto backing Ch'en Yi against those who reviled him as "poison" and classified him as "bourgeois." Almost every responsible man one meets in the Ministry today is one of the ninety-one, as are most of the ambassadors who have been flying out to occupy new posts and dust down old ones. I often talked with one official, of middle age, as much a scholar as a diplomat. Like his wife, he is a graduate of Yenching University. His home is as well furnished with books as his mind is with ideas. I asked if the zealots (in conversation they were always called *"chi-tso fen-tzu,"* "ultraleftists") had tried to get at his books. For there was a bit of "book burning" in 1967. Self-appointed maestros passed the wand of ideology over certain works, and pronounced even gold to be dross. "No," he answered with an expression that gave nothing away. And if they had come? "If they had quoted Chairman Mao to me, I would have quoted other parts of Chairman Mao to them—and I would have won."

We find continuities in the history of new China's foreign policy community that rival Andrei Gromyko and J. Edgar Hoover. There have been only two regular Foreign Ministers in the regime's twenty-two years. Most of China's senior diplomats come from a small circle of negotiators and propagandists who cut their teeth on four diplomatic operations prior to Liberation. First, a liaison group headed by Chou En-lai at the Nationalist capital of Hankow (and after Hankow fell to the Japanese, at Chungking); second, a branch outfit at Kweilin which put out a news service. A third knot worked out of Hong Kong; Ch'iao Kuan-hua distinguished himself there. Fourth, the Chinese Communist Party was represented on the "truce teams" which the Marshall Mission operated in North China and Manchuria. Huang Hua, the present ambassador to the UN, was an active part of the Marshall Mission machinery. He ran the information work at the Mission's Executive Headquarters in Peking. So many of China's senior diplomats are Averell Harrimans of the East, their resilient careers interlaced with decades of their country's (or Party's) foreign policy.

What does the Chinese foreign policy machine consist of? It is small by U.S. standards—the Foreign Ministry has no more than 1000 people—but not simple. Chou En-lai as Premier heads the State Council. It is a kind of cabinet at the pinnacle of the state administration. Its well-staffed corridors include a Staff Office for Foreign Affairs. The Foreign Minister feeds to this office—for the benefit of Chou and his staff—papers from his Ministry. Into the Staff Office also goes material from the "international liaison" section of the Party Secretariat of the Chinese Communist Party. This section may well be extremely important, especially for relations with Communist countries, but the visitor learns nothing about it.

The Ministry itself seems in some ways a very conventional place. You cannot altogether wonder that the zealots of 1966-1967 considered it a "bourgeois" island cut adrift from the seething Maoist mainland. Diplomatic procedures are much as in a European foreign ministry. There are ambassadors, and there are third secretaries; commercial counselors and military attachés. Very few become ambassadors who have not been career diplomats for many years. Secret files exist. Zealots briefly challenged this practice in 1967, one crying out as he rifled the files on May 13: "What's so terrific about secrets? To hell with them." Yet the attempt in the middle of the Cultural Revolution to transform the style of Chinese foreign policy in the end went little further than frills like what clothes to wear and how many courses to serve at diplomatic dinners.

One important change in organization did occur (beyond the cutting down in size). A Revolutionary Committee now runs the Ministry, and several sources style it a most effective example of this new kind of organ. It is chaired by Chi P'eng-fei, top man among the Vice Ministers, and Acting Foreign Minister. But the second and third figures in the Revolutionary Committee are not Vice Ministers. They are People's Liberation Army men. At a banquet given late in June by the diplomatic corps, to thank the Ministry for the recent diplomatic tour of various provinces, it was made clear in the ways the Chinese make these things clear that the two PLA men

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1.

Photos by Ross Terrill

1. Chou En-lai with Chang Hsi-jo, head of the People's Institute for Foreign Affairs, in the Great Hall of the People.

2. Site of Chiang Kai-shek's capture by his own forces in 1936 (the "Sian Incident"). Slogan reads: "We shall certainly liberate Taiwan!"

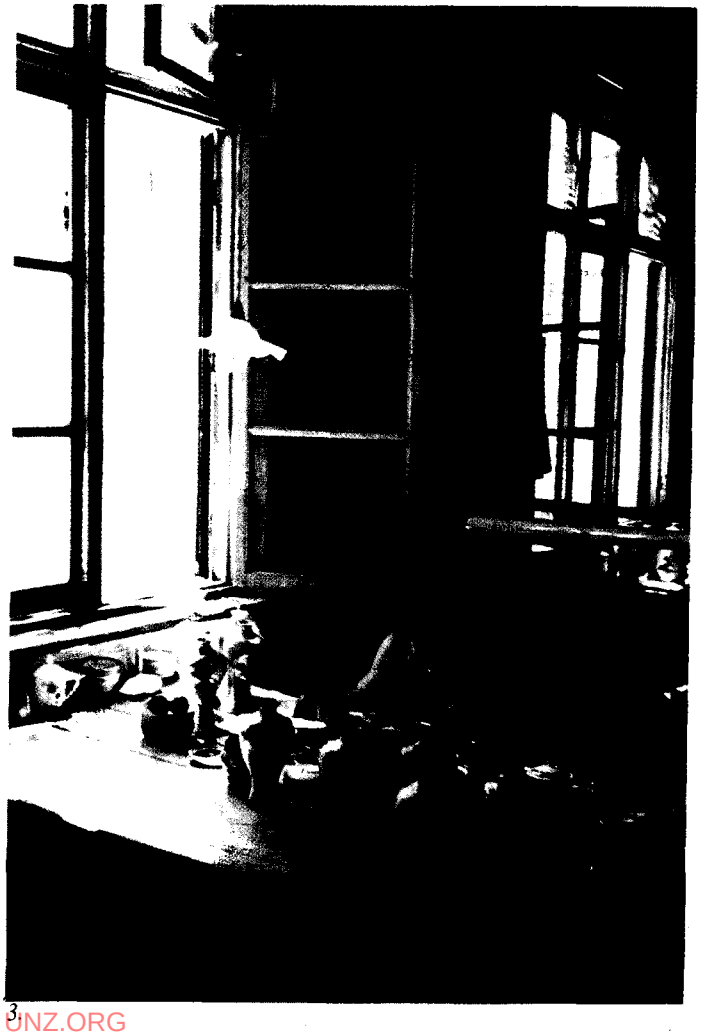
3. At the Peking Handicrafts Factory. Artisans produce jade and ivory carvings as well as pottery.

4. Boating has changed little over the centuries on the Pearl River, Canton.

5. Soldiers and others relax on Sunday afternoon at the Great Wall of China, near Peking.

6. A Physical Training School. Slogans beside Mao's portrait spur ideological zeal.

2.



3.

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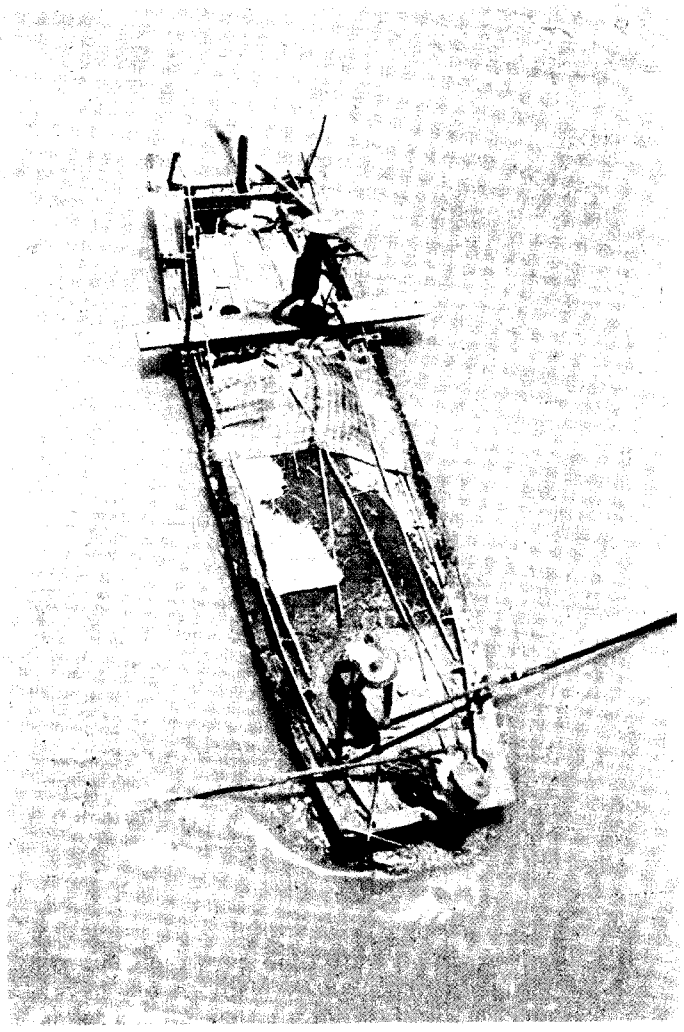

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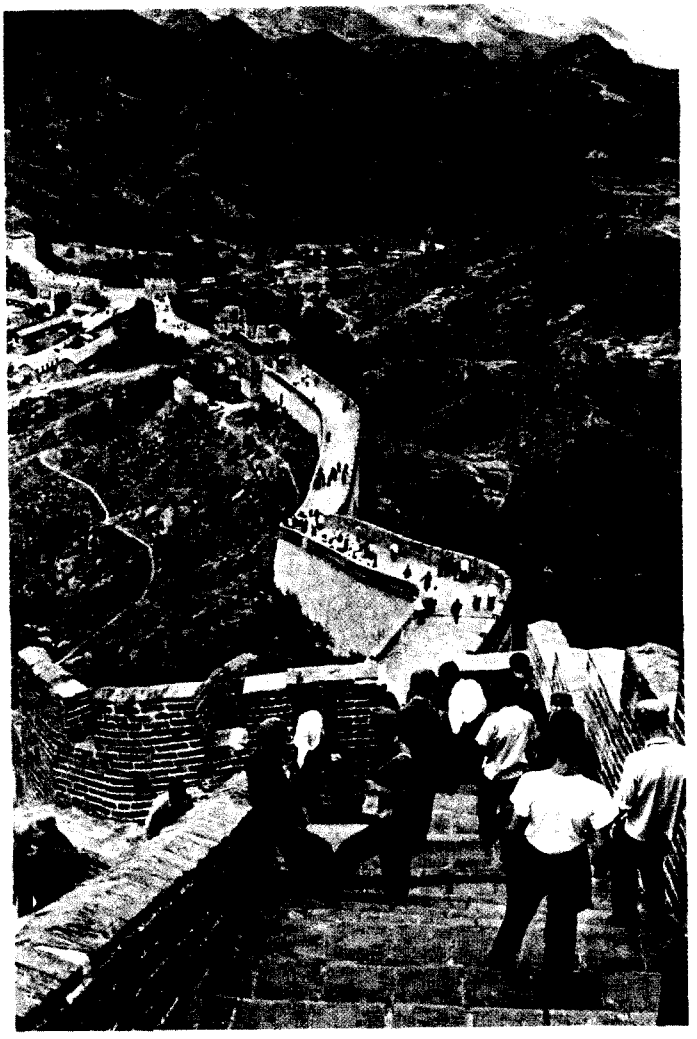

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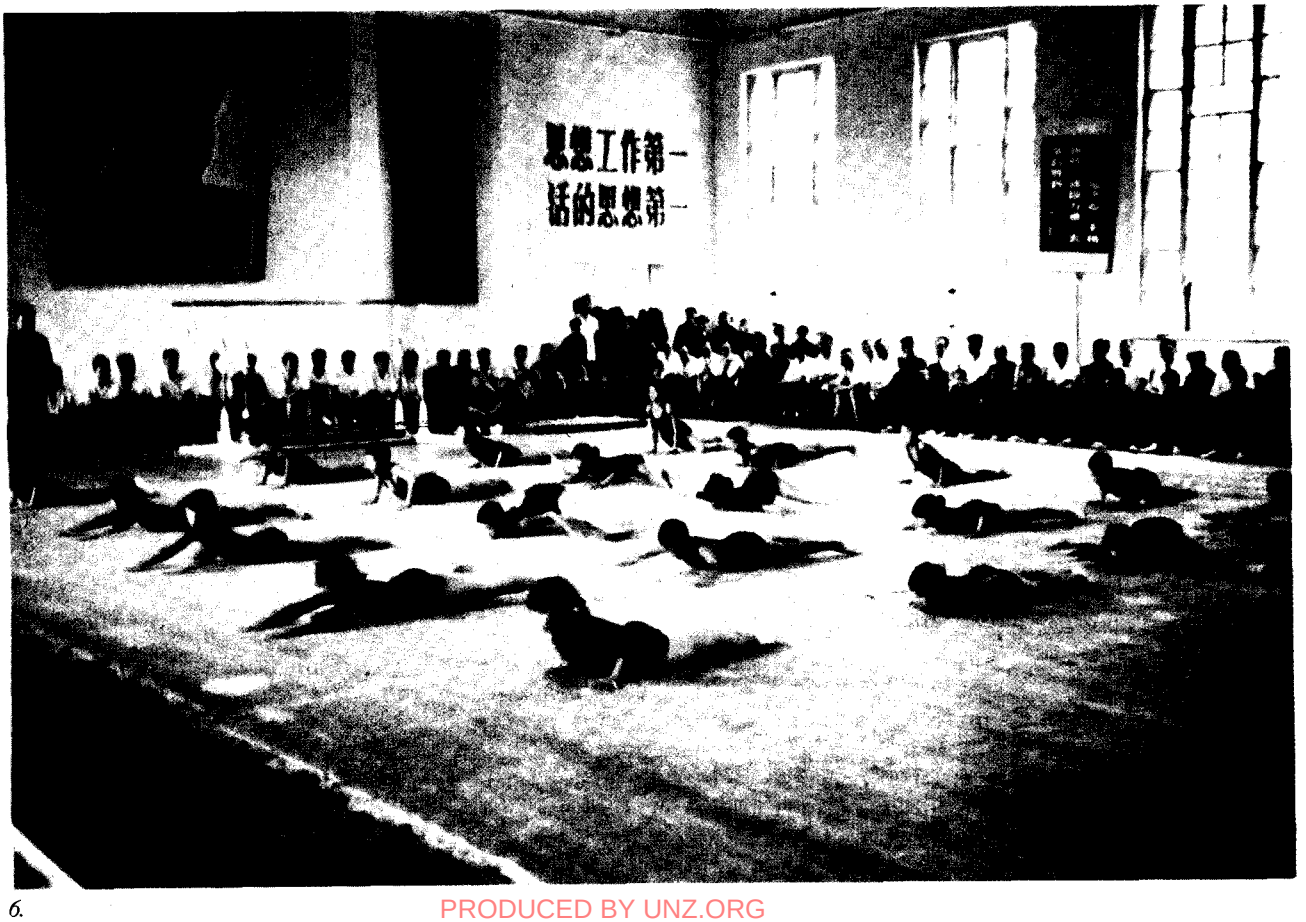

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ranked above Ch'iao Kuan-hua and other Vice Ministers. So the Army has found its way to the highest levels of the Foreign Ministry. What looks like genuine collective leadership has been set up in the Revolutionary Committee. It is quite different from the days when Ch'en Yi ran the Ministry with brusque authority. PLA men and Vice Ministers work things out together. The amiable and somewhat reticent Chi is no strong man. Having set this new pattern and found it good, China may not appoint a full-fledged successor to Ch'en Yi for some time.

Outside Peking are officials who work in the "foreign affairs section" of each province's Revolutionary Committee. These people, twenty or thirty strong in the provinces I visited, deferred on all nonlocal points to the Foreign Ministry people who traveled with me from Peking. They have no policy role, and concentrate on receiving foreign visitors with charm and informed conversation. One in Canton had dug up a fact about Australia that few Australians know. "Oh, you are from Melbourne," he remarked the morning he met me at the Canton train station. "It is, of course, the former capital, in the days before Canberra was built." There is little point in talking about foreign affairs to most of these provincial foreign affairs officials. They seem to specialize in what might be called the "kangaroo" or "fauna and flora" aspects of foreign lands. ("China has never had a Prime Minister drown in the sea, as your Prime Minister did in 1967.") But they can give the visitor data about their province.

Officially separate from the Foreign Ministry are a number of "people's organizations" essential to the conduct of Chinese foreign policy. Their personnel circulate like satellites in the outer orbit of the Ministry. One of these bodies is the People's Institute for Foreign Affairs. It was for years a mysterious body until it surfaced last summer. It receives ex-statesmen, such as Clement Attlee in 1954 or the ex-President of Mexico some years later, and it receives people "who are not governmental but too distinguished to come to China in an ordinary way." Its former research function has in recent years been "neglected." Only a dozen people work full time at its offices now. Its directors are mostly former ambassadors or distinguished professors, many of them extremely able, most of them fairly old.

The chairman of the Institute, Chang Hsi-jo, is a former Minister of Education and one of China's most prominent non-Party intellectuals. Chatting with him at banquets and receptions, I found myself in yesterday's spacious, languid world. The patrician head of well-groomed white hair, the silk clothes, the polished walking stick which he wields with authority suggest an Oriental aristocrat from the pages of Somerset Maugham. Here is a man who participated in the 1911 revolution and went soon after to study in London, yet who is part of Mao's foreign policy establishment in the post-Red Guard era. The elegance and cultivation are matched by a certain strength reserved for occasions of need. During the Hundred Flowers period in the spring of 1957, Professor Chang assailed the Chinese Communist Party for having "contempt for the past" and a "blind belief in the future." He is still capable of caustic comment on bureaucrats, and gentle irony about ideologists who talk as if they had history's agenda tucked in an inside pocket.

We discussed political science, which he studied at Columbia University and the London School of Economics, and taught for many years at Tsinghua and other leading Chinese universities. This meant neither the Thought of Mao nor computerized social science. In the warm Peking afternoon, banners of Mao's quotations above us, we talked about the ideas of Harold Laski, Graham Wallas, and A. L. Lowell! Required by the occasion one evening to allude to Australia, Professor Chang managed to recall two famous Australian tennis players he had once watched play in New York. It was "people's diplomacy" of a casual and catholic kind. You could mistake Chang for a retired professor presiding over a lawn tennis association, rather than a retired professor presiding over Chinese Communist semi-official diplomacy.

Of the training of new diplomats the visitor discovers little except that it is done not by a single method but by many. A few have a background in the Institute of International Relations of the Academy of Sciences. But this has been suspended since the Cultural Revolution. Its members have gone off to communes to exchange the care of nations for the care of pigs. The Foreign Language Institutes are an important source. They began the path back to regular work late in 1971 (with even more emphasis than before on Western tongues). There used to be an Institute of International Relations in Peking, which taught at the graduate-student level. But some of its former students (who include foreigners) told me that it no longer functions.

In the next few years, diplomats with an army training will emerge in China's embassies. Just how they are being trained is not known, but two interesting points surround the Army's role in the foreign policy corps. One is that a number of able men were sent into the Army, some at Chou En-lai's own instigation, to "hide" from the furies of the Cultural Revolution which might otherwise have cut them down. This is one more case of the Premier running the Cultural Revolution with his left hand while limiting its destructiveness with his right. It is also one more case of the Army extending its role beyond military tasks. The result is that there are many diplomats (and other professionals) in the Army who are not ordinary army men, but whose career patterns are now bound up with the Army.

The second point can be put simply. Watch out for the Navy and the Air Force. Since Lin Piao took over Defense from the less "Maoist" P'eng Teh-huai, the

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Army has swelled up with prestige as a "model" and a "school" for the whole nation. A little resentment stirs in the other two services. They feel that the colossal stress upon politics has left the more professional and more technical aspects of military work enfeebled. The Navy and the Air Force are the natural repositories of these neglected aspects. In recent months there has been pressure to give more prominence than Lin Piao's regime has done to air and naval work and weapons. This may well affect defense and foreign policy by the end of 1972. Already in the fall of 1971, it became one of several issues surrounding the eclipse of Lin Piao, and accompanying changes in the relation of the Army to politics.

I will not soon forget the teaching of the Korean War in Chinese schools. Few events are better known to Chinese students of society than this one. There is a double stress (beyond the themes of patriotism and Chinese-Korean solidarity). It was one episode in the long story of the United States trying to "get at" China. Three paths to China's heartland, it is said, were mapped out by Washington: via Taiwan, Korea, and Vietnam. Dulles said as much, and events have richly confirmed it. The second stress is upon Russian selfishness. It is not asserted, though it is hinted, that Moscow cooked the whole adventure up. At any rate, China had to bear the burden. Every gun and bullet China got from Russia she paid for at "the highest prices."

It is odd to hear the Korean War taught this way. You have heard American students taught that Russia and China, composing a "monolithic Communist conspiracy," together hatched the whole thing. You have been told that the U.S. could never have wished to "get at" China. Actually, the version I heard in Chinese schools is nearer the truth than that taught in the United States. China did *not* push North Korea into war. General MacArthur *did* get at China—and Peking did not enter the war until he had bombed bridges on Chinese territory. But beyond the soundness of what was being taught, the seriousness of the tone in these classes on Korea was haunting. In American classes, students take up this political topic or that, but how few topics really grip them. Fewer still if we think only of international politics. But these Chinese students talked about the Korean War with a clear and immediate sense of its connection to their own lives. A threat to China stirred in them deep personal feelings. If some will tomorrow be diplomats, the Chinese Foreign Ministry will not lack conviction and purpose.

V. Foreigners in Peking

The diplomatic community in Peking is marked by irony and by a sense of brotherhood rare in the bitchy world of diplomacy. Irony because of a gap between repute and reality. The image: diplomats in Peking are intimate monitors of Chinese foreign policy, agog at each fresh twist of Middle Kingdom intrigue. The reality: diplomats in Peking often sit around and drink, and some are so cut off from the Chinese that they wonder if they mightn't be better off in Hong Kong. Brotherhood because this state of affairs binds the diplomats together in the furtive secret of their shared dilemma, and because Peking has few distractions, and diplomats are thrown relentlessly into each other's company.

I have caricatured, yet no one could deny a leisured ambience and signs of boredom within the embassies of the Chinese capital. It is a delightful world for the scholar-diplomat, and ideal for those who like to bring up their children by paying much attention to them. There is no superfluity of paper to read. Much of what there is cannot be read by most ambassadors, for it is written in Chinese. In the summer, few chancelleries work after lunch. Parties begin early and end late. They are lavish because there is time to make them so. It comes as a shock to find Chinese servants of an older breed, schooled in deference and discretion before Liberation, when you walk off the street into certain European legations. A silver-haired, impassive butler clips cigars in the Dutch residence as he has been doing for decades. A waiter at the French Embassy walks with Gallic lightness (no resemblance to the Chinese shamble). He handles a capacious wine cellar with informed calm and the French language without disaster.

At embassy functions, there is a tendency for stories and rumors to bounce back repeatedly like ping-pong balls in a small room. Yet the absence of "news" has a good side. Long-range reflection germinates in those with a taste for it. Some ambassadors will stroll on their verandas, and talk very well about the larger trends concerning China and the world. If Peking is seldom a good place for an ambassador to report from, it is not a bad place for him to think in.

There are really two diplomatic quarters in Peking. The old "legation quarter" lies just east of the Tien An Men Square. Architecturally it is a hodge-podge of nineteenth-century European turrets and gargoyles and pillars. But it is picturesque and not without charm, and some of Peking's most splendid villas sit among its trees. In this area, only nations which are (or recently were) friendly toward China remain. The Burmese are in the former Belgian mission. Prince Sihanouk has the old French Embassy. The Rumanians are busily here. The Hungarians occupy the superb mansion built in the days of colonial largesse by the Empire of Austria-Hungary.

The other diplomatic quarter is bland and remote. Northeast of the city, it accommodates all the countries which recognized China substantially later than 1950, and all those which wished to put up new buildings. Not far away is a forest of new apartment blocks for Chinese workers. This section is almost like Manhattan, with its soaring heights and geomet-

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ric regularity. But the new diplomatic area itself is flat and placid. Pink mimosas line the dusty yellow streets. A pale blue sky above fits the delicate and understated color tones of the scene. Noise, too, is muted, and with virtually no traffic the cicadas have the airwaves all to themselves. PLA soldiers guard each embassy gate without martial fuss. They will chat and laugh freely with a passerby. The tensions of 1967—when these streets rang with the sounds of demonstration and sometimes of battle—have totally gone.

Many embassies contain one or two younger China specialists poring over documents. The Russian, French, and East German offices have quite a lot of them. These Sinologues do not often see responsible Chinese officials. Yet they pick things up from living in Peking with a knowledge of Chinese. They can sift the bookshops; they chat with people in the street. Ambassadors vary enormously from the brilliant to the bovine. Effectiveness depends on how Peking at any point of time regards their country, and what background and interest they have for the job. Peking is a post that can make a poor diplomat worse and a good one very good. If he is cut off from the country and the leadership, and cannot overcome this, he withers into a clerk. If he can get an angle on events in this vast nation, and a foot in the door with officials, the challenges to mind and spirit (and digestion) are limitless.

Observing the foreign policies of China from a Peking chancellery is quite different from reading Chinese foreign policy documents in Washington or Canberra. First, you realize that China's political language loses point and freshness on the printed English page. Breathing the air of China, where the cryptic, earthy Chinese language has constant spoken life, and where you hear political language as debate and exchange as well as read it as pontification, the whole effect seems more serious and lively.

Second, you are better placed to see that the practice of Chinese foreign policy is not a mechanical reflection of its theory. In Hong Kong you have the ideological documents, and you have the reports of what Peking actually does. Relating the two is not always easy. In Peking you may discern the "middle ground"—those sinews of reason and judgment which link ideology with day-to-day decision. Third, the diplomat in the Chinese capital can supplement public statements with private talks. This is the crucial superiority of Peking as a vantage point. For it is in these talks that the thought processes of the Chinese reach the non-Chinese world.

Ambassadors at Peking generally praise the competence of the Chinese Foreign Ministry. A Scandinavian ambassador about to return after four and a half years in his post looked back: "Going to the Foreign Ministry here has been just the same as going to the Quai d'Orsay. The level of knowledge is similar. You have the same kind of free, frank exchange about world affairs. Of course, it's not as close as when we talk to Washington or London—for with these two my country has a special tie. But it's about like talking with the French."

How the mountain looks, of course, depends on what path you approach it by. Some ambassadors have excellent access to the Chinese leadership. Others are like fish upon the sand. Here are three cases:

France. Etienne Manac'h is perhaps the outstanding ambassador in Peking today. This stems both from the cordial Paris-Peking relationship and from Manac'h's acuteness and long background in Asian affairs. A precise, modest man, he has long been a socialist. Enjoying a good relationship with De Gaulle, he was chosen personally by the General for the Peking embassy. Trade between France and China did not leap after diplomatic ties were set up in 1964, though many Frenchmen expected it would. Indeed, it is smaller than Chinese trade with West Germany, which has no diplomatic relations with Peking. In 1970, for instance, total French-Chinese trade turnover was $151 million. Total West German-Chinese trade turnover was $253 million.

But there is a similar way of thinking about "independence" and "superpowers" in Peking and Paris. Both are sticklers for "national sovereignty." Both suspect that Russia and America would like to divide and order the world on their own terms. Both lack a little bit in power what they think they have in status. Both berate superpowers. Yet this prevents neither from thinking of itself as a *supercivilization.* These modes France and China share.

France is busy as intermediary between Peking and certain hesitant nations. Thus during 1971, China and Thailand nibbled at each other through the grille of French diplomacy. Paris has been China's major diplomatic base in Europe and a site for wider activities. New agreements to establish relations—such as that with Turkey last summer—have been hammered out in Paris.

Manac'h sees the Chinese leadership regularly. More than once Chou En-lai, inveterate night owl that he is, has drawn Manac'h aside after a reception and started (at midnight) a two- or three-hour chat in a side room in the Great Hall of the People. The Frenchman sees Chairman Mao from time to time. He has found Mao an eager student of French history: fascinated by Napoleon and the Paris Commune, avid for details on the Siege of Toulouse, impressed by De Gaulle.

The Chinese statesman, for his part, admired both De Gaulle's realism about the world of nations and his poised style and tendency to take a lofty view of politics. (The visitor to China often hears praise of De Gaulle. Chou En-lai invoked him—in scorn of SEATO—when debating with Mr. Whitlam. Officials more than once drew to my attention the fact that Mao took the unusual step of sending a message on

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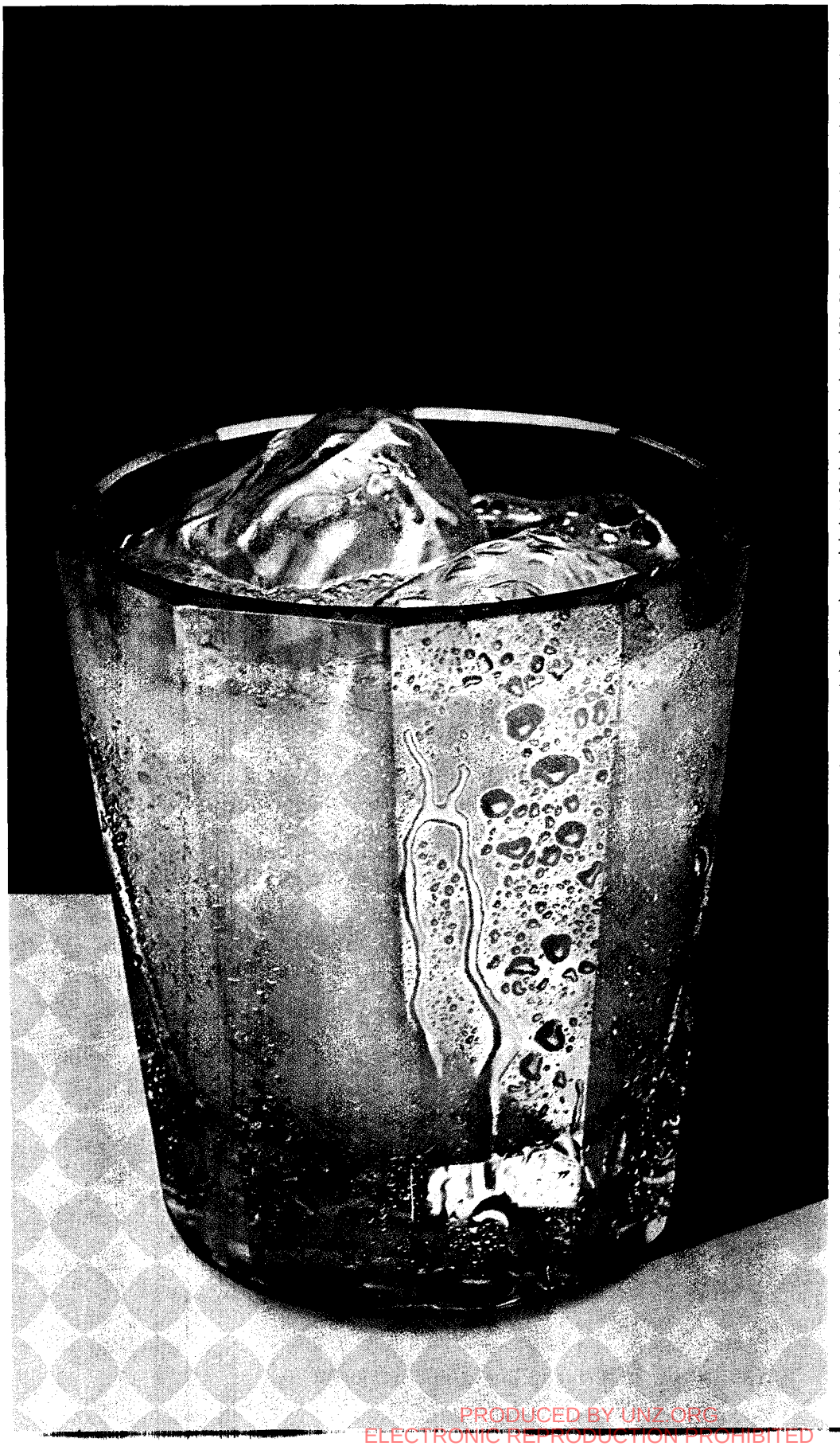

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Remember, though. All Daiquiris are created equal in proportion.

But when it comes to the rum you put in them, some Daiquiris are more equal than others.

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the death of a foreign leader when De Gaulle died in 1970.)

Laos is an opposite case. Not because Laos is unimportant to China. But China supports the Pathet Lao, which is in rebellion against the Vientiane government that is represented in Peking. So Kienthong Keorajvongsay, the polite and stoic Laotian chargé, in his neat villa on a quiet street of the new diplomatic quarter, is truly a fish upon the sand. He might as well be on the planet Mars. He watches the Pathet Lao leaders trip to Peking for talks with Chou and Huang Yung-sheng (Chief of the General Staff). Yet he himself from one year's end to the next sees no one higher than a desk officer at the Foreign Ministry. No one in his tranquil little embassy speaks or reads Chinese.

This charming man knows in full measure what Chinese aloofness can be like. All he can do is talk with other foreigners and make detached social observations. "How hard the Chinese work," he said with a certain awe as we sipped a morning cognac. "Not like Laotians." He gestured outside to the street where PLA men were on duty. "You don't see them drinking as they work. They eat frugally. They come home from a meeting, and you ask them what happened. They tell you not a word. In Laos people will chat about it: this man was criticized, that man was amusing. But here the discipline is so strong. Oh, no, not like Laos at all . . ." He took more cognac, and said I really ought to visit Laos sometime.

Britain. John Bull is something else again. He is not stranded like the Laotian, but he does not enjoy Manac'h's entrée. Britain was one of the first countries to recognize the Chinese Communist government (January, 1950). But in their usual manner, the British did not make a clean sweep of things; they tried to have a shilling each way. They kept a consulate on Taiwan (accredited not to the Republic of China but to the provincial government of Taiwan, which Chiang Kai-shek pretends has a separate life of its own). London also supported (until 1971) America's "important question" resolution in the UN, a procedural device to make it more difficult than it would otherwise have been for Peking to take its seat.

These two points China has held against Britain. For twenty-one years Peking has declined to exchange ambassadors with London. Each country has in the other only a chargé d'affaires office, not an embassy. In Peking, the Chinese maintain the distinction fastidiously. Even the taximen are schooled. If in haste you ask to go to "the British Embassy," they correct you and say they are prepared to take you to "the British chargé's office."

The British have an able staff of a dozen or so in Peking—a lot smaller than the French. Face red and suit white, the chargé, John Denson, looks a colonial type but is not. He purrs with pleasure that relations between the two countries have been improving ever since he crossed the bridge at Lo Wu in 1969. The dark days of 1967, when the British office was burned and its staff imperiled, are altogether gone. London abandoned the "important question" nonsense at the UN in 1971. It has made the decision in principle—nothing is yet announced—to remove the offending consulate from Taiwan. Even if trade with Taiwan suffers, the loss cannot be great. Britain's trade with China is worth some ten times its trade with Taiwan. A Chinese order for six Trident aircraft nicely boosted the late 1971 trading lists.

Meanwhile, sweetness and light prevail in Hong Kong. Dealings between the Hong Kong government and Chinese Communists in the colony and in Canton have been smooth, at least since the attempted hijacking by Filipinos of a plane to China in 1970. A senior British official in Hong Kong recalled: "The Chinese hate hijacking. They're totally against it. When the Filipino incident occurred, an official at our Hong Kong airport just picked up the phone and called White Cloud Airport in Canton. Immediately, matters were fixed up. The Canton people gave the details: how much fuel, how many passengers, what time the plane would take off. Very businesslike; no problems; no politics."

The British in Peking do not enjoy easy access to the Chinese leadership. Until Denson saw Chou En-lai earlier this year, there had been very little access at all. But they feel the trend is upward. With the modulated optimism the British have always shown in China, they are slowly erecting a new residence to house the ambassador-to-be. With a new ambassador to China arriving every couple of weeks, the British frankly confess that they do not want to be left paddling in the shallows as the new diplomatic wave surges upward.

VI. How Do the Chinese See the World?

What in the world does China want? How do the Chinese see the rest of the nations with which their own destiny is now intertwined? With China more than with most countries, what she *is* and how she *understands herself* weigh as much as what she explicitly *seeks*. A visit puts a light on some territory in back of China's approach to the world. It is four shades of this subsoil of Peking's foreign policy that I sift in these closing pages.

1. *Sense of place.* Stray from Peking and the gateway cities of Canton and Shanghai, and it is easy to forget that the world beyond China exists. You meet no foreigners, see no foreign products, hear little foreign news. You observe in the Chinese mentality such a strong "sense of place" that China seems by nature isolationist. A Chinese word for landscape is made up of two characters meaning "mountains" and "waters." One day in Yenan, I recalled with amusement a phrase used to me at the U.S. State Department in 1966: "the China that exists on the

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mainland"! (And where are the others?) Of no country on earth could it be more absurd to separate the *location* from the *essence of the nation.* There is nothing abstract about China's view of itself (as perhaps there is of Gaullist France's view of itself).

It is not only that the Chinese have dwelt for 4000 years amidst these incomparable mountains and rivers. The rounded mountains and yellow rivers *are* China, the soil and the nation are almost one. Chinese towns and provinces are often geographically named. Hunan, Mao's province, means "south of the lake." Yunnan, the hilly province near Vietnam, means "south of the clouds." Peking translates as "northern capital," Shanghai as "on the sea." China never names towns after a great man (as Washington, San Francisco). Never after a place in another country (as New York).

In China's heartland, the cliché of China as "Middle Kingdom" (which is the literal translation of the Chinese word for "China") does not seem absurd. Here is a superior people, you reflect, but whose sense of their superiority is rooted in contentment with their own mountains and rivers. Not an active sense of superiority which pants to convert the world to its excellence. A passive sense of superiority, which basks, inward-turned, within its own possessed excellence.

Of course, a nation's foreign policy is a stew of many morsels. It refracts much more than cultural attitudes. Yet this "sense of place" deeply affects every Chinese's view of the world. It underlies China's lack of interest in conquering, subverting, or even understanding other countries. True, Marxism has brought to one level of the Chinese official mind a global sense and global concerns. Communism has "internationalized" China to a degree. No less true, there is in China today an impulse to "catch up" with advanced countries. Many factories display a poignant quotation from Mao: "The Chinese people have will and ability. In the not-too-distant future they will certainly catch up to and surpass advanced world levels." Yet my abiding impression is of cultural self-confidence, outweighing national insecurity.

The Chinese are a rooted and a continental people (they have emigrated only when their own country was in chaos). Their cultural memories run the length of the dynasties. They possess effortless assurance of their own cultural identity. This does not negate the fact that Peking sees the world through the spectacles of Communist ideology. But something in the Chinese way damps down the lust and swagger of Marxism. They take a very long view of things. Long dwelling amidst the mountains and waters of ancestors ten times as ancient as the Pilgrim Fathers has given the Chinese a patience of the ages. They do not, in fact, go around the world lighting fires of revolution, for they are genuinely skeptical that one nation can ignite another. And they believe in their hearts that few others, if any, can follow the epic Chinese way to revolution and socialism.

Most Americans would be surprised, I believe, by the tranquil confidence of China today. It is not a restless nation keen to prove itself in ambitious worldwide schemes. A fundamental contentment springs from cultural security. China seems less dismayed than amused that the chief of superpowers should fear them. Most Chinese do not *care* enough about the world to want to uplift others. Nor did they fret terribly when other nations for petty reasons kept China from its seat at the UN. They are secure and content in their habitation.

I watch lovers strolling around the Monument to the People's Heroes in Peking at sunset. Little boys pissing peacefully under a tree of the Tien An Men Square, then mounting the solemn stone lions beside the Forbidden City to play at riding and hunting. PLA men during a lunchtime break at Sian, talking with nostalgia and absorption of their home counties: what they eat there, how the accent varies, who the local folk heroes from antiquity are. Students in Canton, reading *Dream of the Red Chamber* under a tree, asking me not about Australia but about the way of life of Chinese in Australia. These people, it seemed to me, are not missionaries to the world but gardeners of their own heritage.

2. *Independence.* Five roots sit under China's insistence on complete independence (and associated principles such as "self-reliance").

- First, the cultural particularity which I have illustrated by the deep Chinese "sense of place."
- Second, the simple geographic fact that China is a continental nation cut off by sea or mountains from other major world centers. Except for receiving Buddhism from India, China drew little on other cultures. She had no experience of allying with a second nation in order to counter a third nation. China's isolation was her independence.
- Third, China's buffeting by foreign powers since the Opium Wars has made her acutely sensitive to any pressures which qualify her total independence. Having known dependence so recently, China is daily conscious of the quality of the air of independence she now breathes.
- Fourth, the Chinese Communist Party did not win power in China by following Soviet models or by virtue of Soviet help but by turning inward to tap China's own resources of sinew, mind, and will. In the Chinese Communist Party's experience, the evening cup of alliance turned sour by morning. The Chinese made their revolution by self-reliance. The experience has convinced them that no one—not even China—can make another nation's revolution for it.
- Fifth, the aggravating presence of two superpowers makes it natural for Peking to stand up for the principle of independence. Superpower hegemony threatens independence, whether it is the Russians in Eastern Europe or the Americans in Central America. China is incommoded by the "blocs" or-

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chestrated by each superpower. It is the card of independence that she can best play amidst the power realities of today's world. Independence is the logical banner for a self-respecting major power which has no bloc of its own and could only be "number two" in another bloc.

Always I found the principle of independence echoing in foreign policy talks with Chinese. It accounts for their sensitivity to the pretensions of superpowers. It is the basis of their intimacy with Rumania and France. It justifies (to themselves) support for Pakistan. They are against any sympathy for Bangla Desh which implies questioning of the Pakistan government's right to run its own affairs. Chou En-lai gave the principle of independence extraordinary stress. "Why is it," he asked, "that there is a lack of any ability in the Eastern part of Europe?" Politicians rarely say such astonishing things in public. For his gasping listeners, the Premier supplied an answer. "Because the biggest country there [in Eastern Europe] wants to control the others." It was a lavish assertion of the fruits of independence (and the costs of dependence) in the husbandry of nations.

During the same conversation, Mr. Chou underlined that China likes to pay debts promptly and owes nothing to anybody. He referred to the painful period in 1960 when the U.S.S.R. suddenly took back all its aid and its experts. "But in those years of our greatest difficulty we paid back all our debts to the Soviet Union." The Premier was not finished with the theme. He recalled how China has always paid quickly and in cash for Australian wheat. He inquired with a broad smile and a gesture of both hands: "Do we still owe you anything?" (Mr. Whitlam shot back with an allusion to the lack of a wheat order from China: "I wish you did." Mr. Chou laughed. The Foreign Trade Minister smiled faintly.) Chou En-lai wanted us to understand that China is beholden to nobody.

Chinese military strategy likewise enshrines the principle of independence. "People's war"—one of Mao's central notions—is a formula for a nation standing alone. Not allies but "the people" play the decisive role. The enemy is lured in deep. He is invited to overextend himself. Then he is met by a people's struggle. By definition it can be mounted only by the inhabitants of the territory which is resisting.

If China had had allies in the 1930s, "people's war" might never have entered Chinese Communist Party military theory. But she did not. Neither Britain, the United States, Russia, nor yet the League of Nations was prepared to help China stop Japan at a time when Japan could have been stopped. So the Chinese Communist Party—which did the bulk of the fighting in China's Anti-Japanese War—had no choice but to turn inward to the resourcefulness of the Chinese people. Mao said the soldiers of the Red Armies were "fish" depending entirely on the peasant masses of China, who were "water."

The same ideas prevailed in the military controversies of the 1960s. This time the threat came not from Japan but from the U.S.A. How to resist a possible attack? Some military professionals took a conventional view. Rely on Russia and its advanced weapons. Go outside China if necessary (perhaps into Vietnam) to stop the enemy before he gets to China.

Mao and Lin Piao took a different view. Rely on nothing else but the Chinese people. Prepare them politically. That is more important than lining up allies and fancy weapons. Wait for the enemy. Lure him in. Go onto the "strategic defensive" at first; then when the enemy gets bogged down, seize the moment to go over to the "counteroffensive." Get your arms the way the PLA has always got its arms: from the enemy.

Mao and Lin won this debate over how to fight a war. Their theories are complex, and I have done them no justice. But the heart of them is "people's war" based on *self-reliance* in order to preserve *independence.* It is the motto of an army that puts "mind" over "mechanization." Of an army which knows itself weaker than the enemy at the start of the struggle. An army patient and steady-nerved enough to turn aside at times from confrontation, wait for a mistake by the enemy, then spring back selectively at a moment of its own choosing.

Above all, it is the motto of an army which can switch and turn because it keeps in its hands full independence of action. The Chinese *think* this way about war and diplomacy because they have always had to *act* this way. It is a method of coping with weakness. Independence, and the stratagems that fit with it, have often been the only strength the Chinese Communist Party had in the face of a superior foe.

3. *Unlike the Russians, the Chinese reject "bloc thinking."* The point touches both Chinese insistence on independence and the Chinese view of power's fluidity. One terrible American error about China from the 1930s through the 1960s was the view of the CCP as a mere appendage of Bolshevism. Shrewd men (George Kennan; most of the U.S. diplomats in China) saw from the start that the Sino-Soviet tie was not tight or enduring. Among many reasons for this are the divergent ways of thinking in Moscow and Peking about the relation between Communism and the nation-state. Through the 1960s, the divergence grew. In the two Communist giants' attitudes toward Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia after his fall in March, 1970, it is displayed in a pure form.

Moscow thinks—Stalin taught it how to—in terms of a Communist bloc. The land of the October Revolution naturally heads the bloc. National sovereignty within the bloc is not total (as Prague recalls). Should one lamb in the flock stray from the proper path of socialism, the shepherd has the right to reach into his life and set him right. It is all-important to Moscow whether a nation is inside or outside the bloc. In In-

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dochina, to choose an instance, only Hanoi really counts to the Russians. Hanoi is (Moscow hopes) part of the bloc. Everything in Soviet-Vietnamese relations follows from that. The rest of Indochina seems to be viewed from the Kremlin mainly by the yardstick of its "Leninist potential."

The Chinese are altogether more flexible. They reject "bloc thinking." First, it does not fit in with independence. Second, it tends to go against China's experience that socialism can only be won from within a nation. Third, Mao has a view of power too volatile to be accommodated by "bloc thinking."

Mao scandalizes the Russians by asserting that even a bloc has "contradictions." The Leninist fold may be divided against itself. One of its members may be "chauvinist" and seek "hegemony" over the rest. It comes as no surprise that Peking tosses around the term "superpower." In no sense is it a Marxist term. It describes not a class reality but a power reality. The Chinese have started no Comintern of their own. It is by no means only Communist Parties which interest them. So we confront a paradox. The Chinese are more rigid about national sovereignty than bloc-thinking allows. Yet they have a more flexible notion of power than bloc-thinking permits.

Today, the key unit of Chinese thinking about strategy in the world is not the *bloc* but the *united front.* What is the difference? The bloc is a phalanx of the faithful. The united front is a loose partnership set up for a specific task. The partners do not come together out of agreement on socialism. Partners change as circumstances change. A new target calls for new partners. So in the 1930s when Japan became the chief target, the Chinese Communist Party linked arms with the Kuomintang, which had in recent years been steadily murdering CCP forces. No less suddenly, a power shift may render today's partner unnecessary for tomorrow's struggle. He is tossed aside like a used Kleenex. This is the Chinese way of politics. They can be tough as a pine or as bending as a willow. But they simply do not think in terms of blocs.

Why has Peking embraced Sihanouk while Moscow continues to recognize the Lon Nol regime? Here the difference between the two capitals over bloc thinking is illustrated. Chou En-lai spoke a lot of this "extraordinary man" Sihanouk. "A Prince, a Buddhist, a pacifist," he remarked to us, "has now become a fighter against American imperialism." It seemed less than vital to the Premier that Sihanouk is not Marxist. Crucial was the Cambodian's membership in the united front against the U.S.

The Russians are more rigid. They do not trust Sihanouk, and have given him no support (though Kosygin remarked to the Prince when he [Sihanouk] reached Moscow Airport from Paris just after the coup against him: "We will support you to the end"). Sihanouk explained the Soviet attitude to me. "Their chief concern is their particular brand of Communism. One reason they stay in Phnom Penh is to propagandize among young Cambodians for anti-Maoist Communism. The same with the East Germans. They have mounted a vast effort to educate Cambodians in revisionism." Sihanouk was not Moscow's kind of socialist, so they dropped him.

The Chinese were more supple. Their view of the flux of power in Indochina is not bound in a straitjacket of ideology. The Chinese never use the term "Maoism." They never refer—except in embarrassed caricature—to "Maoists" outside China. Sihanouk made this point at length. It is plain to any visitor to China or reader of China's press. Peking refers a lot to foreign "friends of China," but never to foreign "Maoists."

Here they have stepped out of Communist tradition. Moscow is proud to point to "Leninists" in foreign lands. But the Chinese—I feel—do not really believe in "international ideology." Sihanouk is weighed on another scale entirely. He is part of the united front against Washington. He is a welcome barrier to any ambitions Hanoi may cherish for a Cambodia made in Vietnam's image. These are notions within reach of Lenin but within even closer reach of the ancient strategist Sun Tzu.

James Reston wondered why Chou En-lai, when speaking of Soviet policies toward China, used the word "lassoo." He got no answer. A story around Peking during July gives it. Mr. Chou himself recounted the story to a French visitor. In a herd of Mongolian horses, when the leader bolts, the herdsman has but one recourse. He must lassoo the leading horse. Otherwise he will lose his herd forever. The Premier likened the herdsman to the Soviet Union. It fears for its herd. China has bolted away, and many "horses" go with her. Moscow sees only one recourse. *It tries to lassoo China.* Chou En-lai laughed for his French visitor and quipped: "But the Chinese horse is still bolting!" China will not be lassooed. And she continues to disrupt the tidy "herd," which is Russia's best vision of the world of nations.

4. *The Chinese have not abandoned their Communist theory, but Realpolitik is built into the very heart of Chinese Communist theory.* I sense the reader over my shoulder with a good question. Am I trying to suggest the Chinese leaders are Bismarckian pragmatists? No, they are Communists. They believe capitalism is in decline, that the world will one day be socialist. They take their theory of the world as seriously as any government does. Cadres in China believe as much in the Thought of Mao as lawyers in the United States believe in the American Constitution. But what is often missed is that Mao's theory is no armchair speculation. It is distilled from practice. "If you want to know the taste of a pear," wrote Mao in *On Practice,* "you must change the pear by eating it yourself. . . . All genuine knowledge originates in direct experience."

And what has the Chinese experience been? It

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consists among other things of two broad yet vital ingredients: Chinese cultural history, and China's collapse before the impact of the West after 1840. From both sources an apparent pragmatism has entered Chinese Communism. Fifty years in the land of Confucius has stripped Marxism in China of the vaporous clouds of German metaphysics. As for 100 years of pressure from superior outside forces, it has mercilessly confronted China with the fact of her own weakness. She has had to learn how to "pit one against ten" and still win. This has led her to stitch many a practical patch on the splendid but unserviceable garment of Marxism.

Consider the two basic Maoist ideas of "contradiction" and "united front." Mao's method of analysis is, first, to identify the principal contradiction in a situation. After 1937 it was between China and Japan. Today it is between the revolutionary peoples of the world and U.S. imperialism. Then Mao builds a united front against the target. You "unite with all whom you can unite with." We see that pure power considerations are intrinsic to united-front thinking. Get with you whomever you can get! After 1937 Mao was even prepared to go into a united front with Chiang Kai-shek.

But there comes a fresh stage. You go over to the offensive. Press for your goals in sharper form. Mao has a theory for this transition. Each contradiction, he submits, has a principal aspect (the stronger side) and a nonprincipal aspect (the weaker side).

When do the scales tip? When does the nonprincipal aspect of a contradiction turn into the principal aspect? Mao puts it simply. When the "overall balance of forces" alters. *When we become stronger than the enemy.* Then one can be more choosy about allies, no longer having to link up with just anyone.

Again, power factors are found at the heart of Chinese strategy. "Contradiction" and "united front" are sacred vessels in the church of Chinese Communist theory. But the way they work is prosaic. The oil in the vessels is no holier than that in any other vessels of political theory. It is power. Considerations of power are not exactly in *tension* with considerations of ideology. They are the operative means of getting to the ideology's goals.

So it is not "un-Maoist" (whatever else it may be) for China to ally with Pakistan. Pakistan is an ideal member of the united front that Peking maintains against several adversaries. It is neither "un-Maoist" nor inconsistent to let Britain keep Hong Kong while loudly protesting U.S. occupation of Taiwan. The United States, not Britain, is China's main target. Certainly Peking wants Hong Kong back. But there is no hurry. Toothless Britain presents small challenge to the emerging future Mao sees over history's horizon. Meanwhile, letting Hong Kong stay in British hands brings Peking some $600 million a year in foreign currency.

Taiwan is another kettle of fish. Peking makes it a number-one issue, not just because it wants Taiwan back, but because the issue of Taiwan has involved a U.S. military challenge to China. To be sure, national emotions stir over Taiwan. But that does not explain Peking's stress upon it. The Chinese are always patient when there is no reason to be impatient. It was only when the United States installed itself on the island that Peking elevated the Taiwan issue to top priority.

So China's policies toward these two lost bits of her territory—Hong Kong and Taiwan—are not a case of random *ad hoc* pragmatism. The methods bend like a bamboo. Transcending methods, however, fixed and firm as a pine, is the Chinese Communist vision of tomorrow's world and China's role in it.

I am not discounting ideology or Peking's belief in its ideology. The issue is more oblique. How does ideology sway day-to-day practice? And here one more point arises. *Realpolitik* is not a science like physics. Its practice rests on how you first see the conditions around you. The perceptions of the crudest pragmatist are filtered through a honeycomb of prejudices. It is *as Marxists* that the Chinese leaders weigh and reason about international affairs.

They study a situation. What they see is not separable from the Marxist spectacles through which they peer. Take the Ceylon rebellion of 1971. Mr. Y told me why Peking did not support the rebels. "You see, there were two things wrong with them." He sounded like a mechanic accounting for a stalled motor. "They put the gun above the party. And they did not practice the mass line." Mr. Y summed them up as "Guevarist."

Now, is this really why Peking would not back the Ceylonese rebels? China's position has two inseparable roots. Peking felt the rebels would lose. That was a pragmatic reason for keeping clear of them. But the *reasons* which convinced Peking the rebels would lose were ideological. As Mr. Y detailed, the youthful Ceylonese had fallen into two errors which Peking believes fundamental.

The "reality" which the exponent of *Realpolitik* reveres cannot be measured by thermometer or scale. What you see is not unaffected by what you believe. Mao thought the Ceylon rebels were wrong—and calculated accordingly. Che Guevara might have thought them correct—and calculated accordingly.

To sum up. The Chinese are certainly among the Realists of history, not the Zealots or the Romantics. Yet their realism is at once an aspect and an application of their (China-tested) Communist convictions. The Chinese are not Communists with the left hand and Bismarckians with the right. To an extent remarkable for men of ideology, they see the world with a single eye.

Toward the U.S.A., China has a mainly negative aim: to be free of the military harness that the United States has thrown around East Asia since the Korean War. China wants to consoli-

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date its revolution. The only way America can help, in China's view, is by not interfering. The Chinese know they are still weak by the standards of the superpowers, yet they know also that they are rising. They consider that time is on their side.

There are strong lines of continuity with the past in these attitudes. Not so much with the Confucian past of the dynasties. Rather with the anticolonial experience of the last century. Americans may be shocked by the suggestion, but the Chinese see *post-1945* U.S.A. as a direct successor to the colonial powers which bullied and ravaged Asia. The period from the Opium Wars until the present is a seamless stretch of history to Peking. First, because throughout it, China has faced superior material force on its doorstep. Second, because the Chinese mind has felt frustration, and often humiliation, when looking during this period at the West. The West has threatened China; yet the West is more advanced than China. It is a painful mixture for the patriotic Chinese mind. To *keep the West at bay* and to *catch up with the West* have both been among China's concerns.

One reason that Communism wins wide allegiance in China is that it helps China achieve both these aims. It gives China the unity and the ideology to be anti-Western. And it is a method of modernization. But Mr. Nixon has also made a contribution to easing the first concern. He called a halt to American expansion in East Asia, and now actually reverses the process. This is what Peking has always wanted. The Democratic Administrations saw the Chinese question too much as a mere problem of communication. They offered Peking exchanges of doctors, seeds, journalists, and other good things of life. But at the same time they kept on building up the military harness around China's throat. Peking scoffed at Johnson's honeyed offers, and deeply feared his imperialistic actions. But Nixon is delivering the goods. Month by month, he draws back more and more ground troops from China's doorstep.

With their long view of history, the Chinese sit back and talk about this historic shift with a philosopher's detachment. It was inevitable, they say, that the U.S. should have found its East Asian adventures counterproductive. China did not have to wait all that long to see it happen. America's burst of global imperialism was, by Chinese standards, an affair of a single evening. It only ran from the quivering sense of power of 1945, until the lesson of the powerlessness of power in Vietnam.

When the Australians met Chou En-lai, Mr. Whitlam started to rake over the embers of Vietnam, saying how misguided the United States had been, what a tragedy the war was. But the seventy-three-year-old Premier cut him off. With a large gesture, he said grandly: "What is past is past," and went on to chew at the bone of Japanese militarism. Mr. Chou feels able now to look beyond the twenty-five-year spasm of American expansionism in Asia. Dozens of talks that I had in China ran along the same lines.

Some Chinese dwell much on internal upheavals in the U.S. "We notice the obsession with sex," one official remarked. "It is the sign of a crumbling order. The late Ming period was the same. Sex was everywhere. Soon the dynasty collapsed." But what occurs within the U.S. is minor to the Chinese. It is what the U.S. does in Asia that concerns them.

Of course, as China grows in power, her ambitions will increase. She will go, when she is able to, from "strategic defense" to "counteroffensive." China will not always be in a condition of relative weakness. She will not forever be in the mental situation of coping with a painful past. Positive goals will be asserted. Having "stood up" (Mao's phrase), China is likely to "stretch out."

The Nixon visit to Peking begins a dialogue that results from a shift in the balance of forces in East Asia. The United States is adjusting its role; Peking welcomes the adjustment. The tough bilateral issue is Taiwan (it is interesting—and not unpleasant in Peking's ears—that Henry Kissinger considers Vietnam essentially a problem of the past, and Taiwan the next Asian problem). If Taiwan gets settled, the way is wide-open for Washington and Peking to cooperate in whatever ways the flux of world power may at any point intimate. The conflict of interest between the U.S.A. and China is not extensive. (That between Japan and China is greater, and so is that between Russia and China.) Nixon and Mao are not rigid men, and they look out today on a strikingly fluid world.

One day in Peking I met a jade carver at a handicrafts factory. He was a shrewd, humorous old man who has practiced his art for forty years. I watched his nimble fingers and darting eyes. He was carving fruit and vegetables. Struck by the range of colors, I asked if they were natural. "Yes, the jade has many different colors," the craftsman replied. Then he explained to me an uncertainty about carving vegetables in jade. "I cannot tell, when I start, what color the jade is inside." He showed me a jade piece, cut at an angle; the edge was green and the middle red. "So I cannot be sure, at the start, what vegetable I will end up carving from the piece of jade. Take the piece I am working on now. If the inside is red, I will make tomatoes. If it is green, I will make cucumbers."

So it may be with the relationship Nixon and Mao are carving out. The lump of jade is the international context of the Sino-American dialogue. Who knows whether it will turn out "red" or "green"; whether Nixon and Mao will make "tomatoes" or "cucumbers"? The Chinese leaders may be as uncertain as the jade carver about what product (beyond a Taiwan settlement) will appear. They are so worried about Russia and Japan that they may want to go far down the road of détente with the U.S. But how far does Nixon want to go? □

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CAN I COUNT YOU IN?

A story by Shirley Faessler

I'm washing up from breakfast with a million and one different things on my mind and all of a sudden I get a call from Matilda, a voice from the past.

"Hi, Millie," she says. "No one's seen you around lately, what've you been doing?"

"One thing and another," I told her. "Nothing much."

"Feel like doing it this afternoon?" she says.

"Not me, Tillie, I swore off," I told her. "I promised Danny I wouldn't touch another card for six months and I still got three to go. And you want to know something? I don't even miss the games. I wouldn't care if I never see another card for as long as I live."

"If you can keep away, good luck to you, kid. I only wish I could."

"Well, it's different for you, Till," I told her. "You're single. You're your own boss like; you don't have to account to nobody."

"That's for sure," she says.

She's yawning, she's popping her gum, and I could tell she's losing interest in the conversation. If I'm not going to play she's wasting her time talking to me. "Well, so long for now, I'll be seeing you around," she says, ready to hang up.

"What's your hurry?" I asked her. "Can't you talk awhile? Poker players are all alike. Stay out of the game for a while and you soon find out who your friends are. A person could die and nobody would even . . ."

"What kind of *person?* " she says. "Poker players never die, they only fade away. Don't get sore, kid, I'd stay and talk to you till the cows come home only I promised Lena I'll try and round up a few hands for an afternoon game."

I felt in a mood to talk so I made up something to say. "I heard they play a pretty big limit at Lena's now."

"What kind of big?" says Matilda. "Dollar limit same as anywhere else. Only thing is you have to issue fifty bucks, at least have twenty-five in front. Lena's pretty strict about that. She doesn't want no player blowing ten, fifteen bucks at her game and start asking the house for money hollering murder they lose a hundred."

"Stop," I told her. "You're breaking my heart about the poor house and all the money it has to give out."

"You always got all you wanted off her," she says. As if I need to be reminded.

"Sure I did. Because she knew she wouldn't lose a nickel to me. I'm not so dumb, Matilda; I lost plenty at Lena's but she never lost a dime to me."

"Believe me I've been sailing lately but good. I haven't seen daylight in weeks," she says, "but at Lena's at least you have a chance. The game's fast and the girls play up their hands. Nobody sits on the goods, no shy, no kitties, if the game's short Lena takes a hand herself and she sends it in pretty good. The game's tailor-made and if you're running lucky you can make a fair win."

That'll be the day. Anytime I make a win it's fifteen, twenty bucks tops. But when I go I go for the bundle.

Matilda is still talking. "I wouldn't want to talk you into anything one way or the other, but I promised Lena I'll give you a call and personally I'd like to see you make a break. The game starts at one and breaks up at six. What I mean is you can't get snowed in. Maybe you broke your jinx staying away like that. Anyway, what'll I tell her?"

"Tell her not to hold her breath," I said and hung up.

Funny, the reaction I had from talking to Matilda on the phone. For the first time in three months I started thinking about the games. Would it ever be gorgeous to sit in again. I felt tempted but I put it out of my mind. I gave Danny my word. What am I saying gave Danny my word, he made me swear it on the Siddur. "I wouldn't take the word of no poker player, including you," he said. "Swear it on the Siddur."

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He stood up on a chair and brought down the Siddur from the top shelf on the highboy where he keeps his tallis, his yarmulke, and all the other religious stuff that he has to use once in a while and gave it to me to hold in my hands. He couldn't wait a minute even for me to dust it off at least. Then he took me in the bedroom and made me stand by Marilyn's cot to swear. The baby was asleep so I swore in a whisper, "May I never live to see my daughter again if I'll touch another card for at least six months."

What a day that was, I'll never forget it. He left for the road around nine in the morning and comes back around eleven, pale as a ghost. He takes a chair, sits down, and looks at me as if I'm a stranger. I got an awful scare. I go over to put my arms around him. "What's the matter, sweetheart?"

"Don't come near me," he says. "You better stay away from me, Millie, I'm not responsible." Then he looks at me as if I'm something the cat dragged in and says, "Since when are you playing in rake-off games?"

My heart started to beat so fast that I nearly fainted.

He turns his face to the wall and starts talking. "I didn't know what hit me," he says. "I step in to Kornbloom's this morning and he tells me the check I give him for eighty bucks last week bounced. I figure there's some mistake so I turn around and go to the bank. There's no mistake, I'm tapped, there's no money in the account. The teller shows me a flock of checks for fifty, sixty, seventy, forty, they're all made out to Cash and signed by my wife. I feel I'm going out of my mind. I turn them over to have a look at the endorsements. Ada Mooney, Tessa Harrison, Sadie Bisgold, Lena Soskin—every lousy game runner in town. I begin to see daylight. Teller wants to know is anything wrong? Nothing wrong, I tell him, my wife's signature's as good as mine. It slipped my mind is all. Get that—I don't want him a two-bit teller to know that my own wife tapped me. Tapped me as if I'm just some mark she's shacked up with. Not her husband, the father of her kid."

He lights a cigarette and sits like a statue, staring at the wall. I was very nervous, I didn't know what to say or how to approach him. Just then the baby woke up and I brought her in the kitchen for her bottle. He's crazy about his kid, but even that didn't bring him to life. Around three o'clock when I put her back in bed he goes to the phone and calls his mother. "Get in a cab, Ma," he told her, "and come right over."

She came running. Her lipstick was on crooked and her hair wasn't even combed. She thought the baby was sick. "The baby's OK," Danny told her.

She puffed out her lips. "Pooh, pooh, you scared the heart out of me," she says, and sits down in the low wing chair with her short legs sticking out. "What's so important I had to come over in such a hurry?"

"I brought you over because I want you to tell Millie a few things," Danny says to her. "About poker is what I'm talking, but you're the expert so you tell her. Tell her how the old man broke his back trying to make a buck and how you bet it all back in the games. Tell her how the milkman never got paid, the laundryman, the lies I had to tell for you . . ."

Ma got red as a beet. You could see the red under the suntan makeup she wears all year round summer and winter. "What's come over him? Is he out of his mind or what?"

Danny kept on at her. "Tell her about that Yom Kippur, the year I was twelve years old. In case you've forgotten I still remember that day. Everybody on our street is going to shul and my mother the gambler steps in a cab, she's going to a game. Right in front of the house yet without the decency even to pick up a cab around the corner."

Ma tried to get out of the chair but she was sitting too deep in it, she was stuck. She held out a hand to me and I gave her a pull up. "Look, Danny, I didn't come over here to be insulted," she told him. "You're talking to your mother don't forget, so have a little respect please. I don't drag Millie to no games. If you've got something to say, say it to Millie. Leave me out of it please, I've got my own headaches," she says and goes away without even asking to have a look at the baby.

Danny takes out the bottle from the cupboard and on an empty stomach takes a drink of rye. This made me even more nervous. Except at *simchas* he never takes a drink in the middle of the day. He rinses out the glass, then when he says to me, "Now I'm ready to talk to you," I nearly jumped out of my skin.

"I'm not going to ask how long you're playing in rake games," he says, "because a poker player can't even open her mouth without telling a lie and that applies to you. I'm not going to ask who initiated you, my own mother, who else. I'm not in a mood to ask any questions, I just want you to take in what I'm going to say. I don't want the kind of life my father had and I don't want my kid to have the kind of life I had. I'm not going to go for it, Millie, I warn you."

I started to tell him I'm sorry.

"I don't give a shit about being sorry," he says. "I heard my old lady telling that to my old man till it was coming out of his ears. I want you to get out of the games is what I'm talking."

I promised him I'll never touch another card for as long as I live. "I give you my word, sweetheart."

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That's when he said, "I wouldn't take the word of no poker player including you. Swear it on the Siddur. And don't give me that long as I live bizazz, I don't go for it. Just swear on the Siddur you won't play for another six months at least."

It made me feel very funny swearing on the Siddur. Not that I'm religious or anything but swearing beside the baby's bed and in a whisper yet gave me a very spooky feeling.

After that he seemed to be more relaxed. He even said, "I wouldn't mind something to eat now." I made supper and he kept Marilyn on his lap and played with her. We went to bed early and before he turned around to go to sleep he said he has to get a couple of things off his mind before he can fall asleep. "I want to tell you why I got so steamed up," he says. "And it's not the money, Millie, since when did I ever begrudge you a dollar? Poker's like a disease, once you get hooked to the game you lose interest in everything else. Apart from that you don't belong in that league. You're a sweet kid and they're hard. They got no principle, no word, they're ignorant, Millie, and when I got a picture of you sitting at the same table with them I blew my top. You like a game of poker so you should of stuck and stayed with that ten-cent limit you used to play with married girls your own age. I don't want to be hard, so if you want to get back in that game I'll get the Siddur down and you can swear it's only rake games you'll stay away from."

He puts on the light. He's ready to climb up again for the Siddur.

I had to laugh to myself. If I ever had to sit in on a ten-cent limit again I would fall asleep in the middle of a hand. "Put out the light," I told him. "I swore I wouldn't touch another card for six months so let's leave it that way."

Next morning after Danny left for the road I felt very bad about him phoning his mother to come right over, then start blasting her the minute she sits down. So she likes to play poker, what's it to him? A widow with no children to look after, a hardworking woman suffering from varicose veins from standing on her feet three days a week in a dress store. She doesn't come to him for money to play; he had no call to talk to her like that so I phoned and told her how bad I felt about it. "But don't blame me please," I told her. "He found out for himself I was playing and put the blame on you. I nearly died, Ma, I nearly had a heart attack when he came home from the bank and saw all the checks I gave out. I didn't get a chance to tell him you're the one that tried to keep me out of the games, I was too scared to say anything. Anyway, I'm out of the games for good. I swore on the Siddur I wouldn't play for six months but in my heart I meant forever."

That ten-cent limit Danny was talking about that I used to play with married girls my own age, that was a long time ago. It's over a year since I got involved in the bigger limits.

First time I sat in was one night when Danny was out of town. Danny is a chicken dealer, he takes his truck out to the country three or four times a week for a load and if it's too late to come home he stays over. The night I'm talking about I was seven months pregnant and felt kind of jumpy about staying alone in the apartment so I phoned Ma and asked if I could stay with her overnight. She told me she's going to a game. "It's Thursday, Millie, I go to Lena's Thursday." Lena Soskin is a game runner and my mother-in-law's closest friend for over thirty-five years.

I asked Ma if I could come to Lena's game with her.

She told me that the game they play is not for me. "It's not like the game you play with your girls," she said. "We don't play for *bopkes*. It's a rake-off game, half a buck comes out of every pot. A five-card check-in dollar limit with experienced gamblers is not for you, Millie."

"Can I come and watch?" I asked her.

"So come," she said. "I'll get Milky to pick you up."

Milky is the cabbie who drives the poker loads. A baldy little runt with a hoarse voice and a milky white face. He came with five people in the car so I sat sideways on Ma's lap to Lena's. Three hands were sitting around a big table in the kitchen, waiting for the game to start. "Here's the load," says Milky. "Six gamboliers, that'll be four-fifty, Lena."

The players were very fussy about where they wanted to sit. This chair was hard luck, that chair was the electric chair; they kept changing places till they found a chair that suited them. Lena opened a fresh deck, shuffled the cards, and gave them to the hand on her right to cut. Before she dealt she took out from a big black handbag which she keeps on the floor by her feet about a dozen packs of cigarettes and gave out to the players whatever kind they asked for. Then she picked up the deck and told the players, "Ante up, girls." Everybody threw in a quarter and the deal began.

What a game. Was it ever gorgeous. The pots built up so fast. By the fourth card there was twenty dollars in the middle, thirty. They threw money in the pot like it was water. Around twelve o'clock Lena gave the deck over to the hand on her left, a peroxide blonde about forty with a terrible complexion, and told her, "Deal around once, Cora; I'll take my insulin and we'll eat." Cora dealt and Lena brought

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out from her black handbag a hypodermic needle wrapped in a hankie and right there at the table lifted her dress up so high you could see her naked stomach and everything else and gave herself a shot in the belly.

For supper there was cold cuts, knishes, potato salad, dills, coffee, Cokes, cookies.

About an hour after supper, Cora taps out. She's broke. She asks Lena for money; Lena won't give it to her. "Don't ask me for money," she tells her, "you're in to me for plenty." The woman looked so miserable you had to feel sorry for her. Instead, everybody's ready with a kibitz. "The crying room's next door," they told her.

Arguing with Cora, Lena forgot to deal. This made the players very impatient and less good-natured than before. Somebody said, "Get the rag out, Lena, deal." Even Ma, who's a very kindhearted woman, she got mad too. "What are we sitting?" she said. "Deal the cards, Lena, you're holding up the rake."

Lena dealt around, leaving Cora out. She watched a few hands, then got up from the table. "Keep my chair," she told Lena, "I'll be back." The minute she steps out somebody says, "Chinky Cora, if she scores she'll be back."

"She sleeps with a Chinaman," Ma explained to me, "and he gives her money to play."

Around two in the morning Milky comes through the back door. "Who sent for you?" Lena asks him. He points to Matilda, a big good-natured woman, a real slob with false teeth and a hole in her sweater. "My sweetheart," he says. "She told me to come two o'clock, didn't you, Till?"

Matilda folds her hand, she's a gorgeous winner. "That I did," she says, and takes a wad of gum out of her mouth. "Don't stick that gum under my table!" Lena hollers, mad at her for leaving the game so early, a winner.

Matilda goes out the back door with Milky. "Is she his *sweetheart?*" I asked Ma. "Sweetheart," says Ma. "A *goy*, a married man with five kids, such a year on her a Jewish girl."

The game starts up again. Shorthanded it's even faster than before. I'm dying to play. To sit and watch is like sitting on hot coals. I take two tens out of my purse and without asking my mother-in-law for permission which I know she'll say no I told Lena to deal me in.

I took the hand on a pair of tens and from then on I couldn't do a thing wrong. Cards kept dropping for me. I played overlays, outside chances, raised on the if come, and almost every other hand nailed a card to give me the hand.

Around half past five Mrs. Mintz, a tight player, is dealt on the fourth card an open pair of jacks. She bets out, all hands fold except me. I'm straightening on board with eight-nine-ten and with a queen in the hole all I need is a jack to fill, what a hope. Ma takes a peek at my hole card and gives me a kick under the table. But I'm a gorgeous winner so for the fun of it I call the hand, and Lena deals out. She deals Mrs. Mintz a deuce. "No help," she says, then deals me a jack and calls my hand for a possible straight. Mrs. Mintz nearly had a fit. She turns up her jack in the hole. "Beat what you see," she says. I could have bet out, made her pay to see, but I didn't want to take advantage so I opened my hand to her. She's fit to be tied. She thought I'll turn up a seven in the hole, that I'm playing on a *two*-way straight at least. She was boiling, she got real bitchy with me. "My hand's a stick-out for three jacks," she says. "To buck three and for the case jack yet, I've seen everything. You're pretty cocky for first time out. Or just plain *dumb.*"

Ma stuck up for me. "Who's to know you had three, Mrs. Mintz? You come in on a wired pair, what were you sitting on them? You never raised, you wanted action and you got it, what are you complaining? So you're playing hard luck for a change, what are you blaming her? I wish I was on a slow boat to China with a player like my daughter-in-law."

Ma told Lena to call a cab. To me she said, "Pack it in, Millie," then went to the toilet.

Lena takes a ball-point out of her black handbag. "You're a nice player, Millie," she says, "give me your phone number."

We went outside to wait for the taxi. I noticed Ma didn't look so good, she looked like an old woman getting in the cab. I gave her a little hug and put forty dollars in her hand from my eighty-six-dollar win. "Take it, Ma, you're a loser." She gave it back. "Keep it," she says. "Today I'm a loser, tomorrow's another day."

"Would I ever love to play tomorrow, but Danny'll be in town . . ."

"Forget the rake games," she says. "You played once, you made a nice win, and that's enough. I shouldn't of let you play altogether, that's all I need, for Danny to find out I took you to a game."

Next Thursday I get a come-to-my-game call from Lena. "You'll meet some nice players," she says, "and the game'll be fast, Millie, the way you like it."

I asked her is my mother-in-law going to be there?

"Not tonight, Josephine. Would I ask you to my game if she was coming, your policeman?"

Milky came with Matilda riding up front, still in the same dirty sweater and chewing gum. Chinky Cora was at Lena's, sitting under the gun like last week; the other four people were new to me. First I was introduced to the old one, a player everybody

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calls Mother, a gentile lady about eighty and a very wealthy woman I found out later, who lives in her own rooming house and looking after it for her is a man called Walter who's half her age, a kind of caretaker who takes out the garbage from the tenants and sleeps in the same bed with Mother. I met Esther Greenberg, a player they call Little Esther the Thief behind her back, a Mrs. Creed, and Pearlie Swerling, a dress designer with a lot of jewelry on her and makeup on her face like an actress.

I don't even want to talk about the game that night, it was murder.

But it didn't start out that way. First half hour I played lucky. I had a crazy streak, everything stood up for me, I ran the forty I started out with up to seventy—and all of a sudden boom! I died. Pearlie Swerling got lucky, she starts getting the drop. I kept bucking, shooting raises in on peanuts and blowing the hand to her. Long before supper was served I had to go in my poke for fresh. To make a long story short, by three in the morning I'm tapped. I blew the eighty-six winnings from last week, and on top of that thirty-five housekeeping money. I didn't want to quit, a big loser, but I'm scared to ask Lena for money. If she turns me down the way she did with Chinky Cora last week I would just die of embarrassment. "Deal me out," I told Lena, and I get up from the table without a dime even on me for a taxi.

Pearlie Swerling with a stack of folding money in front big enough to choke a horse starts singing, "The Game Is Young and You're So Beautiful."

To be needled by a winner and on top of everything a dirty player, that was very hard to take. Lena spoke up. "Your credit's good, Millie. How much do you want?"

"Give me fifty," I told her.

The game broke up around eight, and half past eight I'm knocking on Ma's door. Poor Ma got a scare, she thought I'm getting pains before my time. She took me in for coffee and I told her the whole story. "I don't know how people can be so hard. There was a Pearlie Swerling there. When I was winning I gave her a break, I opened my hand to her. But when she got lucky she ripped it in to me. And even your friend Lena, she can be hard too. I gave her a check for fifty, I took another thirty off her, she knew I was losing close to two hundred but she never let me off even a dollar."

"Lena's a very nice woman," Ma tells me. "But a game runner is a game runner. She's a widow with a very bad case of diabetes and makes a living from her Thursday night games. Only thing I'm disappointed in her is the fact that she called you to her game after I asked her not to. Now you'll start getting calls from all the game runners. Word'll get round there's fresh blood in the game and loose as a goose. Don't go, Millie, don't play."

"Don't worry," I told her. "I had my lesson."

Saturday morning Danny gets up early and tells me he's taking Ma in the hospital. I got an awful scare. I told him I saw Ma yesterday and she didn't say anything.

"Probably she didn't want to worry you a pregnant woman. But it's nothing serious," he says, "her regular heart checkup is all, only this time she'll have to stay in a little longer for an operation on her varicose veins."

Tuesday morning Ma had her operation and soon as we heard she's out of Recovery Danny left for the road and told me not to expect him home till around eight the next morning. Same night around seven o'clock I went to visit Ma. She was sleeping with her mouth open and was snoring but she looked OK. Lena Soskin comes in with Sadie Bisgold. Lena with a gorgeous bouquet and Sadie with a box of Black Magic chocolates. Lena introduces me to Sadie and the first thing she says is, "What are you doing tonight, Millie? Want to come to my game?"

I took a fast look at Ma, she's dead to the world.

The game that night at Sadie's was slow as molasses. Rich Mrs. Mintz the *kvetch* took an hour over every card to make up her mind if she'll call or fold. They say she lives off her interest, banks loan money off her. Mother is a little bit deaf so you had to shout at her every time there's a raise. Little Esther the Thief had to be watched every hand she was in. Sadie took a smack at her hand every time she reached in the pot to make her own change and that slowed up the game too.

The game folded around seven and I got home just under the wire, a twelve-dollar winner.

Ma stayed three weeks in the hospital and came out with elastic stockings on her legs and looking at least fifteen years older. When she found out that I already gave Sadie Bisgold a play, and Ada Mooney, and even played a couple of times at Lena's she got so mad at me she wouldn't talk to me for a few days.

When she got back in the games I tried to keep away from whatever game she was at. If she was playing one place I went to another. From Lena's, naturally, I kept away altogether. I heard through Matilda that Lena gave Ma her word that she'll never let me step into her place again.

With my time so near Danny started worrying that my pains might come on suddenly when he's out on the road. He wanted to keep off the road, I wouldn't let him. "Don't worry about me, sweetheart," I told him. "I'll phone Ma the minute I feel something."

My pains did come on very suddenly. In the middle of a hand in fact when I'm drawing to a flush to beat a possible two pair. Nobody knew what game Ma was at so Matilda got on the phone to Milky and I went to the hospital with Matilda in the back seat with me, cracking her gum in my ear.

Ma was located finally at Tootsie Shawn's game, but not till seven in the morning and by that time she was a grandmother. She came running and by nine when Danny came off the road she was able to phone

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from the hospital, thank God, and tell him *"Mazeltov."*

For four months after Marilyn was born I didn't go to a single game. One Monday night Danny says to me, "Why don't you take in a movie? I'll stay with the kid, I feel like going to bed early."

I didn't feel like a movie. "Maybe I'll go to the new steam baths on Phoebe Street," I told him. "They stay open till three so if I'm a little late don't worry."

I took a streetcar at the corner, rode past Phoebe, and got off at Ada Mooney's street.

The regular Monday night session was on and I got a very big hello. It was a hot night and it looked like a striptease the way the players were sitting around in their lingerie. Nobody was wearing their dress, even Matilda was playing in her slip without a sweater on, and Pearlie Swerling with a choker of pearls around her neck, you wouldn't believe the bra she had on. In plain words, dirty. How she had the nerve to take off her dress. She was losing I was glad to notice. But she was in there pitching, shooting raises in on nothing, building the pots and blowing the hand. Even the tight players were chasing her and the pots were gorgeous.

I got lucky right off the hop. Now it was Pearlie bucking me for a change. She kept pressing, sending it in, trying to force her luck, and I ripped it in to her. I don't forget that easy. If a player plays dirty with me I can be just as mean. With me lucky on the draw and Pearlie bucking, high hand was scared to bet out on an open pair even. Naturally, this made the players kind of edgy. Mrs. Mintz got so worked up losing a cinch hand that she picked up her cards and tore them down the middle, all five. Ada's eyes popped out. "What kind of card-tearing business is this, Mrs. Mintz?" "What's the matter?" says Mrs. Mintz, she was boiling. "Aren't the cards paid for yet?" Ada without saying another word opens a fresh deck and deals out. A game runner doesn't care to tangle with a loser.

Mother was a big loser too. A beautiful player, you'd never know she's a loser. Losing and laughing and laughing and losing she changed a couple of fifties without taking an edge even and never said boo. You had to admire the woman but loudmouth Pearlie comes out with, "It's only money. Walter'll get you even, ay Mother?" A very coarse remark to a person that age.

After supper the game's just as fast, only difference being my luck runs out and Pearlie starts getting the drop. Now I'm bucking her. Two o'clock I'm still ahead of the game and that's when I should of quit. Sucker me I stuck and stayed till I went broke to her.

I got home around half past five with my heart in my mouth. It so happened Danny was asleep and he never knew what time I got in. Which is the only break I got that night.

Two nights later when Danny was out again for the night I packed Marilyn in the carry-cot with the diapers and the bottles and went with her to Tessa Harrison's game.

From the time she was four months old till she was eight months I played every night Danny was away and got myself in so deep I owed the world. I lost a mint, a fortune, and he didn't know a thing about it. It was on my conscience all the time, like leading a double life, but I kept playing around and about hoping I'll break my jinx. Make a few wins, put the money back in the bank, and quit.

And that's how things were going till that terrible day that Danny came home from the bank after Kornbloom's check for eighty bounced.

It was exactly three months since I swore on the Siddur. And I kept my oath. Every call I had from a game runner I said no to them so they stopped phoning me. And that morning when I told Matilda on the phone that I wouldn't care if I never see another card for as long as I live, I meant it. Funny thing is I couldn't get my mind off her call. How come Lena should all of a sudden get her to phone me? One thing sure, Ma couldn't be playing there or she'd never have the nerve. She gave her word.

It was a gorgeous day so around one o'clock I put Marilyn in the carriage to take her out for a little air. She fell asleep right away and I didn't have a thing in the world to do till suppertime, Danny wasn't coming in till around seven. I thought maybe I'll take a little walk over to Lena's. Not to play, just for a kibitz. After all I didn't swear I wouldn't watch another game.

When I stepped in to Lena's I got the surprise of my life to see that Ma *is* there. "What are you doing here?" she says. I didn't know how to answer her so I said, "It's a free country, Ma." "That it is," says Matilda, "and the game ain't hard and nobody's barred."

Ma gives Lena a very reproachful look. "You gave me your word, Lena."

Lena gets red in the face. "I didn't phone her. Honest to God, Jenny, may I hope to die."

"Don't get excited," I told Ma, "I didn't come to play."

I watch a few hands and Pearlie starts needling me. "She'd play if I wasn't here," she says. "She's scared of me, she remembers how I took her to the cleaners last time out, right Millie?"

The sight of that woman is strictly poison, would I ever love to get even with her. "Deal me in," I told

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Lena, "I'll play a few hands till Marilyn wakes up."

Ma folds her hand. "Without me," she says and steps out of Lena's without a good-bye to anybody.

Playing for blood and also very nervous about sitting in after swearing on the Siddur, I was way off my game, I couldn't do a thing right. Around half past three when I already made up my mind the hell with it I'll quit after this hand, there's a knock on the door, a bang, and two men walk in over six feet tall.

Lena makes a grab for the cards, the rake money, the players start grabbing their money off.

"Leave everything on board, ladies," says one of the cops and the other one steps up to the table and shovels the money and the cards into a canvas bag.

"You can't grab no money off the table," Lena tells him. "I know the law, you have to give me a receipt for it."

"Remind me when we get to the station," he tells her, then steps to the phone and calls the wagon.

We're hustled outside and the next minute the wagon's there. Neighbors from both sides and from across the street are on their verandas. For me it's like something happening in a dream. I lift Marilyn out of the carriage and I'm standing in line for the wagon holding a baby in my arms. First one to get in the wagon is Lena, helped in by a cop. The neighbors laugh and start clapping their hands. Lena lives in a Jewish neighborhood and a Jewish woman a gambler is a disgrace to the street. One by one they all get in the wagon, then it comes to my turn. The cop takes a look at me. "Are you planning on bringing that kid to the station?" he says. I started to cry. "Please, officer," I told him, "I can't leave her here." He steps over to the other cop, whispers something in his ear, then says to me, "Take your kid and beat it."

I took a couple of aspirins when I got home, then phoned Ma and told her about the raid. "I was let off thank God on account of Marilyn. I nearly had a nervous breakdown, it's a lesson to me, Ma."

Lena's case was remanded and next week when they all had to go to court they fined her five hundred dollars for running a common gaming house. I heard the news through Matilda. "Lena's been running fifteen years," she says, "and all of a sudden her game gets knocked off. Milky says somebody must of tipped the law, but who? That is the question. Lena says whoever did it they should only drop dead."

I didn't see Ma for about a week but I spoke to her on the phone a few times and she didn't sound so good, there was no pep to her voice. "What's the matter, Ma?" I asked her and she told me her legs are paining her. We talked about one thing and another and a couple of minutes later the phone rings and it's Ma again. "It's not my legs, it's my conscience that's paining me," she says. "I'm responsible for Lena's game getting knocked off."

She tells me the whole story of how she got so mad at Lena for breaking her word that she took a taxi to the station after she left the game and had a few words with the sergeant on the desk. "I made a deal with him to pass up the lady with the baby," she says, "and that's why you didn't have to take a ride in the wagon. That was a terrible thing to do, let alone to a friend, and I feel very bad about it now. Not that Lena can't stand a five-hundred-dollar fine, still and all it's on my conscience."

My mother-in-law is a very kindhearted woman who wouldn't harm a fly so I had a fair idea how bad she was feeling. "Try and put it out of your mind," I told her. "You'll only make yourself sick worrying."

And that's exactly what happened because the very next day we get a call from the superintendent at Ma's apartment building and he tells us Ma had a heart attack and they took her to the hospital in an ambulance.

For three days they couldn't say if she'll live or die. Poor Danny nearly went out of his mind. "God willing she'll recover," he said, "and I'll be a better son to her."

For my part, you can imagine how I felt. I felt the whole thing was my fault. It's on my account, to keep me out of the games that she did what she did and got a heart attack from guilt. I'm not a superstitious person but I got the shivers every time I remembered what Lena said about whoever did it they should only drop dead. I'm not a religious person but I prayed to God that if only she'll recover I'll never touch another card.

In two weeks Ma was out of danger, and in three weeks they discharged her from the hospital. "Good as new," the doctor said. My prayers answered.

It took a few weeks before Lena could get her game going again. The players kept away for a while, they were scared of another raid. Lena had double locks put on her front and back door and little by little they started coming back to her game. Lena's back in business, strong as ever. Thank God for that, it puts Ma's mind at rest.

This morning for the first time in two months I get a call from Matilda, she's full of news. For a start she tells me Ada Mooney went to California to live. "That leaves Monday night open," she says. "I'm taking that spot, Millie. I'm starting a seven-card-stud dollar limit and tonight's my first game. I'm lining up a few hands and your name popped into my head. It's got to be over six months that you swore on the Siddur, can I count you in?"

I didn't want to tell her about a more serious oath I took. "Line up your hands," I told her, "but don't count on me, Matilda."

That must have been Milky's idea, Matilda would never have the brains to think of taking over Ada Mooney's Monday night spot with a seven-card stud. That's a beautiful game. You come in with two cards dealt down and one up. Seventh card is dealt down so you have three in the hole and four up. You wouldn't believe the hands that come up. Somebody has a pair on board and you could be playing against a full house. The betting gets kind of wild and the pots are gorgeous. □

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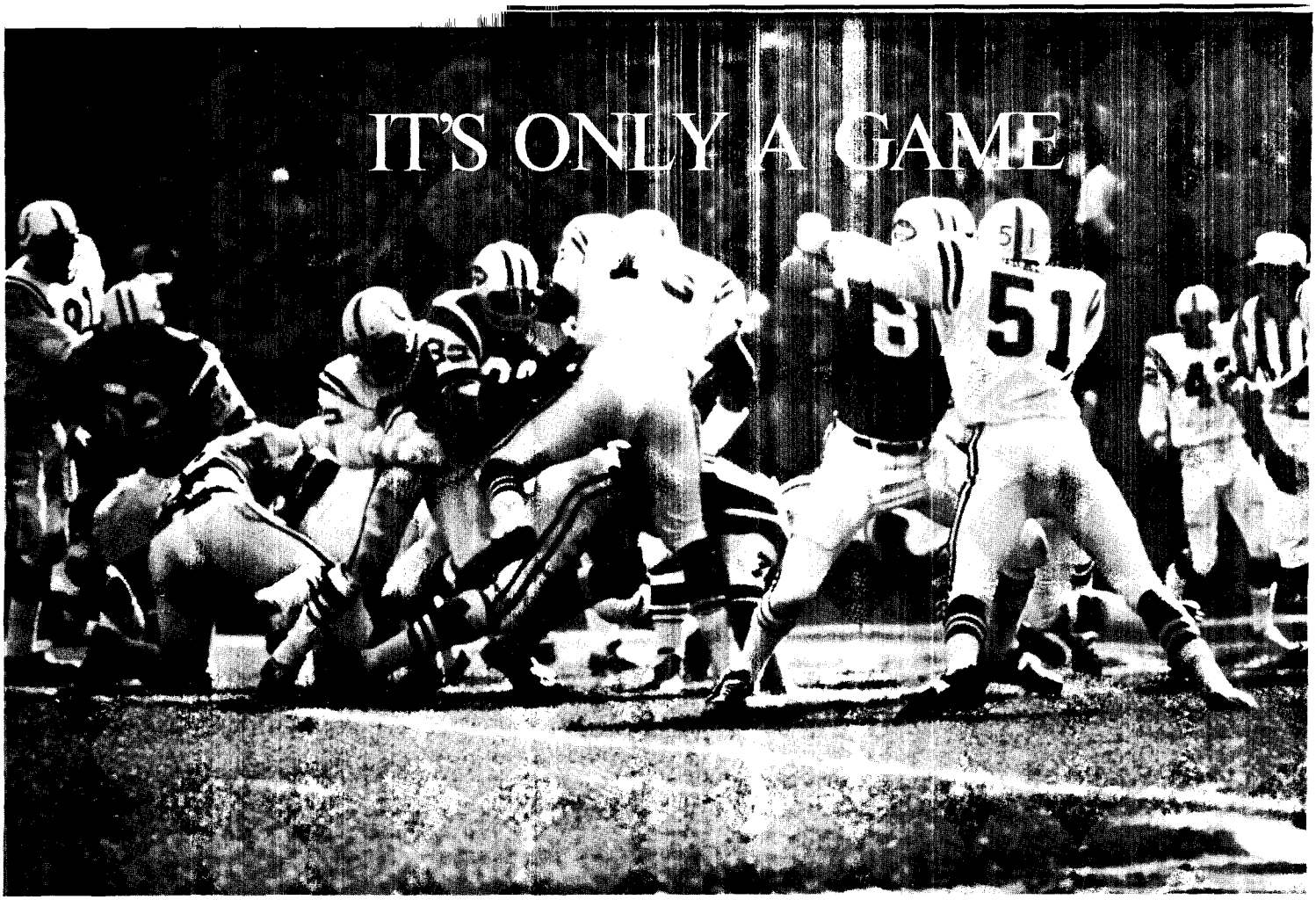

IT'S ONLY A GAME

I.
THE BEASTS OF BALTIMORE
by Larry L. King

"Mike Curtis is the heart of our defense, and defense is the heart of our ball club. As for Bubba Smith, he has nearly as much potential as the atomic bomb."

—Don Klosterman
General Manager of the
Baltimore Colts

It is Tuesday, and the pressures have not yet started to build in the six-foot, seven-inch frame of Charles Aaron (Bubba) Smith, as they may a bit closer to Sunday's kickoff. "May" is the operable word, for Bubba sometimes has trouble psyching himself—"getting up"—to accomplish his job effectively.

Bubba Smith is the defensive left end for the Baltimore Colts, defending champions of professional football. His job requires that he survive the assaults of at least two blockers, sometimes three, to achieve his goal of sacking quarterbacks or riding swift and treacherous ball carriers aground before they damage his team's territorial rights. To accomplish this requires a certain insensitivity to pain and fatigue, or maybe mud or rain or snow, to say nothing of the grunts, groans, verbal brutalities, and the thousand desperate little cheatings indigenous to survival in the pit. When Bubba Smith—two hundred sixty-eight pounds of mobile muscle buckled and padded and bent on mischief—goes snorting and chugging across that scrimmage line, he may be gouged, kicked, pinched, held, cuffed, helmet-whipped, kneed, elbowed, and—yes (though neither the Commissioner's office nor those goody-goody play-by-play TV experts will tell it)—cursed for everything from a plain vanilla bastard to a dumb spade to a particular kind of pervert. Pro football is a mean game ideally played by mean men. If it builds character, so does street mugging.

Sometimes Bubba Smith is very, very good at his job; other days he is simply good; on a few occasions he has permitted himself to flirt with mediocrity. No matter how well Bubba performs on a given Sunday, several dozen someones—writers, coaches, fans, or even a teammate or two—will say he might have done better: he could be as great as he wants to be;

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he has no more than scratched his mighty potential; he has a tendency to dog it; goddamnit, ole Bubba just ain't *mean* enough.

Bubba is very tired of hearing all that. A hyperactive publicity man at Michigan State, where Bubba was All-America in 1966, taught the cheering sections to chant "Kill, Bubba, Kill." In this age of runaway imagery, poor Bubba was stuck with a reputation for meanness he neither made nor fit. A story got into print that as a College All-Star, Bubba on the game's first play sacked quarterback Bart Starr of the Green Bay Packers and growled, "Old man, Big Bubba's gonna ride your ass all night." Good story, except that nothing remotely like it happened. "Everybody expected me to eat nails," Bubba says. Instead, he was injured early in that initial pro season, lost forty pounds, sat on the bench behind tough and experienced ole Billy Ray Smith, and became "so confused" that he several times forgot to take the field with the kicking team as required. It took the persuasions of his father, a successful football coach in Texas, to prevent his quitting the game. He was, if one may quote the current President of the United States on another matter, "a pitiful giant" in that first go, and only his father's appeal to pride—of which Bubba Smith has tons and tons—saw him through. Though Bubba has known numerous fine Sundays since that impossible beginning five seasons ago, he remains keenly aware that his critics persevere. And so, from about Thursday on, he attempts to psych himself for Sunday's rough business: to will himself mean.

Now, however, it is only Tuesday afternoon. Bubba remains loose and affable. He is stretched out full length in his bachelor pad in a Baltimore high rise, on a purple-robed bed large enough to accommodate Bubba and/or others. Over the bed is a ceiling mirror, cut to exact bed proportions, where Bubba and/or others may watch themselves sleep. A furry white rug snuggles the floor; there are African art objects, velvet drapes, football trophies, and a huge combination TV-radio-stereo console plastered with blue-and-white Baltimore Colt stickers.

Bubba is drinking a Big Orange while watching a band of television Indians, whose savage whoops are drowned out by rock 'n' roll music crashing through the apartment and probably rattling the china at the Lord Baltimore Hotel next door. There are no books in this room and few in any other, though each room has its own telephone and at least one electronic amplifier helping deafness along.

A telephone rests on Bubba's upper torso; each time it rings he snatches the receiver as if fearing it might wake the baby. The instrument remains silent for no longer than three consecutive minutes. It ultimately dawns that Bubba does not know a high percentage of the callers: he is talking to all these *strangers.* "Well, yeah," he admits, "I'm in the book." Yep. There he is, listed along with the Smiths who do not see their pictures plastered on the Baltimore *Sun's* delivery trucks or who do not, in most cases, drive rust-red Cadillac convertibles with custom equipment, or get themselves named to Pro Bowl Squads: SMITH BUBBA . . . 727-6893.

Bubba is a bit embarrassed, because earlier he had declaimed against crowds, intrusions, and other snares of celebritydom; his teammates know him as a "loner" they rarely see off the football field. He explains: "Well, you know, it's interesting to speak to all types of people. Find out what's in their heads." Don't the kooks, nuts, and barroom habituals drive him crazy? "Aw, it's not so bad. Most people are nice; they call up and say 'good game' and like that." A big grin: "And hey, my man, I meet a lot of chicks that way." Bubba, who neither smokes nor drinks, describes his appreciation for sweet women as "my only dissipation."

Telephone roulette is particularly hazardous this day. Victory breeds unusual traffic; the Colts have opened a new season with a satisfying 22-0 conquest of the New York Jets. Bubba has enjoyed a rowdy afternoon, and once again is a folk hero. A ninth-grader calls to report that he, too, is a working defensive end; Bubba's contribution to the fraternal shoptalk is limited to a half-dozen "yeahs," select "uh-huhs," and one "I got to go, son, you stay after 'em." When a 19-year-old girl requests the pleasure of Bubba's company, he says, "Send me your picture. Huh? Aw, just send it to Bubba Smith, care of the Baltimore Colts. And hey, look here"—going a bit bedroom husky in the throat—"maybe you better mail your birth certificate along." Joe Fan calls from a bar to ask if this is *the* Bubba Smith, no kidding, honest to Christ? He then permits his several companions a beery word with The Big Man. Bubba responds in monosyllables, obviously not caring a flip "what's in their heads." A young schoolmarm complains that Bubba has not honored an ancient promise to address her junior high school class: "Well, all this week I'm being interviewed by this uh . . . intellectual magazine, and uh . . . well, lotta things have been happening to me." He renews his pledge, sort of: "Look here, now, I'll make it one day soon when I get myself together." Bubba sighs and regrets that occasionally a particular old involvement follows a man around, barking.

Now he discourses on the virtues of being mean: "Tody, he's so damned mean it's unreal." Little brother Tody Smith, a mere sapling of 250 pounds, is a rookie lineman with the Dallas Cowboys. "I wish I had that mean streak, but I don't. I have to compensate in other ways. With speed and quickness. A lot of people associate size with meanness. But here I am, nearly seven foot tall and weighing 295 on the official program, and I'm a pussycat compared to Tody or Mike Curtis. Just nothing very mean lives in my soul. You've got to *arouse* me. I don't care who's

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on the field, Mike Curtis has *got* to be the naturally meanest man on it. He may be the meanest man in the world.

"Me, I try to avoid touching anybody. The quicker I get rid of 'em, the quicker I reach that quarterback. And I'm paid to sack quarterbacks. I don't care, I could make three hundred tackles up and down that line—but unless I get to that quarterback, I'm just a mediocre defender. I guess Gino Marchetti was about the best defensive end that ever lived, and he once told me, 'Bubba, don't play no games. Your job is to dump that quarterback. It's the same thing as a touchdown to a halfback.'

"No, I don't know what makes one guy meaner than another. Tody, he's twenty-one to my twenty-six, and growing up we used to beat him up a lot, me and my big brother Willie Ray. I guess maybe it turned him mean. Mike Curtis, I talk to Mike a lot, but I've yet to figure him out. I've read that when he was young he used to ride his bike into trees and brick walls and kill kittens. For *fun*, man." Bubba laughs and shakes his head, as if doubting the joy of such recreations. "Mike's so intense he oughta teach hypnotism. He goes so hard that he can recover from a mistake without you knowing he's made one. He'll flatten our backs in practice—not to hurt 'em, exactly, that's just Mike's way. The coaches had to set him down a time or two for the good of team health, and one time Johnny Unitas hauled off and hit him in the face with the football. I don't know what causes Mike to be like he is, but it's nice to have that crazy dude on *our* side."

Bubba has earlier surrendered his persistent telephone to an answering service, and is now checking every eight to ten minutes for vital messages. Unable to live with the thought of lost opportunities, he orders the phone switched back to operative. Thirty seconds later a young woman is apologizing for being tardy: her car has cratered; she's been detained by repairs. Fem Libs will not appreciate Bubba's method. He scowls and looks mean. "Don't spend no time *telling* me about it," he growls into the phone. "Get on over here. I've been sitting and holding my hands all day." He slams down the receiver and grins. The grin turns into chuckles, and then into a chesty rumble, like distant rolls of thunder: "Hey man, to tell the truth I had forgotten anybody was coming over today. Let's talk about being mean another time. That chick makes me tender."

They call him "The Animal," "The Brute," "Iron Mike"; his coach once joked that when the Baltimore Colts go on the road they ship Mike Curtis ahead in a cage. All that talk is public relations flackery, of course, not to be taken seriously except by those who move their lips or drool while reading—or perhaps writing—the gee-whiz pap of sports pages. Mike Curtis views his image ambivalently: he *is* tough, and is rather proud of his leather; on the other hand, he is embarrassed, sometimes, by "the animalistic references." A bridegroom of a year's duration, he would not like his future children to think that their father may have been some freaky brute.

Curtis looks nowhere near as hard as his reputation; nor is he as physically imposing as official programs advertise: six feet, two inches; 232 pounds. With his straw-colored hair, blue eyes, and shy country grin, you wonder—Bubba Smith's testimony to the contrary—whether he belongs among the world's meanest three or four hundred. In faded blue jeans, Duke University T-shirt, a weathered denim jacket, and heavy-duty shoes suitable to the cow lots, he appears to be the original, open-faced Farm Boy Innocent presumed to have disappeared along with sleeve garters, penny candy, and unpolluted streams. In the hairy locker room world of derisive barracks humor and summer-camp grab-ass, he nods politely to strangers, speaks of little more than the job at hand, and exhibits a bland countenance.

Most people aren't as simple as they look, and neither is James Michael Curtis. Though a genuine ole farm boy from Rockville, Maryland, he has been around the sharpies and bullies of the National Football League these seven years now, exposed to the fast diversions of the wicked cities, so hayseeds no longer sprout wild in his hair. There is a touch of the put-on artist in him, a dash of actor, generous measures of the cynic, sloshes of the romanticist, slices of quince, a hard streak that might be coveted by a hanging judge. Difficult to say what other compounds Mike Curtis harbors, or what chemical in his private moments may dominate, for he is not inclined to quick trusts. He is a man who often finds the world's natural imperfections agitated by the clumsy ministrations of incompetents and buffoons. Perhaps that is the price he pays for having majored in history, or maybe the world has so shaped him—though, if so, the how of it remains a mystery. About all he says of his formative years is, "We were not real poor, but the threat of it was there"; his conversation often arrives at the importance of financial security, of salting a little something away. Men in group associations tend to choose the outstanding personal idiosyncrasy of each of their peers for purposes of humor. When the Colts are not joking about Mike's animalistic qualities, they compare his parsimony to that of Ebenezer Scrooge, Jack Benny, or George Halas. Curtis has earned this reputation by cadging locker room coins for soft drinks, and by developing one of the slowest moves toward a billfold or a check in the National Football League.

Mike Curtis was the only "name" player in the NFL to report for summer drills when the players' association called a strike a couple of seasons ago, and he bluntly states—as has many a loyal, independent Company Man bending submissively over a lathe or a shovel—that he is "basically antilabor." Animals, including those naked apes making up the

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human race—if we are to trust Desmond Morris—fight for purposes of establishing dominance in a social hierarchy or for control of a given territory. In other words, (1) for the right to belong and (2) to attain those securities guaranteed by acquisition. Should we pursue the theory across the horizon, of course, we might conclude that John D. Rockefeller would have made the ideal middle linebacker—except, maybe, for being a bit loose with his dimes—so let it lay. But don't bury it. For Mike Curtis really didn't care all that much about the game of football at Richard Montgomery High School, "until I discovered that being a football name made me a part of things, gave me a place, opened up opportunities."

At Duke University, Curtis starred as fullback on offense and linebacker when the ball changed hands. In 1965, he was drafted Number One by the Colts, just as Bubba Smith would be two seasons later. Curtis originally languished as third-string fullback and spot-relief linebacker. Injuries to two Colts linebackers provided a starting opportunity, and no one has thought of displacing him since.

Curtis had a great year in 1968. By the time the Colts reached Miami to prep for their Super Bowl swoon against the New York Jets, the "animal" image was almost out of hand. Writers and flacks gathered around to demand explanations of his extraordinary meanness. Well, Mike said, as a kid he ran into brick walls, enjoyed B-B gun fights at close quarters, and murdered baby chickens. "That's what they wanted to hear," he now says. "I laughed when I made up those stories, but those writers swallowed it whole and played it straight."

Mike Curtis holds journalists in minimal high regard, believing with fellow-Marylander Spiro Agnew that the unbiased reporter is not yet one of the world's real statistics. He also holds with the Vice President on matters of Law and Order, sharing a fine antipathy for long hairs, peacemongers, those who would accept the dole or encourage a general permissiveness. Strangely, though he is not one of the several Colts who have discovered Mexican boo-smoke, Curtis thinks marijuana laws are overly harsh and favors liberalized abortion laws: these matters, he believes, involve dearly personal freedoms not properly the concern of the state.

Curtis sees himself as a Viking, a gladiator, a White Knight rushing to the rescue. "Sir Lancelot," he has called himself, though he had the grace to laugh. "There's an element of danger in football. You can test yourself, find what you've got in the way of bones and courage, and do it without risking your life as you would in war. I've always wondered how I'd react in a combat situation. Football's as close as I can come to testing myself.

"I really like to hurt—well, not really 'hurt' so much as *hit*—people. I honestly get a thrill throughout my body in making real solid contact. I like to dominate. I want to be the best. Call it the pursuit of excellence.

"People try to make this game a helluva lot more complicated than it is. Television and sports writers have done that, and some coaches. Hell, football is a very simple game. It helps to have an instinct for it, but basically you've got to blow in there, got to like that contact. I get awful frustrated if anybody beats me.

"I hit hard in practice, because what is the purpose of practice? To get ready, right? When I smash into our offensive linemen, that helps both of us get ready. When I see one of our backs come cruising through, all loose and relaxed, I stick it to him. He won't be cruising that way in a game situation. If he tries it, they'll knock him loose from that football. No, I don't think my teammates resent it. I don't take any cheap shots in practice, and the guys know my purpose. We've had a few flare-ups when I was overly zealous, but it's soon forgotten. Football players know that this is a contact sport."

Of late, it sometimes has been said or written that Mike Curtis is the best middle linebacker in football, though that contention inspires raspberries among the partisans of the Chicago Bears' Dick Butkus and the Kansas City Chiefs' Willie Lanier. Does Curtis think he's the best?

"I don't think anybody can beat me," he says, unblinking. "Butkus and Lanier may be physically stronger than I am—hell, I'm probably only fourteenth or fifteenth in physical strength on the Colts. But I'm quicker. I can play the pass better than they can, and I think I can hit with 'em. Of course, I'll be the best only when what you might call 'The New York Writers' agree that I'm the best. They've got the power. They're the persuaders. When Sam Huff was playing linebacker for the Giants, the writers gave him the title—even though many people in the game weren't sure he deserved it. Butkus has it now. That's the reality of it. I can't help but believe my time is coming."

By Friday noon, Bubba Smith has managed to sour his personality. Driving through downtown Baltimore, much of which looks like post-World War II Berlin—half hollow and sleazy and rotting in dull reds or grays—Bubba is reading the morning sports page with one eye on the hazards of traffic. His name is not in the Colt story of the day, which inspires him to fling the paper disdainfully into the back seat. He is edgy, too, because on Fridays the Colts weigh in, and he will not be permitted the joys of breakfast until he has satisfied the scales. He casts covetous glances at three sandwiches wrapped in silver foil, reposing on the front seat; immediately after weigh-in, Bubba will wolf them down.

"Man," Bubba says, "I haven't slept in two nights. Getting all these flashbacks." Flashbacks? "Yeah, you know. It's like a movie running in my head. I get all these visions of what the game could be like, how it could come out. I never played against this dude

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before, so I don't know what to expect." The dude in question is the Cleveland Browns' Bob McKay, a 260-pound offensive tackle two years out of the University of Texas. Bubba complains that McKay "owned" the Houston defensive end operating against him the previous week. Bubba has worked especially hard for the Cleveland game, doing extra wind sprints on his own and trying to keep his weight down. Bubba is quicker at 270 or so than he was at the 295 he once carried; the additional weight puts a strain on his amazingly thin lower legs and ankles.

Mike Curtis, disturbed that he isn't mentally "up," is delighted to hear of Bubba's concern. "That's great," he says. "Bubba's big problem is motivation. Most of the time he doesn't pay a damn bit of attention to the films. You can ask him who the offensive tackle against him is, and he won't even know. He just blows in and does his thing, and lets the other guy do the worrying."

"It used to be that way," Bubba later will admit. "But since John Sandusky started coaching me, I'm hip to what's happening. Sandusky has put me in touch. In the past, when I'd be having trouble with some dude and ask some coach what to do about it, he'd say, 'Goddamnit, Bubba, don't worry about it. Just play football.' What kind of answer is that? I haven't really had any coaching since my father coached me in high school. Duffy Daugherty didn't teach me beans at Michigan State. John Sandusky tells you how to beat the problem. I go into the games better prepared."

Mike Curtis

Friday's is the last tough practice before Sunday's game. Saturday will be a breeze, light work on the kicking game and no contact. By way of celebration, a number of Colts crowd into a tavern near the practice field: Curtis, the incomparable Johnny Unitas, center Bill Curry, defensive backs Rick Volk and Jerry Logan, linebacker Ted (The Mad Stork) Hendricks, tight end Tom Mitchell, guard Dan Sullivan, tackle Fred Miller. The favorite beverage is beer, and the talk is of money, women, and each other's various personal quirks. It is rough, not for the squeamish. Rookies cluster at a distant table. Only one of their number—Don Nottingham, a fireplug running back who came unheralded from Kent State University, the very last collegian to be drafted—is included at the table of old pros. This means that young Mr. Nottingham has a bright future, indeed, for there is a social hierarchy among pro athletes that might be the envy of official Washington.

Though fourteen of the forty men on the Baltimore squad are black, only whites have gathered to drink. "That disturbs me," Curtis says. "I'd really like to see the colored guys come out with us. It would unite the team more. They seldom do. You know, they segregate themselves at the training table. I sat down to eat with 'em a couple of times, trying to set an example, but I found I just didn't have much to say to them. I think it's a cultural gap more than a racial one. They like different music, sharp clothes, a looser style. But we're better off than a lot of teams. I really don't think there's any racism on this team. We're all together."

Bubba Smith might not always agree. About three years ago a fellow Colt, now retired—a tough, literal red-neck and hardened veteran given naturally to gouging, cussing, and bullying—took umbrage when Bubba strolled through a hotel lobby in the company of a fine blond lady. He sought Bubba out: "You're gonna get a bad rep. We don't go for that where I come from." Bubba rumbled, "Then you better go on back there, man, 'cause things are changing and I don't have much appetite for crap!"

"It's getting better," Bubba says. "And Mike, he's no racist honky. Couple of years ago when Don Shula was on me all the time—shouting and screaming—Mike walked over to him one day and said, 'Coach, why don't you get off his case?' I respect Mike."

About the time the beer-drinking white Colts adjourn to their homes or other appointments, Bubba Smith seeks out the comforts of the Baltimore Playboy Club. He spends an astonishing amount of time there for one who drinks nothing stronger than Big Orange, because he likes "the living decor." From bartender to Bunnies, it is "Hi, Bubba!" or Bubba-

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this-and-Bubba-that, so much so that he momentarily forgets the importance of psyching himself mean and begins to improve his mood.

"My family's very exceptional," Bubba says. "My father is the absolute king. Couple of seasons ago, he called me and Tody home to Beaumont after football season. The high school team my father coaches had been about 8-2, Tody's Southern Cal team was something like 6-4, and the Colts hadn't done worth a damn, didn't even get in the playoffs. My old man sat us down at the kitchen table and said, 'We all had bad years, and we're not gonna have another one.' Well, he worked our tails off all summer: run, run, run. Tody had a good year, my old man went undefeated, and we beat the Dallas Cowboys in the Super Bowl." Bubba is waxing eloquent about his mother ("She's a teacher, a Ph.D., and knows more football than most coaches") when the spell is broken.

A long-limbed young Bunny, quite a morsel, pauses near the table with a hearty helping of roast beef: "Excuse me, is one of you named Bubba?"

"Yeah," Bubba growls.

"Which one?"

Bubba cannot believe it: "You putting me on?"

"No, sir. I was told to bring this roast beef to somebody named 'Bubba.' Are *you* Bubba?"

"I ain't Ray Charles," Bubba says, claiming the plate and digging in.

A moment later the Bunny returns: "I'm sorry, I really didn't know who you were. They just told me to bring it to Bubba. I'm new here, and I don't know many of the customers."

In deep communion with the roast beef, Bubba mumbles, "OK, that's all right."

Sweetly, the Bunny says, "I hear you're quite a baseball player."

"Baseball?" Bubba breathes. He stabs viciously at his dinner. Suddenly, one worries for the health, on Sunday, of one Bob McKay.

Late evening on a Baltimore expressway, Bubba Smith drives easily in a dreamy, euphoric state. Mellow. Oncoming cars, like strings of bright yellow tinsel, create a psychedelic light show. Bubba, exclaiming over the effect, says how it complements the pounding rock music.

A companion says, "Do you have an occasional existential thought about the future meaning of all the perpetual, licensed, disciplined brutality of pro football?"

About four miles whiz by, and the question is repeated—the terms discussed a bit. Bubba shakes his head. "I don't think like that. Football's a job. Violence, brutality—part of the gig. I don't have any fear of getting hurt or of hurting anybody. Just before a game, I fear not doing well. But that's all."

Well, the visiting theorist says, wars usually are fought—no matter the oblique banners or idealistic slogans flying over them—for purposes of holding or acquiring territory, and . . .

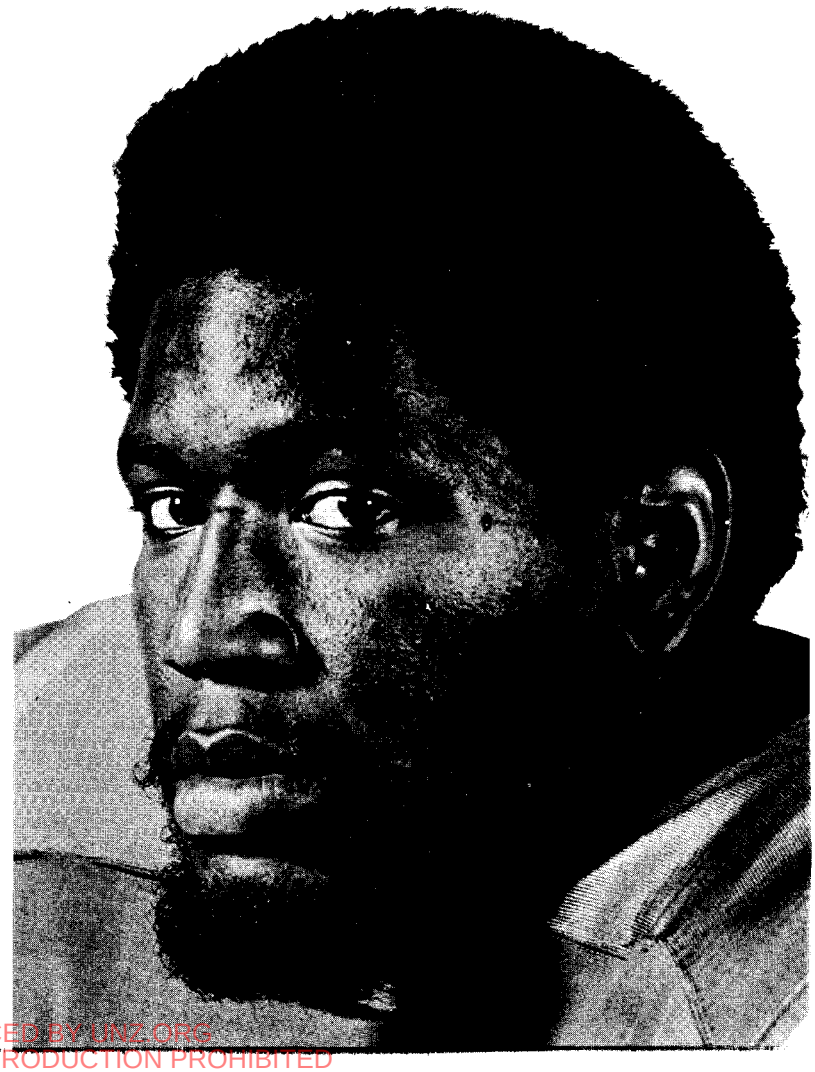
"I don't groove on war," Bubba volunteers.

Right. But football, too, is basically a fight to control territory—to gain or defend ground—and there are other comparisons. Even the terms derive from war: blitz, shock troops, aerial attack, sweep the flanks, in the trenches. So is each game not a small war, replete with its losses, retreats, casualties, walking wounded?

Stubbornly, Bubba says: "It's a *job*, man. I used to think it was a game. But the test came when I asked myself, 'Would you play the game without money?' And the answer is 'No.' So it's a job, see, and I don't worry my head trying to make anything else of it."

To Mike Curtis, football is strictly a game. "Given enough security, I'd play for nothing. Oh, sometimes I look at myself playing hurt, bandaged or in a cast, and I say, 'This is a *game?*' To me it really is, though. I feel a little funny about going through life playing a game, and sometimes I reflect on how much longer I can. I just don't relish getting a job. When I'm financially secure, I'd like to run a fishing boat. It's important to enjoy what you do.

"Fear injury? No, but I keep my eyes open for cheap-shot artists. Brutality? Ah, that's overrated. Sports-page talk. Box office. Football players don't think about it much." Curtis is right. Sunday mornings, most players watch cartoons before the after-



Bubba Smith

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noon mayhem. More card games than books occupy the team airplane flights. One hears virtually no talk of politics; absolutely none of literature or philosophy. These are men who have been exposed to books in college—maybe even to a few stray ideas—but they seem to have left them behind with great relief, as a furniture mover might unburden himself of a piano: quickly, and with a sigh.

"Discipline is an asset," Curtis is saying. "Society could use more of it. The only thing I don't like is the pressure. Really, I guess, it's pressure I put on myself. I missed an open-field tackle in preseason against Oakland, and it ruined my whole weekend. I saw it in the films, and my stomach knotted up. I felt inferior. If anyone had said anything, I'd have felt worse—or wanted to have hit them. Maybe, for me, the pressure is a secret part of the fun. Just part of the game."

Sunday was a slow, chill weep of rain. Overcast skies painted midmorning in the shadowy hues of twilight. East Baltimore Street derelicts abandoned their alleys and doorways to troop like a ragged, gray, defeated army into quick-stop eateries, scarred funky bars, a warm bus station. A day with no good in it. Great funeral weather.

Baltimore's Colts woke in a motel on the city's outskirts, having been gathered from their homes like suspected felons at 9 P.M. on Saturday; after the 11 P.M. bed check, they were locked away. Fathers, studs, or heroes they may be, but professional football players—even worn-armed old men like Johnny Unitas, rapidly sneaking up on forty—are not considered reliable enough to get through the pregame night on their own. Since football men almost uniformly agree that the game is dependent on emotion, the players are carefully gathered to encourage *esprit de corps.* They are expected to wear Game Faces, which is to say they are to assume the grim expressions of painful surgery, constipation, or unrequited love. Coaches have been known to trade or bench gladiators who chanced to smile or otherwise appeared to enjoy the human experience a bit too close to the kickoff. Ideally, locker rooms are grim stations full of tensions, muted talk, and muscle-bunching gum-chewings.

There are artificial aids more stimulating than gum—though, again, the Commissioner's Office dislikes hearing talk of it. Players are permitted to get themselves "ready" as they will. Some few may depend on prayer or positive thinking. Others, however, may require deadening shots, the speedy surges of barbiturates or amphetamines, or small doses of whiskey. There is a great deal of looking the other way, a grand official winking, for unit honors and personal pride and big money are the stakes. It is, let it be said again, a mean business.

Playing at home, where they have performed to fifty-odd consecutive capacity houses, and off their trouncing of the New York Jets, the Colts are the six-point darlings of bookies. In the locker room, Coach Don McCafferty—not much for brimstone oratory—says to his warriors that they are in for "a hell of a ball game" and reminds them that Cleveland on three consecutive occasions has taken victory home from Baltimore.

When the public introductions are accomplished, Bubba Smith receives the rowdiest greeting of all—until, a moment later, the cheer for Mike Curtis eclipses all prior records. Bedlam. No other word for 56,000-plus screaming partisans. Down in the bench area the sound is physical, a great noisy surf washing the nerve ends. The fired-up Colts respond, belting and jostling each other, crying encouragement and curses. Tight end Tom Mitchell repeats a private litany: *stic . the bastards stick the bastards stick the bastards* . . . Mike Curtis, face to face with yet another personal testing, stares past all backslaps and salutations. Bubba's eyes are two dark and shining stones; he takes deep breaths.

Right away, it has the makings of a doggy day. Twice in the first quarter, Cleveland chews from its own twenty to within the Baltimore thirty, nothing spectacular, just grunt gains on guts running and play-action passes. Mike Curtis, raging up and down, exhorts the Baltimore line; the sideline Colts curse, whoop, mutter. From the bench you can hear every thud, grunt, or cry, and that keeps the bench very much in the old ball game, cheering or goddamning with fortune's changing tides. Coming to the sideline after a Cleveland drive has been stopped, Bubba huffs, "I haven't got to the quarterback one time. Not *one* mothering time." Someone remarks that Bubba has almost blocked a kick. "*Should* have," he grumbles. "I didn't know I was that close, and I let up to keep from roughing the kicker."

It happens to Mike Curtis with 2:57 left in the first quarter. LeRoy Kelly, taking a pitchout, sweeps wide left from the Colt forty; he is hit by Curtis after about ten yards. It is not a clean hit; Curtis slides off, and Kelly stumbles several steps before collapsing. Mike Curtis rises shakily, holding his right arm. He stares at his hand as if it has somehow betrayed him. By the time he reaches the bench, the base of his thumb is beginning to puff. "Bent it back," he gasps. "I think his shoe got it." Mike is very pale, muddy, sweating. The team physician gives the thumb an experimental tweak, and Mike Curtis—"Iron Mike"—yelps like a small puppy and closes his eyes.

"It may be fractured," the doctor says.

"I want to play," Curtis says, sounding wispy and faint.

"Everybody wants to play," the doctor says, unwrapping muddy and grass-stained tape from the linebacker's hands. He pushes Curtis back down on the bench when Mike rises to see what the crowd is whooping about.

The partisans are whooping because Rick Volk has intercepted a pass on the Colt four—then groans

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when the Colts are called for offside, and Cleveland is given new opportunities. "Penalty on Bubba Smith," the P.A. system booms, and out on the scrimmage line the culprit paws the ground. *"Goddamnit it, Bubba!"* people are screaming from the bench.

Aroused, Bubba smashes through on the next play to deflect Bill Nelsen's attempted pass. On fourth down, he breaks through to rush Don Cockroft's field-goal attempt so that it sails wide, and the Colts temporarily escape damage. Mike Curtis, however, is being led off to the dressing room by the team physician and is humpbacked in pain.

Mike does not come back. The Colts lose a very sweaty, physical tough one, 14 to 13. The defense has played magnificently, scoring the Colts' only touchdown, but the offense—with old Earl Morrall and *his* senior, Johnny Unitas, throwing five interceptions between them—also turns the ball over on fumbles three times.

Sitting naked on a footstool fronting his locker, Bubba plasters Band-Aids on little mountains of lumps and assorted small cuts. Earl Morrall, heading for the shower, slaps his shoulder: "Good game, big Bubba." Bubba grunts: "Not good enough." To the other defensive end, Roy Hilton, Bubba says privately, "The offense gave it away. Eight damn turnovers." Hilton nods, and sighs. No one is very talkative. Bubba explains why he traded blows with Cleveland center Fred Hoaglin at midfield in the fourth quarter, and then shook a warning finger in Hoaglin's face: "Aw, the whistle had blown a play dead, and I let up. That damned dude kept blocking on me."

He is showered and dressed within twenty minutes; though he signs autographs for fans clustered at the exit, he does it hurriedly and without comment. The fans, sensing his mood, do not push him.

The car radio booms rock 'n' roll music with the turn of the ignition key. Breaking into traffic with the aid of a policeman who recognizes him, Bubba holds his head in one huge hand: "God, I'm speeding. Can't come down." A few hundred yards into the bumper-to-bumper traffic, fretful and impatient, he slaps the steering wheel: *"Damn,* but I hate to lose. Nobody *knows,* man. They say I'm not motivated. Shit, if anybody wanted to win today more than I did, they must be off hiding their face and crying." Told that official statistics credit him with four tackles, two assists, one sack, and one deflected pass, Bubba snorts. "I know I got more than that. Well, no matter. Losers weepers."

Safely in his pad, Bubba stretches out on the big bed to watch on television Oakland's mopping up of a five-touchdown win over the San Diego Chargers.

The telephone rings repeatedly. Though it is close at hand, Bubba ignores it: Mr. Smith regrets that he isn't at home today. The phone echoes through the darkening apartment, falls briefly silent, then repeats its shrill neglected cries. In a nearby hospital they are wheeling Mike Curtis into surgery. Soon steel will probe into a hand made not of iron, after all, but only of flesh and blood; Mike Curtis will be temporarily lost to the game he craves. Sunday night in Baltimore, and still the rain comes down. No joy in Mudville. □

II.
SMASH THY NEIGHBOR
by John McMurtry

A few months ago my neck got a hard crick in it. I couldn't turn my head; to look left or right I had to turn my whole body. But I'd had cricks in my neck since I started playing grade-school football and hockey, so I just ignored it. Then I began to notice that when I reached for any sort of large book (which I do pretty often as a philosophy teacher at the University of Guelph), I had trouble lifting it with one hand. I was losing the strength in my left arm, and I had such a steady pain in my back that I often had to stretch out on the floor to relieve the pressure.

Several weeks after my problems with book-lifting, I mentioned to my brother, an orthopedic surgeon, that I'd lost the power in my arm since my neck began to hurt. Twenty-four hours later I was in a Toronto hospital, not sure whether I might end up with a wasted upper limb. Apparently the steady pounding I had received playing college and professional football in the late fifties and early sixties had driven my head into my backbone so that the discs had crumpled together at the neck—"acute herniation"—and had cut the nerves to my left arm like a pinched telephone wire (without nerve stimulation, of course, the muscles atrophy, leaving the arm crippled). So I spent my Christmas holidays in the hospital in heavy traction, and much of the next three months with my neck in a brace. Today most of the pain has gone,

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and I've recovered most of the strength in my arm. But from time to time I still have to don the brace, and surgery remains a possibility.

Not much of this will surprise anyone who knows football. It is a sport in which body wreckage is one of the leading conventions. A few days after I went into the hospital for that crick in my neck, another brother, an outstanding football player in college, was undergoing spinal surgery in the same hospital two floors above me. In his case it was a lower, more massive herniation, which every now and again buckled him so that he was unable to lift himself off his back for days. By the time he entered the hospital for surgery he had already spent several months in bed. The operation was successful, but, as in all such cases, it will take him a year to recover fully.

These aren't isolated experiences. Just about anybody who has ever played football for any length of time, in high school, college, or one of the professional leagues, has suffered for it later.

Indeed, it is arguable that body shattering is the very *point* of football, as killing and maiming are of war. (In the United States, for example, the game results in fifteen to twenty deaths a year and about 50,000 major operations on knees alone.) To grasp some of the more conspicuous similarities between football and war, it is instructive to listen to the imperatives most frequently issued to the players by their coaches, teammates, and fans. "Hurt 'em!" "Level 'em!" "Kill 'em!" "Take 'em apart!" Or watch for the plays that are most enthusiastically applauded by the fans, where someone is "smeared," "knocked silly," "creamed," "nailed," "broken in two," or even "crucified." (One of my coaches when I played corner linebacker with the Calgary Stampeders in 1961 elaborated, often very inventively, on this language of destruction: admonishing us to "unjoin" the opponent, "make 'im remember you," and "stomp 'im like a bug.") Just as in hockey, where a fight will bring fans to their feet more often than a skillful play, so in football the mouth waters most of all for the really crippling block or tackle. For the kill. Thus the good teams are "hungry," the best players are "mean," and "casualties" are as much a part of the game as they are of a war.

The family resemblance between football and war is, indeed, striking. Their languages are similar: "field general," "long bomb," "blitz," "take a shot," "front line," "pursuit," "good hit," "the draft," and so on. Their principles and practices are alike: mass hysteria, the art of intimidation, absolute command and total obedience, territorial aggression, censorship, inflated insignia and propaganda, blackboard maneuvers and strategies, drills, uniforms, formations, marching bands, and training camps. And the virtues they celebrate are almost identical; hyperaggressiveness, coolness under fire, and suicidal bravery.

One difference between war and football, though, is that there is little or no protest against football. Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about the game is that the systematic infliction of injuries excites in people not concern, as would be the case if they were sustained at, say, a rock festival, but a collective rejoicing and euphoria. Players and fans alike revel in the spectacle of a combatant felled into semiconsciousness, "blindsided," "closelined," or "decapitated." I can remember, in fact, being chided by a coach in pro ball for not "getting my hat" injuriously into a player who was lying helpless on the ground.

After every game, of course, the papers are full of reports on the day's injuries, a sort of post-battle "body count," and the respective teams go to work with doctors and trainers, tape, whirlpool baths, cortisone, and morphine to patch and deaden the wounds before the next game. Then the whole drama is re-enacted—injured athletes held together by adhesive, braces, and drugs—and the days following it are filled with even more feverish activity to put on the show yet again at the end of the week. (I remember being so taped up in college that I earned the nickname "Mummy.") The team that survives this merry-go-round spectacle of skilled masochism with the fewest incapacitating injuries usually wins. It is a sort of victory by ordeal: "We hurt them more than they hurt us."

My own initiation into this brutal circus was typical. I loved the game from the moment I could run with a ball. Played shoeless on a green, open field with no one keeping score and in a spirit of reckless abandon and laughter, it's a very different sport. Almost no one gets hurt, and it's rugged, open, and exciting (it still is for me). But, like everything else, it starts to be regulated and institutionalized by adult authorities. And the fun is over.

So it was as I began the long march through organized football. Now there was a coach and elders to make it clear by their behavior that beating other people was the only thing to celebrate and that trying to shake someone up every play was the only thing to be really proud of. Now there were severe rule enforcers, audiences, formally recorded victors and losers, and heavy equipment to permit crippling bodily moves and collisions (according to one survey, more than 80 percent of all football injuries occur to fully equipped players). And now there was the official "given" that the only way to keep playing was to wear suffocating armor, to play to defeat, to follow orders silently, and to renounce spontaneity in favor of joyless drill. The game had been, in short, ruined. But because I loved to play, and play skillfully, I stayed. And progressively and inexorably, as I moved through high school, college, and pro leagues, my body was dismantled. Piece by piece.

I started off with torn ligaments in my knee at thirteen. Then, as the organization and the competition increased, the injuries came faster and harder. Broken nose (three times), broken jaw (fractured in the first half and dismissed as a "bad wisdom tooth," so I played with it for the rest of the game), ripped knee

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ligaments again. Torn ligaments in one ankle and a fracture in the other (which I remember feeling relieved about because it meant I could honorably stop drill-blocking a 270-pound defensive end). Repeated rib fractures and cartilage tears (usually carried, again, through the remainder of the game). More dislocations of the left shoulder than I can remember (the last one I played with because, as the Calgary Stampeders' doctor said, it "couldn't be damaged any more"). Occasional broken or dislocated fingers and toes. Chronically hurt lower back (I still can't lift with it or change a tire without worrying about folding). Separated right shoulder (as with many other injuries, like badly bruised hips and legs, needled with morphine for the games). And so on. The last pro game I played—against the Winnipeg Blue Bombers in the Western finals in 1961—I had a recently dislocated left shoulder, a more recently wrenched right shoulder, and a chronic pain center in one leg. I was so tied up with soreness that I couldn't drive to the airport. But it never occurred to me that I should miss a play as a corner linebacker.

By the end of my football career, I had learned that physical injury—giving it and taking it—is the real currency of the sport. And that in the final analysis, the "winner" is the man who can hit to kill even if only half his limbs are working. In brief, a warrior game with a warrior ethos into which (like almost everyone I played with) my original boyish enthusiasm had been relentlessly conditioned.

In thinking back on how all this happened, though, I can pick out no villains. As with the social system as a whole, the game has a life of its own. Everyone grows up inside it, accepts it, and fulfills its dictates as obediently as Helots. Far from questioning the principles of the activity, most men simply concentrate on executing these principles more aggressively than anybody else. The result is a group of people who, as the leagues become of a higher and higher class, are progressively insensitive to the possibility that things could be otherwise. Thus, in football, anyone who might question the wisdom or enjoyment of putting on heavy equipment on a hot day and running full speed at someone else with the intention of knocking him senseless would be regarded as not really a devoted athlete and probably "chicken." The choice is made straightforward. Either you, too, do your very utmost to smash efficiently and be smashed, or you admit incompetence or cowardice and quit. Since neither of these admissions is very pleasant, people generally keep any doubts they have to themselves, and carry on.

Of course, it would be a mistake to suppose that there is more blind acceptance of brutal practices in organized football than elsewhere. On the contrary, a recent Harvard study argues that football's characteristics of "impersonal acceptance of inflicted injury," an overriding "organization goal," the "ability to turn oneself on and off," and being, above all, "out to win" are prized by ambitious executives in many large corporations. Clearly, football is no sicker than the rest of our society. Even its organized destruction of physical well-being is not anomalous. A very large part of our wealth, work, and time is, after all, spent in systematically destroying and harming human life; manufacturing, selling, and using weapons that tear opponents to pieces; making ever bigger and faster predator-named cars with which to kill and injure one another by the million every year; and devoting our very lives to outgunning one another for power in an ever-more-destructive rat race. Yet all these practices are accepted without question by most people, even zealously defended and honored. Competitive, organized injuring is integral to our way of life, and football is one of the more intelligible mirrors of the whole process: a sort of colorful morality play showing us how exciting and rewarding it is to Smash Thy Neighbor.

Now, it is fashionable to rationalize our collaboration in all this by arguing that, well, man *likes* to fight and injure his fellows, and such games as football should be encouraged to discharge this original-sin urge into less harmful channels than, say, war. Public-show football, this line goes, plays the same sort of cathartic role as Aristotle said stage tragedy does: without real blood (or not much), it releases players and audience from unhealthy feelings stored up inside them.

As an ex-player in this seasonal coast-to-coast drama, I see little to recommend such a view. What organized football did to me was make me *suppress* my natural urges and re-express them in alienating, vicious form. Spontaneous desires for free bodily exuberance and fraternization with competitors were shamed and forced under ("If it ain't hurtin', it ain't helpin' "), and in their place were demanded armored, mechanical moves and cool hatred of all opposition. Endless authoritarian drill and dressing-room harangues (ever wonder why competing teams can't prepare for a game in the same dressing room?) were the kinds of mechanisms employed to reconstruct joyful energies into mean and alien shapes. I am quite certain that everyone else around me was being similarly forced into this heavily equipped military precision and angry antagonism, because there was always a mutinous attitude about full-dress practices, and everybody (the pros included) had to concentrate incredibly hard for days to whip themselves into just one hour's hostility a week against another club. The players never speak of these things, of course, because everyone is anxious to appear tough.

The claim that men like seriously to battle one another to some sort of finish is a myth. It endures only because it wears one of the oldest and most propagandized of masks—the romantic combatant. I sometimes wonder whether the violence all around us doesn't depend for its survival on the existence and preservation of this tough-guy disguise.

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As for the effect of organized football on the spectator, the fan is not so much released from supposed feelings of violent aggression by watching his athletic heroes perform it as he is encouraged in the view that people-smashing is an admirable mode of self-expression. The most savage attackers, after all, are, by general agreement, the most efficient and worthy players of all (the biggest applause I ever received as a football player occurred when I ran over people or slammed them so hard that they couldn't get up).

Such circumstances can hardly be said to lessen the spectators' martial tendencies. They help explain why the greater the zeal of U.S. political leaders as football fans (Johnson, Nixon, Agnew) the more enthusiastic the commitment to hard-line politics. At any rate, there seems to be a strong correlation between people who relish tough football and people who relish intimidating and beating the hell out of Commies, hippies, protest marchers, and other opposition groups.

Watching well-advertised strong men knock other people around, make them hurt, is in the end like other tastes. It does not weaken with feeding and variation in form. It grows.

I got out of football in 1962. In a preseason intersquad game, I ripped the cartilage in my ribs on the hardest block I'd ever thrown. I had trouble breathing, and I had to shuffle walk with my torso on a tilt. The doctor in the local hospital said three weeks rest: the coach said scrimmage in two days. Three days later I was back home reading philosophy. □

BLURRING

Big-headed, newborn, the bunny is brought me;
how stubbornly it tries to stay alive
on its second day of life.

A field rabbit, dug from its nest by a dog,
his mother raked open, his littermates
laid in the cold and explored

by a curious paw
till their breath squeaked shut in protest:
now I am faced with this fuzzy survivor;

both eyes refusing, his small pink mouthgap
over the milktooth clenching
and breathing hard. He's barely over an inch,

but already the twin ears wait for a signal,
the body barrel holds, the belly swells
daily, the tail flips up so I see

that a rabbit's tail is really
the fluffed underside of a normal tail
bending backwards. Feedings

go on. He responds,
feebly hopping a bit after each,
supporting that huge unintelligent head

on cramped haunches, quivering and weak,
and at three in the morning
the first eye opens.

And the next day the second. Dark,
disconcerting, does he now see?
But he sits in my hand still, too docile.

And his head grows larger. Luminous
and psychic, he recalls and broods on
his womb origins. He starts to tremble more,

and now he cannot stand. He will not
suck. He wobbles
in the warmth of the heating pad.

He looks backward; he looks forward
to the end of breathing:
he desires to be no longer form.

So briefly he has been the perfect
one of many, with mysterious
electric tangles that are eyes:

life, life in the shape of a rabbit!
Life, with your long ears!
I breathe on you, and try to fix what fades.

by Kathleen Spivack

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Another Unbelievable Year in the Stock Market

by Brutus

A Nice Clean Profit

"If all Blanche thinks about is recycling bottles, it's all right with me," said one of the members of my women's investment club.

In a year of violent contrasts in our stock markets, the average investor has not been a factor in the move of the Dow Jones averages from 844 to 950 and back down again. The average investor has been buried in the rubble of his over-the-counter disasters for two years; he has been depressed by every news item for two and a half years; he has been worried about his own business or job for almost three years.

But my investment club struggles on, spurred by new horizons. The ladies were invited to the summer beach house of the president—a violently contemporary mixture of glass, redwood, and a "local stone of the vicinity." As the president said, "We, my husband, Al, and I, appreciate reflecting the area in which we live in a sculptured environment. Al and I preserve the character of the land."

They had a new wrinkle in purchasing stocks, buying only those companies that do not pollute. "Resolved," they declared, "that we shall not own a share in any company that fouls the earth, the air, or the water."

"If we mix up making money with our emotions we may as well fold up our tents," said one of the practical members, swishing a shrimp through a big bowl of cocktail sauce. "Not *one* company, Ecological-this, Environmental-that, has ever made a dime. They all have huge deficits, and the only thing positive I can say about them is that a swifty public relations man thought up the companies' names."

"My God, Shirley. How can you be so cynical when our world is deteriorating? These shrimp, for God's sake," the president said, "in ten years we won't even be able to enjoy these shrimp."

The maid brought in the turkey tetrazzini.

"Come on," said Shirley the dissenter, "half of your husbands do nothing but make money from pollution. Chemical businesses, scrap metal, paper mills, dyes for fabrics spilling into the rivers. And if nobody bought stock in polluting companies, those shares would go to zero. Is that what you want? Clean atmosphere but no dough?"

I looked out at the ocean, wondering if the club would dissolve.

One of the members jumped to her feet. "Resolved," she said. "we shall not care about our husbands where the environment is concerned."

"Second the motion . . ."

"All in favor . . .?"

Despite Shirley, the motion was carried, and the president turned to me. "Brutus," she said, "find us a company that is involved in antipollution techniques and will double in a year. And girls, there's a choice for dessert, lemon sherbet or chocolate éclairs."

"How about a little of both?" two women asked at the same time.

Like Fish

In our office, the phones stared back at the brokers who were staring at them. "Nobody cares anymore," said our Irish registered rep, Jim Curran. "I feel like Stella Dallas. The world is passing me by."

All of my salesmen are huddled together for conversation and comfort like Conestoga wagons in a circle, afraid of Comanche raids. We have lost seven of our nineteen producers in the last year, despite the fact that there had been a remarkable recovery in prices and operating efficiency on Wall Street.

'We are the hard core on the barricades," said Curran, still chipper because the Catholic Church pension fund he handles has been buying and selling, selling and buying, as if there were no problems.

"Look at it this way," he was told. "If we survived

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the lions, the Council of Trent, the Diet of Worms, and the Pill, we're certainly not bothered by a little monetary crisis."

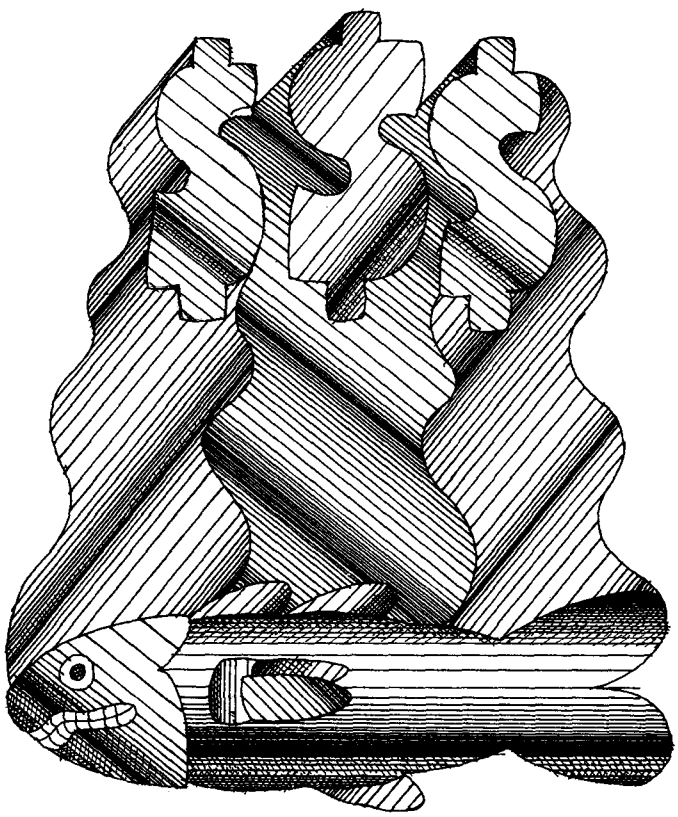
"That makes sense," said Curran. "May the wind always be at your back."

Through most of the summer and fall, the market drifted lower, and a most unusual split in attitudes seemed to be developing. All the institutions I talked with—pension funds, mutual funds, insurance companies, trust departments—were buyers of stock. They were bullish about 1972. "We expect profits to grow at the rate of 10 percent this year and 10 percent next. We are cautiously aggressive."

I told this to my private customers. "What do they care?" a manufacturer answered me. "It's very easy to spend other people's money. They don't see that the current business picture is like fish, or guests for the weekend. After three days they both begin to stink. Things are still so bad that even the liars are complaining."

And through most of the summer and fall, at social events no one talked about the stock market. At dinner parties, cocktails, at beaches or lakes, on golf courses or tennis courts or at football games, there was an absence of the gossip that fuels bull markets; there was a disappearance of tips.

"When the bull is down," brooded Jim Curran, "the butchers are many."



The Powers of Faith

With the Nixon economic policies making everyone hungry for answers, and the trading levels on the stock exchange approaching last year's dog days, I was ready for any relief from the boredom. It was provided by a woman in a size eighteen turquoise pants suit who took to my office like a henna-rinsed rhino.

"My name is Faith," she announced, "and I have the answer to your commission problems."

I had the time to listen to anyone, so I waved my watchdog secretaries away from my door and held a chair for Faith.

"I am out of breath with depression," she told me. "We're going to have a jagged market for the rest of the year, a sawtooth action. Nineteen-seventy-one is the year of the wild pig who breeds with the tiger, and it bodes ill for stock markets in the future."

"How may I be of service, Madame?"

She reached into the folds of her giant turquoise blouse, and I instinctively grabbed for my letter opener. You never know in my business.

"These are recent, clear-front photos of prominent business executives," Faith said, passing over three pages of pictures. "I have the God-given ability to choose the most effective people in any organization from such photos. Third sight, it's called."

"And what do you want from us?"

"A fee, naturally. I expect to be paid if I can double the production of this office."

"If you can double the production of this office," I told her, "*you* take my desk; I'll take your turquoise pants suit."

"You must be a Leo; you have a sunshiny face. I'll give you a free sample. You are too trusting; you help people much too often. *That* fellow over there" (she pointed to the resident partner) "looks nervous, lacks the ability to make a decision. Obviously should never be in a position of responsibility."

"Faith," I said. "So far, so good."

She reached into the ample folds of her bosom again and produced six pages of closely handwritten manuscript. "Read only the first paragraph," she said.

Her manuscript smelled of Je Reviens. Her bosom must have smelled of Je Reviens. "Like the ancient maharajas," Faith's first paragraph read, "I am blessed with the blessed ability to read men's minds and faces." I looked up, and she was reading my *Wall Street Journal*. "I called every senior partner on the Exchange on April twenty-ninth to signal this current decline. Phone any of them and ask. But as soon as I get that elated feeling . . . I buy . . ."

"That's enough for a feel of the gist," she said, snatching the pages back and returning them to their turquoise filing cabinet. "Are you a subscriber?" she said. "Based on the sample?"

"I have to clear everything through the main office," I stalled. "Why don't you come back in a week?"

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"Hesitation will cost you." She began to back away.

"Well, then, you better skip us," I told her. "But why don't you run a coupon ad in the Sunday *Times*'s financial section? You know the kind, 'Five stocks under 10 for a double in six months. Just mail $35.' "

Faith shook herself once to straighten out the wrinkles in her slacks and pointed at me. "You're kind," she said. "I shall give you a further sample: the key to the stock market in 1972 is that it's the year of the rat who mates with the ox. Love is the secret."

"That sounds like a match made in heaven."

"There is no charge for what I've just told you." Faith waddled out, making sure no papers slipped out of her bodice, and I was glad that there were people who still believed in a quick buck . . . the American Dream.

Large Philip and His Hot Hand

President Nixon's announcement of a wage-price freeze on August fifteenth confused everyone so much that a rare condition developed, one that occurs few times in anyone's stock market experience: panic on the upside; a mass rush to buy. The public came back in for three days, got stuck, and retreated into the same uncertainty that has plagued investors for almost three years. To celebrate the historic day when the big board traded almost 32 million shares and went up almost 33 points, I attended the theater and saw *1776,* the wonderfully patriotic musical, popular in a time when everything seems to be coming in Red, White, and Blue except honest sentiment.

Only one thing ruined my evening. I ran into Large Philip, one of the legendary Big Producers of the city. A Big Producer in the brokerage business is one who generates tremendous commissions. They are usually recognized as such, starting at $100,000 gross commissions a year, with the most famous reputed to do between $300,000 and $600,000 a year.

Customers and other brokers talked about Large Philip's commissions the way gossip columnists used to talk about Sinatra's conquests. "Large Philip did $400,000 gross last year," people would say, or, "Large Philip spends most of his time in Europe; he has half the banks in Switzerland as accounts and a quarter of Getty's brokerage business."

Philip's detractors would say, "You can take everything that Philip says and cut it into thirds. Then divide *that* in two and you may be close to the truth."

Large Philip was a stockbroker who handled only discretionary accounts. Any customer suggesting a stock of his own choosing would be banished by Philip to another brokerage firm.

When Philip came into the business, he had, as a base, the accounts of his father and the friends of his father's, wealthy manufacturers who traded heavily. One of the friends was a Canadian who had had advance word on the mineral find in Timmins, Ontario, made by Texas Gulf Sulphur. Philip bought thousands of shares of Texas Gulf Sulphur, starting in the mid-twenties, and kept buying thousands more all the way up to $60 a share. The stock went to 106, then split, and Large Philip began feeding out the thousands of shares he had bought. Legends grow quickly on Wall Street, and Large Philip became a god.

After the Texas Gulf Sulphur deal, money came in to Large Philip by the sackful. He began to take limits on the size of his accounts: nothing under $100,000. Accounts placed at trust departments of banks under irrevocable agreements paid legal fees to get the agreements nullified and the money transferred to Large Philip. He put his accounts into thousands of shares at a clip, selling them out if the stocks didn't go up immediately, and going into new situations. If a customer offered his own ideas or even suggested a possible move, Philip would interrupt him. "My secretary handles all discussions," he would say. "I'm going to put you on hold; she'll be with you in a minute, as soon as she handles a cross of 10,000 Butler Aviation."

Being a Big Producer is like being a money machine, and everyone who becomes a money machine believes it can go on forever. Large Philip gave a party for all his customers and friends at the peak of his production, when he was doing close to $450,000 a year. Invitations were hand-delivered by a part-timer for "Arthur Treacher Calling" dressed as a liveried footman. Each invitation was accompanied by a red rose for the lady. "There are some who would call this *nouveau riche,"* Large Philip said, "but I call it class. And if you don't like it, you can transfer your account."

But, like a Shakespearean hero, Large Philip was shot down by the belief in his own destiny. Every time he sold a stock for anyone, he would launch full tilt into a new situation, holding no money back, buying thousands of shares. It is dangerous for a stockbroker to concentrate on one or two stocks, loading all of his customers into them. If something goes wrong, it becomes impossible to get everyone out whole, and you wind up buried under heaps of abuse from clients and heaps of broken dreams from the remains of your business. Feeling he was blessed with the magic touch and a hot hand, Large Philip began to buy an aerospace conglomerate in the sixties for all of his accounts. Sometime later, he finally got the last customer out at 18½.

Getting panicky, he acted on a tip he received on an oil and gas developer that was rapidly getting into real estate and the entertainment business. Philip liked oil and gas, and begged his people to bear with him, double up on this one, and recoup. He started buying it heavily between 19 and 22, and a client who was a talent agent on the West Coast called him. "I forgive you for the aerospace stock," the agent

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said. "What the hell, you're not infallible, although you might have gotten out sooner. And you know I like entertainment stocks, so thanks for thinking about me. But *this* one you just bought, forget it. They're producing the worst crud ever cranked out here; they've got to go broke."

"Entertainment business?" screamed Philip, not knowing about *that* division. "They're not in the entertainment business. They're in gas and oil. What are you talking about?"

"Look, Phil, baby," said the agent (they still speak that way out in Southern California), "I'm telling you they're in movies up to here, and you'd better sell my stock and send me a check."

Large Philip had gotten *so* large and desperate to make a comeback that he just took tips without checking them and cranked the money into stocks without the slightest clue about what the companies really did. The oil, gas, and entertainment stock was suspended from trading by the SEC, and that meant that all Large Philip's clients could start chanting the prayers for the dead.

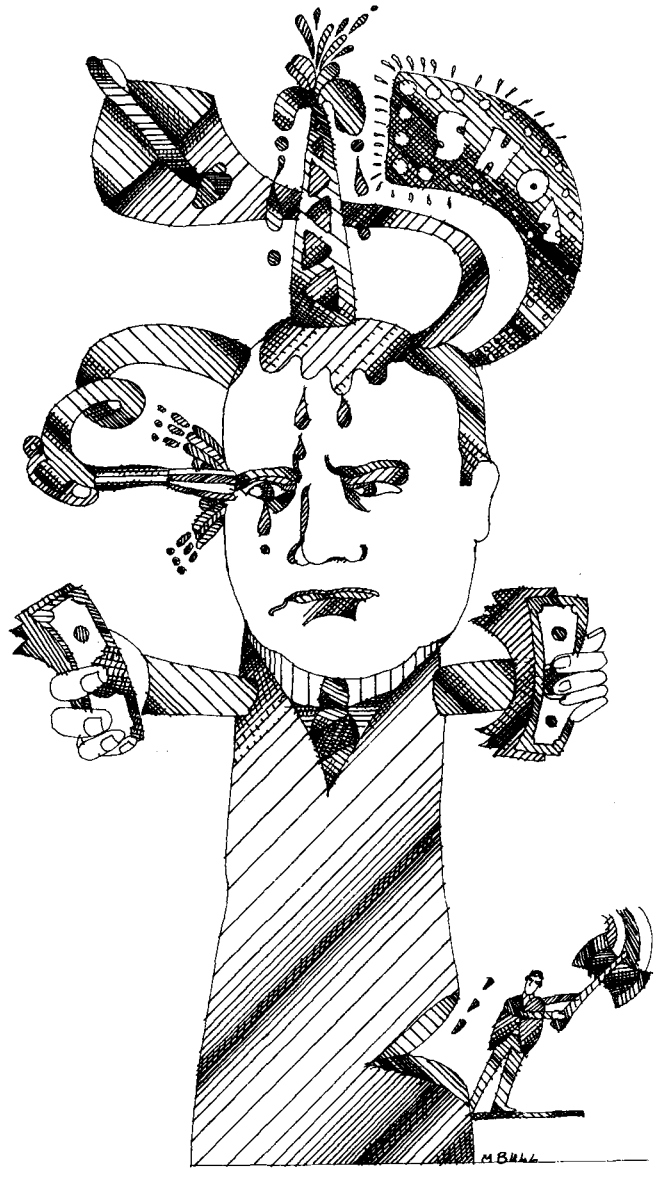
The pack turned on Large Philip, calling him every name in the book and backing up the names with lawsuits. Luckily for him, Large Philip is dumb, and immune to a certain extent, because he is back operating in a different city and feeling no compunction about calling old customers to solicit business.

Forced to say hello in the lobby at *1776,* Large Philip asked me how business was. I gave him the standard stockbroker answer of the year: "It's been an unbelievable last twenty-four months, hasn't it?"—which tells him nothing.

He slapped me on the back. "Well, I don't know about you," he said, "but I had both sides of a cross of 15,000 Ford today. Separates the men from the boys."

I carefully cut what he said into thirds, divided it in half, and watched him swagger away. People in the lobby parted to let him pass, and shrank away as if the Red Death were walking among them. They had had enough oil and gas.

This disappearance of the Big Producer in our industry has been another characteristic of the current Wall Street revolution. We are losing our characters along with our character.



Taking Losses Like a Man

"You gotta spend money to make it," Willie Henshaw used to say. Willie Henshaw was in his middle twenties when I knew him, and making $60,000 a year as a registered representative. He was called, affectionately, See-You-Socially Willie Henshaw, because every time he finished making a sales call at night, in someone's home, he'd leave and say, "Good-bye, folks, see you socially." Willie was a bachelor and spent 25 percent more each year than he made. But he had expensive tastes: his suits were made by Dunhill, his ties by Meledandri, his shoes by Gucci. Willie's gimmick was romancing the institutions, where the big blocks were. "I'd trade a hundred retail customers, with their bitching and moaning about 'Where is my last Woolworth dividend check' for *one* institution. Why break your back for the nickel-and-dime stuff? More dough falls out of my pockets than half the brokers in your office make in a year with all their old ladies and their dumb businessmen who don't know their butt from first base."

Willie was arrogant, and despised the journeyman stockbroker who made his hard living from the general retail customer. He spent $50 a day on long-distance phone calls to institutions in Los Angeles, Detroit, and Chicago. And to company presidents in stocks he invested in. He'd think nothing of calling the chairman of the board of a company and telling him, "Look, I'm about to control the proxies on

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100,000 shares of your company. What do you say we have a lunch and talk turkey? You want to meet me in New York? Lutèce? Twenty-One? Or *I'll* come to *your* shop."

"Who is this again?" the chairman would say, not sure he had heard what he had heard.

"Last chance for lunch, or you hear from me in a different way!"

"Why don't you drop out to my office. Say, Thursday?"

Then Willie would see the company, drop names and $200 or $300 in presents for the chairman's secretary, brandy for the chairman, dinner, and his own plane tickets. He'd come back to his office, pick up a phone, and call eight or nine mutual funds. "Just had dinner with Chairman X of XYZ in Houston" (or Miami, or Louisville). "Here's what you can expect in the next year. Buy the story, and you owe me $500 net a month for twelve months. More stories will cost you so much a month, and exclusives, with no other fund knowing, will cost more." Two or three institutions were regular buyers of Willie's services.

The few retail accounts Willie handled were all on a discretionary basis; Big Producers cannot afford the time it takes to call clients on the phone and explain reasons for buying a particular stock. But every one of his retail customers received a gift subscription to *Barron's* for Christmas. Mutual fund people he talked to received poinsettia plants that would make Good King Wenceslas blush with envy. But nothing to Willie Henshaw was measured in beauty, or size, or shape—only in terms of cost. He would go to any lengths to accumulate and spend more money than anyone he knew. And if he couldn't accumulate, it would be enough that everyone he saw *thought* he had accumulated.

Despite the gift subscriptions to *Barron's*, the more business Willie did with institutions the more he alienated his retail customers. Gradually they all pulled their accounts and moved to other brokerage firms.

"It's enough to *think* someone is an idiot, Willie," I told him. "But it's something else to let them know what you think. Especially when those people are richer than you, and in a position to do you damage someday."

"Why should I be a hypocrite?" Willie said. "They're not rich because they're smart; they're rich because they married it, or inherited it." He smoothed his hair down, and flipped a piece of lint from the flared bottom of a pant leg. "Who needs that aggravation? I can get more action with a block from a fund than twenty retail clients could generate. And without all the heartache they give you over a lousy thousand-buck loss on a sour trade. Nobody knows how to take losses like a man."

So Willie Henshaw concentrated on two institutions and was banging away, $3000 to $5000 gross a week in 1968 and into the first half of '69. Then portfolio managers switched in one fund, and Willie was down to one account.

"You've got to spend money to make money," Willie stubbornly insisted, and tried to lunch with the chief honchos of his last account twice a week. But the romance had left the restaurants along with the patrons; the gossip of the Street, at bars and over clams casino, was replaced by the horror stories of cutbacks and the brown paper bags. No one wanted to play Willie's game anymore, and when he'd go to the Regency to escape, he'd breakfast alone.

His mutual-fund account was loaded with New Issues that had gone bad and over-the-counter junk they could not unload. They still liked Willie and wanted to give him business, but there was no business to give. "Anything we give out has got to be reciprocity," they told him. "We have to reward people who sell our funds."

"Do you think I'm going to peddle mutual funds? You've got to be out of your mind," Willie told them. Like the Ant and the Grasshopper, Willie Henshaw had not planned for winter, and he could not knock on the doors of the people he had called fools.

"They're still fools," Willie told me one day when I saw him recently. He was advertising for a roommate to share the expenses of his apartment, and trading his own account in commodity futures. "They'll always be fools, and not my kind of people. When Willie goes down," he mimicked a French accent, "he goes down in flames."

"Rat-a-tat tat. Rat-a-tat tat . . ."

Crashhhhh . . .

Now Rinse

Nothing has changed in a year's time. Neuroses and indifference characterize this market where everyone seems to have time on his hands. Over a year ago President Nixon said, "If I had any money I'd be buying stocks right now." Recently he said, "I wouldn't be selling my investment in the American economy."

But in the first half of 1971, the value of securities *stolen* in this country has been close to $500 million, and consumer debt is more than $125 *billion.* A lot of talk won't make the monsters go away.

I went to the dentist last week, a periodontal surgeon, who told me: "You know, it's an interesting thing. People are putting off reconstruction in their mouths because of the price of gold."

"That so?" I mumbled, my mouth full of cotton wadding.

"And my most difficult patients for a long time now have been engineers, real estate people, and stockbrokers. They've been clenching their teeth unconsciously, grinding them down. The bone structure around the teeth is being lost."

"Hear any good tips lately, Doc?" I mumbled.

"You better rinse," he said. "That bone structure doesn't look good at all." □

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LIFE & LETTERS

GATHERING AT BUNNYMEDE

by Richard Todd

Prudently, Hugh M. Hefner put no date on the cover of the first issue of *Playboy,* which appeared in December, 1953. Thus he'd be able to leave the magazines on the newsstand until they sold out, which would yield enough money to print the second issue. Marilyn Monroe was the magazine's first naked "sweetheart"—the term "Playmate" began shortly—an item of calendar art to which Hefner had bought rights for $200. Whether because of the photograph or not, the magazine quickly vanished from the stands, and the January, 1954, issue appeared on schedule. On November 3, 1971, Playboy Enterprises made a public offering of some one million shares of stock. Hefner's holdings, about 7 million shares, were worth $164,921,190.50.

If the succession of Playmates in the intervening eighteen years could be transformed into a single girl, she would weigh eleven and one half tons and have a bust of 7242 inches. This concept doesn't come from my imagination but from that of A. C. Spectorsky, the associate publisher and editorial director of *Playboy.* Spectorsky is a lean, elegant man given to double-breasted suits, who speaks with a dry voice and pronounces his name "Acey," though he is known as "Spec" to his friends. When he spoke of the big Playmate, he was welcoming guests to the Playboy International Writers' Convocation, which was held at the Playboy Towers Hotel (adjoining the Playboy Building) in Chicago last October.

About sixty writers, all *Playboy* contributors, attended the Convocation, a highly various group of talents. Sean O'Faolain, Alberto Moravia, John Cheever were there; so were Donn Pearce, a former safecracker who wrote *Cool Hand Luke,* and John Kenneth Galbraith and Arthur Schlesinger; many political writers: Tom Wicker, Garry Wills, Murray Kempton, Jack Newfield, and Art Buchwald; William Masters, the sex researcher, and Ken Purdy, the sports-car writer; and Herbert Gold, James Dickey, V. S. Pritchett, and Richard Hooker, who is actually Richard Hornberger, M.D., author of *M*A*S*H.* The whole list would begin to take on the sound of the opening pages of Chapter 4 of *The Great Gatsby,* "From East Egg, then, came the Chester Beckers and the Leeches . . ." From New York came Bruce Jay Friedman and the Gay Taleses; Studs Terkel and Roman Polanski and the Calvin Trillins were there . . . All these people came to Hefner's house in the fall.

The purpose of the Convocation was vague ("get to know each other better . . . explore ways in which we believe all of us might work even better and more fruitfully together") and in some way unopen to questioning. It was lavish, decorous, and a success. It cost, perhaps, $200,000; a guess—*Playboy* didn't say, no more than a father would say what his daughter's coming out cost, a comparison that somehow seemed apt. Something between a debutante party and a sales conference ("We are here," Nicholas von Hoffman said, "as employees") begins to describe the feeling of the event. In any case, guests were flown in first class and given Playboy Club keys and unlimited room service; a party at the Mansion and a weekend at the Playboy Hotel at Lake Geneva were offered at the end of the Convocation; caviar-stuffed crêpes were followed by rack of lamb; at lunch, abundant turkeys and hams were rolled in on carts and out again; the Writers' Lounge, a haven of white leather couches, was established, where the bar was open until 4 A.M., where the only gin one saw was Beefeater, Heineken's the only beer.

At the Writers' Lounge, before the opening evening's party at Spectorsky's house, Michael Arlen, who stands with his feet together in a military way and occasionally springs to his toes, said, "Proust is coming, but he won't be here until later. We'll be whipped at Spec's house. Oriental ladies will walk on our spines."

Spectorsky, with his wife, Theo, the Playboy personnel director, lives in a duplex apartment across Michigan Avenue from the Playboy Building. Spectorsky's wife attended the party, and so did some of the other Playboy wives, and some of the writers brought their wives, but the rudimentary joke of the Convocation became clear: there are no Bunnies; Playboy has only elegance and art on its mind, whatever the writers have on theirs. A band of flautists wandered across the Spectorskys' white carpet and at one moment sang all the words to "Winter Is Icummen In." Looking around

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the room, Tom Wicker said in his soft voice, "You know Ah really did think there'd be some tushy-pinching."

Day brought panel discussions: on "Beyond Journalism," on "Paranoia: The New Urban Life Style," on "The Future of Sex," on "Politics '72." *Newsweek* in its coverage of the International Writers' Convocation said that the panels resembled in their effect a "Nembutal factory." Unfair. The panels were faithfully attended. Things of interest were said. There is no possible way to put a shape on them, but I will happily share some of my notes: William Masters is accused of introducing a world of men ridden with "multiple-orgasm envy" . . . Nicholas Johnson says Nixon's China trip is conceived "wholly to produce a television show" . . . Garry Wills says that "new journalism" is pale old journalism: "There has never been a better journalist than Dr. Johnson" . . . Arthur Schlesinger remarks that Nixon has a great advantage: "He has no principles."

There was, for some tastes, all too much seriousness. At Thursday night's banquet, Arthur C. Clarke (science fictionist, creator of the film *2001*) celebrated space exploration: weather satellites . . . earth-resources satellites . . . reconnaissance satellites. Clarke stood erect at the podium in a powder-blue suit. He described a world in which offices will be obsolete: "The slogan will be 'Don't commute, communicate!' "

John Cheever, at his table, nodded elaborately in approval of this idea. He crafted a piece of paper into a small airplane and sailed it across the table.

At one moment, Calvin Trillin said reflectively, "This is one of those events which, if you understand it, might lead you to an understanding of a great deal. It reminds me of the time I discovered that the best prospects for the Kiplinger report were people who had recently sent away for a product called Clipeeze, a nasal-hair trimmer. I thought about that for quite a while."

Much the same might be said of the magazine that made the occasion possible. Before the end of the Convocation, writers and editors met to "critique" the magazine, though Nicholas von Hoffman said: "How can anybody critique this magazine when nobody reads it? I couldn't read my own piece. I read the first page and then—boob alley!—I was lost in the boobs."

There is a way to talk about *Playboy*, when it comes time to talk seriously about the magazine. You praise its good interviews, good fiction, serious articles. And as for the sex, well, *Playboy* is really rather puritan in its attitudes. This last case has been put most forcefully by Harvey Cox in *The Secular City*. (The magazine has since forgiven Cox, who has written for *Playboy* and was invited to the Convocation.) Cox suggests that *Playboy* offers sex as only an accessory to the good life, "reducing the proportions of sexuality, its power and its passion, to a packageable consumption item. . . ." It is "anti-sexual."

This argument has a certain appeal. It allows the critic, for one thing, to sound more appetitive than *Playboy*. But I am inclined to think that *Playboy's* interest in sex is sincere, though I agree that other things are going on.

One barrier to sexual pleasure is the conventional codes of behavior that *Playboy* has warred against tirelessly, and (you would have to guess) with effect. Another is the tenacity of social class. It was the magazine's genius to elide two yearnings that magazines had before served separately, lust and social aspiration, an urgent combination. In *Playboy's* world there are two classes, an under class of would-be Playboys, and the upper class, Playboys. Study of *Playboy* assures ascendance. The magazine has advised readers from the start: in the fifties you learned that your basic wardrobe should include seven to ten shirts, "assuming you wear a clean shirt every day, a practice we recommend." This fall, readers learned that for outdoors "leather is still king," but the horizon has expanded immensely: pictures of desert pleasure domes now give better-off Playboys something unreachable to pine for. The monthly feature asks: "What sort of Man reads *Playboy?*" and shows what kind of man—young, trendily dressed. He is pictured next to cars or yachts, usually fixed in the gaze of a beautiful girl. There are figures about his income (half of all men under thirty-five earning over $15,000 a year read *Playboy)* drawn from the Simmons reports, a marketing research service. Simmons provides more information than is published.

(Advertisement)

Devious Free Offer

You may have noticed—we hope you could not help noticing—the full-page advertisements we have been running for Atlantic-Little, Brown books in recent issues of this magazine. In case you didn't, let us refresh your memory: there was an ad for Peter Ustinov's **KRUMNAGEL** in the October issue, followed by Oscar and Mary Handlin's **FACING LIFE** in November. Harold Wilson's **A PERSONAL RECORD** was advertised in December, and in this issue you will find an ad for **THE CITIZEN KANE BOOK** by Pauline Kael, Orson Welles, and Herman J. Mankiewicz.

Since this is traditionally the time of year for stock-taking and good resolutions, we have decided to see whether anyone noticed our efforts. We know what *our* idea was when we decided to run these ads. What we don't know is whether the idea worked. So we would like to know what *your* reaction is. We would like you to take a moment to compare our ads with other advertising, both for books and for goods and services, and drop us a note telling candidly what you think of them.

Since this is also traditionally the season for giving, we will send a copy of any one of the books mentioned above to the writers of the first fifty letters we receive. Please be sure to specify which book we should send.

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Drawing your own profile of the *Playboy* reader, you might discover a homebody. Only 6.3 percent of *Playboy* readers had three or more gin drinks last week, 17.7 percent a glass of wine within the last month. They bought fewer shirts than did readers of *Psychology Today.* Sixty-four percent of them are married. They served more beer in their homes than did readers of some fifty other magazines.

Hard to say what kind of man reads *Playboy:* 6,400,000 men read it. The magazine's attractions depend on the disparity between the life it describes and the one its readers occupy—an empty barracks, an empty marriage are the ideal spots to read it—but it can leave no one wholly unaffected, since the life it imagines no one lives.

Looking back at early issues of *Playboy,* one is struck less by the changes in the magazine than by the remarkable wholeness with which Hefner's idea emerged. It is true that the first issue had a somewhat messy layout and that it was forty-two pages long. True, too, that for a time the magazine reprinted material from the library (Ambrose Bierce, Sherlock Holmes stories) and that today there are relatively few writers who would not gladly appear there. But much was just as readers today know it—the Playmate, of course, but also the "party jokes," the ribald (then "bawdy") classic, the feature story which is compounded of nude photographs and a text that looks the other way, the how-to-live-in-style articles, and the cartoons.

The remarkable thing, though, is the endurance of a certain voice (presumably Hefner's: at the start he produced the magazine almost single-handedly). In the Marilyn Monroe caption, we hear, "There's no denying the young lady is very well stacked . . . yet her curves really aren't *that* spectacular . . . we've known girls in our roguish wanderings. . ." The point of the paragraph, an important one in *Playboy* terms, is that Marilyn Monroe represents "natural sex." This voice, in an ecstasy of suavity, persists through all change. Not losing its assurance, it can make room even for the moral criticism that is usually directed at the magazine—that is, the objectification of women. A feature consisting of photographs from recent sexually explicit films contains this caption about *Carnal Knowledge:*

> Protagonists Arthur Garfunkel and Jack Nicholson see women as objects, not people—with crippling results. Both bed, but Garfunkel weds, Candice Bergen (top left); in the scene at top right, the condom makes its screen debut. Ann-Margret (above) finally wrings a ring from Nicholson, but that relationship soon shatters, and at the end he's impotent except with Rita Moreno, who, in an elaborate ritual, performs fellatio for money, not for love (below).

The voice labors under the burden of falseness, but prevails: creates a world of the imagination compounded of sex and upward mobility. But the tension one can feel in the pages of *Playboy* at the moment also derives from that easeful knowing voice full of "roguish wanderings." Everywhere—as articles about Vietnam abut pieces on brandy—*Playboy* searches for a reconciliation between its fresh interest in reality and the fantasy that has made it so successful. Or so it seemed to me, and I think to others in Chicago; but, as I guess goes without saying, these issues were hard to discuss at the Convocation.

Talking with Murray Fisher, the assistant managing editor, late on the afternoon of the editors-writers workshop, I asked him where the magazine is going. "Why not ask that man right there," he said, and gestured to Hugh Hefner, who was walking by with Herbert Gold. "Well, big breasts are part of human sexuality," Hefner was saying. "Now we are running a *few* smaller breasts—a couple of months ago we ran a girl who was little more than a boy—but throughout history breasts have been major erotic symbols. And the publisher happens to like them." Hefner smiled and jutted his jaw and said a barely audible, "Mm-hm," as if some part of his mind not previously engaged had heard what he said and approved.

A group of writers formed; Hefner sat down in their midst and took questions and suggestions.

In a mild voice, Gay Talese asked how the decision to include pubic hair in the magazine had come about. Hefner said that the time had seemed right.

Alan Watts suggested to Hefner that he hold a worldwide religious encounter group: "As Lucifer, bringer of light, you should invite the Pope, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Dalai Lama to Chicago. They couldn't refuse you." Hefner smiled benignly and said that he'd always thought of himself as a humanist, not a Satanist.

A bead of sweat appeared on George Axelrod's temple as he began to criticize the magazine's cartoons. "Now the granny with the dangling breasts . . . that's—and I use the word advisedly, and of course we're talking about taste and there's no disputing it—offensive; now, only offensive in the sense that for me it makes sex *less* attractive."

Hefner said, "We get very good reader response to those."

There's a blank spot here in my memory; for a long moment I was staring at Hefner and not attending. (A fragment comes back: "I'm a very sentimental person . . . perhaps the magazine is too sentimental, too.") His face is deeper, more dimensional than the cross-eyed official photograph suggests. Impossible not to wonder about him. What does he know, what does he long for?

Now with $164 million in his pockets and tiny stars on the front of the magazine to show, it is said, how many times he has "bedded" the Playmate—does he still yearn for the sanctification of class, sweet class? Is something more complex going on? Surely he knows he is a figure of fun; do the anxious strivers whose patron he is seem comic to him? Imagine the turns a mind could take in his singular spot, living out a parody of success, a life of the fullest absurdity. Tempting to suspect him of sweeping, undisclosed ironical gifts . . . but I think we won't know today.

Hefner was now talking of the beginnings of the magazine, and he recalled the first slim budget, his modest expectations—never thought it would go over a million in circulation—and the way things somehow come together. He couldn't recall what inspired the rabbit, which was there in the first issue and turned into one of the most recognizable trademarks in the world. "I'll tell you something interesting, though," he said, shifting his voice to a note that suggested intimacy but implied also that it was time to go. "I suppose the Freudians could make something out of this. When I was a little boy I had a blanket, a sort of security thing, and I called it my bunny blanket."

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RHYTHMICAL GRUMBLINGS

by Frank Kermode

THE WASTE LAND:
A Facsimile and Transcript of the Original Drafts Including the Annotations of Ezra Pound
Introduction by Valerie Eliot
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $22.50

T. S. ELIOT: A Memoir
by Robert Sencourt
Dodd, Mead, $8.95

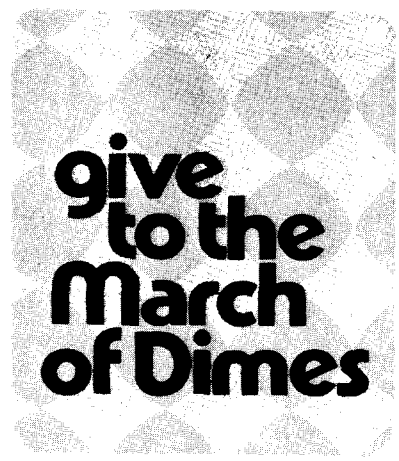
Late in 1922 T. S. Eliot, properly grateful to the New York lawyer John Quinn for many favors, sent him the manuscript of *The Waste Land* for his collection. Quinn died in 1924, and for many years after that the manuscript, not mentioned in his will, was supposed lost—Eliot himself was under that impression. But, in fact, it had passed to Quinn's daughter, and then to her daughter, who discovered it when moving house in the early 1950s. In 1958 this lady sold it, for $18,000, to the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library. The acquisition was kept secret till 1968, when the Library issued a statement to coincide with the publication of B. L. Reid's *The Man from New York: John Quinn and his Friends*, a work in which the extent of Quinn's literary activities was at last revealed, and which printed his correspondence with Eliot.

A preliminary report on the manuscript appeared in Donald Gallup's article "The 'Lost' Manuscripts of T. S. Eliot" in the *Times Literary Supplement* of November 7, 1968, and a more extensive analysis by Mr. Gallup was published in the January, 1970, *Atlantic*. Now we have a complete facsimile, with Mrs. Valerie Eliot's transcript and notes; it is a production worthy of its occasion—the publication of the most important manuscript in the history of modern poetry in English. Mrs. Eliot has not managed to elucidate everything—it would be unreasonable to expect it; and there are a few corrigenda—a word has been dropped on page xxx of her Introduction, and on pages 33 and 107 line numbers have inadvertently been omitted. But the book is both beautiful and absorbing.

We have known for many years—at any rate since D. D. Paige's *The Letters of Ezra Pound* (1950)—that *The Waste Land* in its present form represents only a part of the original text, and that Pound had a great deal to do with cutting it and giving it the shape we are familiar with. We knew, too, that it was Pound who decided that "Gerontion" should not be used as a prologue to a work which, he said, was already, in the 433-line version, the longest poem in the language. But virtually the only scrap of detail about what had been lost was the line "The ivory men make company between us," which Eliot, from memory, wrote into the manuscript version he copied out for a London Library charity sale in 1960. The exact nature of the efforts which earned Pound the dedication, in which he is called "the better craftsman" *("il miglior fabbro")* was not much understood.

It was known that Eliot worked on the poem during a period of leave from his city bank over the late fall and early winter of 1921-22, when he spent some time at Margate, a seaside resort near London, and then at a clinic in Lausanne and later in Chardonne. During this time he wrote and assembled the poem (stories of parts of it having existed long before are not without truth, but are certainly exaggerated in importance). In January, 1922, on his way home, he took the manuscript to Pound in Paris, and there, and in some later correspondence, the final version was worked out. It was first published in Eliot's own journal the *Criterion*, and in the *Dial* (which awarded him a prize of $2000) in October, 1922. The first edition, including the notes which Eliot himself said he wrote to swell the skimpy tale, appeared at the end of 1922. By November of that year he could write that the poem was "a thing of the past."

The history of this poem, therefore, extends over little more than one year, from the first tentative scribbles of Margate to the definitive text. But it is a story of great complexity. Eliot's personal life was at this time



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particularly anguished; the demands of a tragic marriage and a full-time job, together with a great deal of journalism, had brought him to a breakdown, and of course also denied him the "continuous time" necessary for what in 1921 he called "the poem I have in mind." By May, 1921, he could say that it was "partly on paper"; but his personal situation grew more desperate, Pound's schemes to provide him with an income failed, and it was finally the bank which, by offering him three months' paid leave, enabled him to get away from work and marriage, and to arrange for the man who suffered to convert himself into the artist who created.

Eliot in a famous paragraph said that these two persons should be kept separate from one another, and the thousand or so lines of the original manuscript afford little material for biography. The homosexual interpretation of *The Waste Land,* which is now quite fashionable, gains no new support, and indeed seems even more gratuitous. Another view of the work, often strongly expressed, that *The Waste Land* is merely a sequence of distinct poems which we have somehow been induced to regard as a unified structure, will, I suppose, survive the clear indications that Eliot, at any rate, thought of it as one poem, with a shape which he himself could discover only by rigorous experiment. It is true that poetry written on this plan requires of the reader that he ask no impertinent questions as to its provenance and that he make, as a prior act of submission, the assumption that all necessary evidence as to its coherence within one center of consciousness (let us, if we're careful, call this the "Tiresias") is within the poem. Eliot's own "Notes" have notoriously done much to prevent people from reading the poem in this way; all those scholarly clues invite a quite different treatment, and Eliot's own slightly contemptuous allusions to them have done nothing to abate the practice. Yet Pound *did* read it in that way; no doubt Eliot told him about Jessie Weston, Frazer, and so forth, but there is nothing whatever in his annotations to suggest that he cut or changed lines by considering them in relation to such topics as the Chapel Perilous or the Hanged God. He cared only about the verse and, it must be stressed, the *voice* of Eliot. This voice he cultivated, and it is hardly too much to say that what we recognized as unmistakably the tones of a great poet owe a good deal of their peculiar quality to Pound's practical advice. His marginalia are not very interesting, and sometimes cannot any longer be understood, even by himself; he did his work with penciled slashes and queries; but that he succeeded uniquely is hardly to be disputed, and the view which one occasionally hears—that the original manuscript is more interesting than the cut version—is scarcely intelligible to anybody who really knows Eliot's poem.

There is, admittedly, a difficulty here. The 433 lines of *The Waste Land* are so engraved on the minds of everybody who reads poetry that they have acquired a unique authority; they look and sound right against any variant, which is bound to seem something of an impostor. Thus, when we see that Pound struck out "Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!" and questioned "forgetful snow" and "I could not/Speak" in "The Burial of the Dead," we wonder what he was at, and think how right Eliot was to resist him; so too with his unintelligible objection to what now seems to us part of the essential Eliot—"To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the time, /With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine." On the other hand,

> Unreal City, I have sometimes seen and see
> Under the brown fog of your winter dawn

seems to need exactly the changes Pound made: "Unreal City/Under the brown fog of a winter dawn . . ." In some measure, that is, we are simply treating the text we know as the norm. The same is indeed true of Vivien Eliot's successful proposals, notably a line in the pub scene of "A Game of Chess" ("If you don't like it you can get on with it . . ."). Nevertheless, I am certain that, even making all allowances for these effects of familiarity, it is right to speak of Pound as having made positive and beneficial changes in this poem. His motives are, as I say, simple. He sensed the real poem hiding inside these thousand lines, and whatever his reasons may have been for any particular cut or change, he got it out, simply by removing the inferior verse of the manuscript.

This fidelity to the poem, and to the voice of Eliot, can be demonstrated in one small but decisive instance. In "The Fire Sermon" (in general the section which displays what Mrs. Eliot calls his "maieutic skill" most triumphantly), Eliot had a short section invoking London, and including these lines:

> London, the swarming life you kill and breed
> Huddles between the concrete and the sky,
>
> Responsive to the momentary need,
> Vibrates unconscious to its formal destiny.
>
> Knowing neither how to think nor how to feel,
> But lives in the awareness of the observing eye . . .

Pound, without giving his reasons, struck all this out; and a kind of inertness in the diction might be enough to justify him. But one can add that we have already had the Dantesque city scene of the first section, and the whole of "A Game of Chess"; we do not want the direct and unequivocal speech about the automatic lives of the urban limbo, and above all we do not want to know about a single point of view, an aware "observing eye" fixed on the streets. Blind Tiresias "foresuffered all" in his body. The mode of the poem is not visual, and the sense of "The Fire Sermon"—the burning, plucking, suffering, the rattle of the rat's foot, the cold blast, Mr. Eugenides and his demotic French ("demotic" is Pound's)—is surely alien to this diagnostic, uninvolved onlooker's comments. So with the wholly unsuccessful parodic allusion to "The Rape of the Lock" with which Eliot originally opened "The Fire Sermon"; mock-mock-heroic might be all right theoretically, given Eliot's Joycean intention, but Pound quite rightly drew his pen through the whole thing, seventy-two lines of it, telling Eliot he would have had to be as good a poet as Pope to bring it off, and adding that he wasn't. At line 73 he came upon "A rat crept softly through the vegetation," which, with the following fifteen lines, are exactly as they remained in the final version. These he simply marked "O.K." and "STET." Another of his permissive signals is "ECHT," which means simply that he recognized the true Eliot when he heard him. At some point,

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perhaps in Paris with Pound, Eliot replaced the whole Popean section with the lines beginning "The river's tent is broken," a first draft of which is written on the back of the Popean typescript.

Pound used his ear; he pounced on anything that sounded too "penty" (having too regular a pentameter rhythm), and this helped "modernize" a poem whose basic line in fact remains the iambic pentameter in a somewhat Jacobean form. He scratched out what sounded "Georgian," and also rooted out the earlier tones of Eliot, of "Prufrock" and "The Portrait of a Lady." His most remarkable job was done on the passage about the typist's seduction in "The Fire Sermon." This was originally written in regular quatrains, some of which survive like fossils. The gains here are unarguably great, for in getting rid of what was "too easy" or "not interesting enough as verse," Pound also eliminated (as incidentally he did by annihilating the mock-Popean section) a kind of feeble coarseness which Eliot quite often lapsed into, and which the theme of sexual disgust in the poem made it hard for him to avoid. Pound could distinguish between the "echt" of "Highbury bore me" and the "too easy" of "the good old artful hearty female stench."

This is hardly enough to give more than a notion of the vast interest of this book. When you open it and find that "April is the cruellest month" is line 55 and that the preceding lines deal with a dirty night on the town, very Joycean, and that the brief fourth section now consists of the last few lines of a long nautical poem, you see how the entire conception of the work had to be achieved in the writing of it. It was the last section, "What the Thunder Said," that from the beginning found the form it has in the final version; and it is clear that Eliot thought of its composition as a peculiarly significant experience, the achievement, through some kind of self-purgation, of true creative authority. With that behind him he could afford to be ruthless about some of the other material; and of the many poems which are in the manuscript as possible elements of *The Waste Land* he took only a few lines here and there, leaving the rest to what he imagined would be oblivion.

Pound had nothing to say about the conclusion; it was "echt." And quite beautifully he dealt with the poem as a poem, valuing it and the man who made it in the most practical way, without confounding them; this charity was vital to the success of both. *The Waste Land* is, as many knew from the beginning, a great modern poem, immune to the wrong kinds of exegesis. Some thought it profoundly right about the state of the world, and very gloomy; others, whom the poet would reject even more strongly, take it to be a very personal document. Eliot himself, in a lecture quoted by his widow, called it "just a piece of rhythmical grumbling," which I suppose could be said of Coleridge's "Dejection Ode" with at least equal force, and perhaps of "The Prelude" too. The truth is that it is many things, among others the product of a distinguished mind under exquisite pressures. Mrs. Eliot herself, though enjoined by her husband not to countenance an autobiography, uses her Introduction not only to pay tribute to Quinn but to explain something of the mental condition of the poet in the years leading up to *The Waste Land.*

It is not to be expected that perpetual reticence on these details can be maintained. The late Robert Sencourt's memoir may be of some service to the biographer when he is appointed. It adds something, how much one can't say; some of it confirmatory of what has up to now been merely talk, about the character and illness of the first Mrs. Eliot and the excruciating conditions of the marriage.

Sencourt knew Eliot well for many years; his book, however, is disagreeable. He knew the poet best when he was most deeply associated with upper-class Anglo-Catholicism, regards his whole earlier career as a preparation for this condition of social and theological bliss, transfers his own snobbery to his subject, and seems to understand the poems so little that his pious assertions about them have no force. Sometimes the refusal of Mrs. Eliot to condone his enterprise might explain mistakes, though not the confident assertion that the poet knew *Huckleberry Finn* as a child; we have his own testimony that he first read it late in life. What, in the circumstances, are we to make of Sencourt's Irish nurse, who interested "Tom" in Catholicism and gave his life its true course? Deviations from this course, such as Eliot's interest in Joyce, are hard for Sencourt to explain. "What was it that induced Tom, with all his correctness, to champion such a book [Ulysses]?" Well, he *had* this aberrant interest in "vulgarity," hence Sweeney, Gus Krutzch, and so on. So muddled is Sencourt on this sort of issue that he tells some appalling stories about Eliot—who was, like most of us, capable of being offensive as well as correct—as if they somehow illustrated his upper-class English sanctity. These and other reports will have to be considered by a much more intelligent biographer. He will also have to consider Eliot's strange behavior at the time of his separation from Vivien, and later when leaving John Hayward, his companion of twelve years; in neither case, according to Sencourt, did he make any preliminary announcement of his intention, though in the case of Hayward, at least, the facts are almost certainly otherwise. As to the separation, Sencourt hints that Eliot acted as he did (arranging, while at Harvard, and expected back, to have a lawyer fix the whole thing in London) under spiritual advice. What is clear is that now that so much of the story of the marriage, and other matters, is public, a great deal more will have to be told if the existing caricatures of gossip and hearsay are not simply to be replaced by more.

There is a real danger that writers as insensitive and as *parti pris* as Sencourt will make oversimple connections between the biography and the poems. For him *The Waste Land* "is the poem of a man working his way through a nervous breakdown." Noting (incorrectly, of course) that Eliot accepted "all" Pound's proposed alterations "without much demur," Sencourt has the nerve to disagree with Eliot's view that the changes strengthened the poem: "Whether Pound's judgment was competent," says this critical incompetent, "I would strongly question." Thus impudence is added to spiritual snobbery, and the gross reduction of work to life goes on. Sencourt makes the old point that Arthur Waugh condemned *The Waste Land* as "the ravings of a drunken helot," and calls this "the established academic criticism of the time," though Waugh was not an academic and

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much more like Sencourt than, say, Richard Ellmann; academic critics have many faults, but on the whole this kind of silly inaccuracy is not one of them; and they played their part, as Sencourt could not, in ensuring an intelligent reception for Eliot's work. This is a book which will finally be a minor and untrustworthy source for an Ellmann.

Meanwhile we have the superb *Waste Land* manuscript to instruct us in accuracy. I hope it may be possible to produce it less expensively and make it available to serious students of modern poetry.

HOGARTH: THE JOHN BULL OF ART

by Louis Kronenberger

HOGARTH: His Life, Art and Times
by Ronald Paulson
Yale University Press, $40.00.

William Hogarth, regardless of his precise standing at any particular period, has ever since his prime been a very famous figure in the world of art. And for something like a generation or more, he has not surprisingly been a constant and often a book-length subject for comment, criticism, and biography. With Mr. Paulson's book we have what must almost certainly be the lengthiest work ever devoted to Hogarth, its two large volumes running to 1100 pages and close to half a million words. Mr. Paulson, professor of English at Johns Hopkins, has gone to lengths—in new factual material, in information and explanation, and in byways of English eighteenth-century art—that no previous biographer of Hogarth has attempted and that no future biographer can hope to materially augment. The book is also a striking example of what might be called the academic biography, a species—much practiced by a certain kind of scholar and professor—where the emphasis is on rough drafts, sources, influences, resemblances, the "significance" of various details, and the ancestry of certain effects. On such terms, the tribute that a professor paid to another of Mr. Paulson's books—that it is unequaled "in the comprehensiveness of its investigation"—can certainly be repeated about his *Hogarth.* This applies, first, to Professor Paulson's immense accumulation—partly through rate books, burial registers, bank records, and the like—of facts about Hogarth and his career; and, again, to the history and genealogy of Hogarth's paintings, drawings, and prints.

As a huge academic biography, the book bears all the marks of its kind. Even factually it abounds in conjectural statements preceded by may haves, might haves, probablys, presumablys, and doubtlesses; and it very often offers arid documentary minutiae, trivialities, and laundry lists. More damaging, because more important, is a shortage of provocative and trenchant observations and criticisms (whether Mr. Paulson's or other people's) of Hogarth's individual works, and a lack of rounded appraisal of Hogarth's total achievement.

That as a layman I happen not to agree with some of Mr. Paulson's interpretations is in no way my reason for complaint; but that Mr. Paulson has pretty much ignored interesting and valuable commentators on Hogarth is my decided complaint. Mr. Paulson treats Hogarth's art largely in terms of eighteenth-century aesthetics, historical relationships, and descriptive analysis; to Hogarth's art as a thing in itself, and the only thing that in the end really matters, he pays, relatively, little attention. Where in one of the book's twelve appendixes he devotes three thousand words to Hogarth's undistinguished and beclouded ancestry, he grants two of Hogarth's very finest paintings, *The Shrimp Girl* and *Hogarth's Servants,* twelve lines each. And where in a kindred appendix Mr. Paulson offers many hundreds of words on the "genealogical inscriptions in the Hogarth Bible," he does nothing more than mention by name so extremely fine a portrait as Hogarth's of Elizabeth Salter. Mr. Paulson disposes of a group of well-known modern critics in a footnote, and ignores others like Sir Herbert Read; he makes one tiny reference to Hazlitt, none to Lamb or Baudelaire, and, astoundingly, assigns not one of his 500,000 words to the eighteenth century's great German physicist and aphorist, Georg Christoph Lichtenberg. Interestingly, the man whom Mr. Paulson calls "the only serious and sustained" critic of Hogarth's work, Frederick Antal, heaps great praise on Lichtenberg; much more to the point, Lichtenberg wrote, with a master eye for detail and a master hand for annotating it, a brilliant and witty book about Hogarth's engravings.

Mr. Paulson's book contains a good deal about Hogarth's "times"; but the persons and institutions, the social and cultural subjects that reveal and characterize the period, are set down, for the most part, in small separate units and as so much information. If we are to have an at all vivid sense of the era, surely we need something beyond facts and dates and dossiers; we need something that reclothes and reanimates the times, something that verbally blends with Hogarth's own great visual presentation, something atmospheric and alive. That Mr. Paulson is extremely well read and notably at home in the eighteenth century there can be no doubt; and there can be no doubt that his book will be of decided value to art historians and to close students of Hogarth and the eighteenth-century art world. These, indeed, must be among the people whom Mr. Paulson particularly—and rewardingly—writes for. His great labor, moreover, includes fitting out his biography with handsome and helpful illustrations. A great labor it must have been, for the book, whose footnotes alone run to 60,000 words, omits nothing that is factual and includes much that seems peripheral and somewhat foreign.

However much a masterwork of research, the book can't help raising questions about values. That any biographer with a judicious sense of values, not to speak of artistry, would—even in the name of "completeness"—include everything, however trivial, marginal, conjectural, is virtually unthinkable; knowing what to leave out is almost a first test of discrimination and skill. But here pages are employed where paragraphs seem excessive, and all too often one can't see the framework for the facts. And despite the thoroughness of Mr. Paulson's research, noth-

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ing new emerges that seems really important; and a good deal of information emerges that is really not information at all. Thus, Hogarth speaks of having, when young, been drawn to art by a "neighbouring Painter." Mr. Paulson admits that it is futile to try to identify the painter, who, he concedes, might have been a sign painter or a coach painter; but this does not stop him from going to work and dredging up the names—or at any rate the last names—of several unheard-of and totally meaningless candidates. Mr. Paulson also offers a somewhat worthier candidate, the only trouble being that there is no sign whatever of his having lived anywhere near Hogarth, not to speak of his having died when Hogarth was seven years old.

For most of us, the Hogarth who is important set an ample and munificent enough table to dispense with flavorless crumbs. England's first major painter, following such famous foreign ones as Holbein, Vandyke, Lely, and Kneller, Hogarth altered things very early by making the single sitter of his portrait-painting predecessors share the honors with groups ranging from families in the drawing room to mobs in the street. People, in any case, dominate eighteenth-century art, which is a social art. If Canaletto, another famous foreigner and Hogarth's coeval, did not portray people, he portrayed scenes and places where people went or were; and so, for his own very different reasons, Hogarth would continuously portray persons and groups, houses and streets, interiors and furnishings.

Born in 1697, an unsuccessful schoolmaster's son, Hogarth grew up in a coarse, bustling corner of London, to be early apprenticed to a silver-plate engraver. Wishing to do more than repeat the decorations and heraldic devices on tankards and salvers, he set up as a copper-plate engraver and went on to supply the book trade with illustrations and satiric pieces. He attended a drawing school which did not much interest him; another school, maintained by the famous painter Sir James Thornhill, whose daughter Hogarth would marry, proved more fruitful. But it was Hogarth's living eye rather than dead men's rules, it was the swirling London scene more than other men's canvases, that were his chief inspiration and guide; and though he had profited from studying other men's work, Callot's and Watteau's not least, now that he launched out as a painter, his marvelous memory feasted off his dramatic sense of London life. Indeed, it was the most dramatic scene in *The Beggar's Opera,* which Hogarth reproduced in several forms, that gave him his first substantial success. In these beginning years he did more than learn to paint better: though he did not invent, he established and kept flourishing, the conversation piece. Though a good many of his conversation pieces could be too stiltedly posed, a good many also showed skill, and Hogarth at times brought lightness of tone to offset the self-consciousness and self-importance of the sitters.

But Hogarth came to have his fill of conversation pieces: for someone who saw life as drama, as comedy, as raw, often brutal realism, the still-life look of families-on-display must have grown boring; the idea of *mere* display must have grown distasteful; even the fees, with adults "at so much a head and children at half price," were scant inducement. Hogarth turned now toward something quite different that would decidedly advance his career: *A Harlot's Progress.* Her progress was an afterthought: Hogarth had first done a sketch of "a common harlet . . . rising about noon out of bed." What finally emerged were the six famous scenes in which Moll Hackabout's steep descent—from her being kept in style to prostitution, prison, and death—portrays the wages of sin. Everything in these scenes is so telltale as to acclaim Hogarth's great gift of observation; yet, along with a dramatist's gift for effect and a novelist's for detail, *A Harlot's Progress* reveals a painter's powers of composition. Nor did the moralist stop with Moll and the wages of sin; Hogarth also drove home the wickedness of Moll's betters and the callousness and cruelty of society. The *Harlot* proved a huge success, though thanks less to the wages of sin than to the glimpses of it.

Of Hogarth's other two very famous narrative cycles, one falls short of the *Harlot,* the other greatly surpasses it. *A Rake's Progress,* though an all-too-facile decline and fall of a rich miser's son, does achieve, through its variety of milieus, great

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diversity of manners, and neat touches of satire. When, a decade later, Hogarth produced *Marriage à la Mode,* he was capable of treating far more sophisticated material with far greater mastery. Though the moralist still intrudes, the novelist is in securer possession and the artist in splendid command. The novelist, to be sure, tells a story more lurid than tragic, with at the end an adultery followed by a fatal duel, itself followed by a fatal dose of laudanum, along with a hanging and a crippled baby orphan—enough to blunt rather than point a moral, and botch rather than adorn a tale. But, plot aside, *Marriage à la Mode* is frequently elegant, sharply satiric, and brilliantly vivid. Whatever his dislike of foreign painters, Hogarth drew here on his knowledge of French ones; and there is a French bequest of grace and harmony in how well the scenes of *Marriage* absorb their complex detail. Yet the series, though it proved to be a great artistic success, was financially a failure.

By 1745, the year of *Marriage à la Mode,* Hogarth had done most of his best work as a portrait painter. Never much patronized by the aristocracy, he might have assented to Horace Walpole's comment that such vain and self-loving people did not go for their portraits to a satirist. Hogarth's finest subjects are almost all lower- and middle-class, as they are mostly realistic and individualized. As paintings, they certify a superb colorist and a noble designer, enough to raise Hogarth's "speaking likenesses" to a level where accuracy blends with artistry, and psychology and artistry embrace. One of the finest of the portraits, and Hogarth's largest, is the *Captain Coram*—the honest, bluff, solidly English merchant done in a heroic style. And *The Shrimp Girl,* which Whistler called the best portrait ever painted by an Englishman, is glowingly impressionistic, the girl's face immortally youthful, cockney, alive. But the picture's final effect, with its blurry brushstrokes and ravishing swimming colors, is a transcendent one of paint rather than portraiture.

We have touched on a novelistic Hogarth who calls to mind Defoe and Fielding, on a conversation-piece artist who points toward Devis and Zoffany, and, in terms of his art, on a masterly predecessor of Reynolds and Gainsborough: there remains the Hogarth who leads on toward Rowlandson and Daumier. Hogarth's comic, satiric, caricaturist side is what proclaims him most English and most robust in subject matter. After 1745 his career would be much less prolific, would produce failures in ambitious history painting and such topical didacticism as the contrast between the plump healthiness of *Beer Street* and the gaunt horrors of *Gin Lane.* What Hogarth's late period *would* do, as never before, was rouse the political satirist in him while he still employed his comic gifts.

On the earlier nonpolitical side there is *The Wedding Dance,* where, in a setting that implies stylishness and a situation that calls for grace, the stiff and awkward motions of the dancers make for a wonderful comic ensemble. Later and even finer is *The Cockpit,* an engraving of two fighting game birds surrounded by a mass of swinish and subhuman faces. The political satirist appears most prominently in the four *Election* scenes. The immense amount of incident and detail in these canvases—*The Election Entertainment, Canvassing for Votes, Polling,* and *Chairing the Member*—makes for a kind of panoramic humor. In *Chairing the Member,* the high-in-the-air, half-out-of-his-chair, half-out-of-his-wits successful candidate is a large center blob surrounded by everything from a mock-stately procession of waiters to a waddle of pigs. For somewhat personal reasons and not very good political ones, Hogarth in his last years did his mite toward persecuting John Wilkes: his memorable caricature-portrait of the rake turned quasi-radical is all devilish squint and diabolical leer. The *Wilkes* recalls, from earlier days, the even more telling portrait of the squat, sinister, greedily ambitious, last-man-to-be-beheaded-in-England, Jacobite Lord Lovat. In the vituperative memorabilia of the century these two portraits can claim rank with Pope's fierce onslaughts and Junius' denunciations.

That in his last years—he died in 1764 of an aneurysm—Hogarth was personally disgruntled and not very productive can be variously accounted for. His health was often poor, his work rather often attacked; he could become self-hurtfully pugnacious and ill-tempered. The immense success, moreover, of a much younger Joshua Reynolds may have influenced an irked Hogarth to abandon painting. Half a true independent genius, Hogarth was half someone with a chip on his shoulder, with a largely self-taught artist's defensive arrogance and a good deal of careerist ambition; and though he commanded homage and dominated an era, in a certain sense he never "belonged." And what in one way colored his career in a different way has colored his achievement. For the art critic, he has often proved an inconvenient figure, since, in assessing his art, it is impossible to sidestep his subject matter. The need to view Hogarth as novelist, dramatist, humorist, satirist, journalist, and, not least, overt moralist can help rob the pure painter of his due. But what one asks of such a performer is how satisfying, in the face of his subject matter, is his form; how individual his technique; how rewarding his approach. And on this score the pure painter in Hogarth stands remarkably high; indeed, there has developed a distinct tendency toward revaluating him by revisualizing him, with a shift in emphasis from the bourgeois observer to the baroque artist. Antal, Hogarth's most informed critic, can hardly glance at a picture of his without mention and citation of its baroque or rococo traits. John Russell speaks straightforwardly of "true baroque, a virile and not a parasitic convention." And whatever Hogarth's lack of formal training, he was far from a provincial in his knowledge of painting and far from a primitivist in the way he painted.

There were times when he fell short; and even where he succeeded—in portraying that "gross, material, stirring, noisy world" of which, said Hazlitt, Hogarth was "absolute lord and master"—there could be confusion, congestion, excess. At times there is almost as much to compare with Dickens as with Fielding: the moralizings and maudlin humanitarianism among the weaknesses; among the virtues the intense social-mindedness, the atmospheric detail, the riveting visions, the gift for the grotesque. As Dickens turns us back to Ben Jonson and adumbrates at times Dostoievsky, so Hogarth glances back at Bosch and moves forward toward Goya and Daumier.

But in the end, in his country's century, in his country's history, Hogarth

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stands apart. He "fills the memory," wrote Baudelaire, "like a proverb." When the comic and the satiric triumph, there is not just great trenchancy, there is notable stature. There is mastery of color and composition, not to speak of powerful characterization and scorching commentary. Yet I think we *must* speak of characterization and commentary, for no aesthetic view of the painter can obliterate the social historian. In art, as Nicolaus Pevsner says, Hogarth represents John Bull.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

THE ART OF THE OLD WEST
by Paul A. Rossi and David C. Hunt
Knopf, $25.00 until December 31, $30.00 thereafter

This, the most readable and sumptuous picture book of the year, celebrates the treasures to be found in the Thomas Gilcrease Institute of Tulsa, Oklahoma. The man who brought them together was part Indian, and when he was nine, he and each member of his family received an allotment of 160 acres in the Creek Nation. His land happened to be in the center of the first major oil field, a few miles southwest of Tulsa. On its initial earnings he educated himself, and with the fortune he later amassed he began to collect the paintings, manuscripts, and artifacts which, taken together, would illuminate the westward movement of the white man in North America.

From 1910 to shortly before his death in 1962, Gilcrease had assembled more than 5000 works of art by the great Western artists: Catlin, Russell, Miller, Moran; twenty-two paintings and bronzes by Remington; and the exceptional canvases of less-known men. For documentation he gathered 60,000 books, manuscripts, journals of individual exploit, and it is from these two sources, the pictorial and the written, that the director of the Institute, Paul A. Rossi, and the curator, David C. Hunt, have composed a social history blazing with action and authentic.

The collaboration is a happy one: Mr. Rossi, a native of Colorado, contributing his knowledge as horseman, rancher, and a famous collector of saddles; and Mr. Hunt, his connoisseurship and his facile pen. They have divided the book into twelve chapters beginning with "The Wilderness" and the early engravings of fauna, flora, and the idealized native, then moving on to "The Indians of the Plains," their dances, their hunting, and their large, undisturbed settlements, as George Catlin saw them in the 1830s. Their peace is reflected in the unbelievably lovely canvas *Indian Camp at Dawn* by Jules Tavernier. In "Trappers and Traders" we follow the men sent out by John Jacob Astor and the Hudson's Bay Company, the mountain men who followed the beaver and lived with the Indians in a kind of alcoholic truce until the furs became scarce. We follow the wagon trains to the California Crossing, so beautifully pictured by W. H. Jackson, where the South Platte was more than half a mile wide but seldom more than four feet deep, the oxen and prairie schooners like white fleets in the distance. The chapter "Troopers West" holds the violence of Remington and of Charles Schreyvogel, with Remington remarking to the captain of the squadron with whom he had been riding for thirty miles, "Captain, I've got the heart of a cavalryman, but the behind of a nursemaid."

All through this book one feels the sense of loss: the loss of Indian wisdom as their captivity hardened; the loss of the multitudes of wildlife, the buffalo in particular (see *Herd on the Move* by William Hays) which once covered the tawny plains in the millions; the loss of the silent wilderness as in *Sierra Nevada Morning,* one of the greatest canvases by Albert Bierstadt. C. M. Russell and O. C. Seltzer paint the round-up, the dance hall, and the shoot-out, and at the close we have the artists who settled near Taos to depict the Indian semi-adjusted and resigned. The prose blends the fortitude of the frontiersman with the prophetic view of the European explorers, the perspective is sound, and no reviewer can overemphasize the chain reaction which leaps from the picture to the text to the imagination—action so often stirring and tragic.

DEAR SCOTT/DEAR MAX:
The Fitzgerald-Perkins Correspondence edited by John Kuehl and Jackson R. Bryer
Scribner's, $7.95

In the spring of 1918 Shane Leslie, the Irish novelist and critic, wrote Charles Scribner II that he was sending him a manuscript which expressed "real American youth" by "an American Rupert Brooke." The unknown author was F. Scott Fitzgerald, and the description was apt, for no one since Byron has created such a dramatic appeal by what he wrote and the way he lived. The manuscript, entitled *The Romantic Egotist,* eventually became *This Side of Paradise,* and Maxwell Perkins, who abetted its revision, was the most sapient book editor of his time.

The friendship between Scott and Max, like that between Byron and John Murray, or more recently, that between Henry Mencken and Alfred Knopf, was for life. In the case of Fitzgerald and Perkins, it was deeply dependent upon their letters, as Scott had no permanent residence and was constantly in flight. Their correspondence, of course, deals with dollars and cents, since from 1920 on Fitzgerald had embraced a way of living which, even with his popularity, he could not afford; he was perpetually in debt, and Perkins bailed him out with infinite patience. John Kuehl and Jackson R. Bryer have cut and edited the letters as a running narrative, as indeed they are, a narrative which is remarkable for the intimacy and insight with which the two men judge the literary renaissance of which they are a part; for Scott's eagerness in calling Max's attention to writers of promise in London and Paris, most notably the unknown Ernest Hemmingway (as Scott invariably spelled it); and finally for its revelation of how Max encouraged and strengthened a major writer whose aspiration was matched by bouts of depression.

Fitzgerald was a slashing critic. He thought T. S. Eliot the finest poet of the century, admired Dreiser, said Sherwood Anderson had no ideas

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but could write superb prose, and overestimated Gertrude Stien, as he called her—she probably talked him into it. His contempt for novels of the soil which he thought were bogus in America breaks out in a glorious diatribe entitled "History of the Simple Inarticulate Farmer and his Hired Man Christy," the shrewdest, funniest devastation of the bucolic novel ever written.

His moments of elation about himself usually have a wry stinger in them: "I feel I have an enormous power in me now, more than I've ever had in a way but it works so fitfully and with so many bogeys because I've *talked so much* and not lived enough within myself. . . . Also I don't know anyone who has used up so much personal experience as I have at 27." And of *The Great Gatsby*, "I honestly think that when its published I shall be the best American novelist (which isn't saying a lot) but the end seems far away." When T. S. Eliot wrote him that he'd read *Gatsby* three times and considered it "the 1st step forward American fiction had taken since Henry James," Scott added, "Wait till they see the new novel!" *Tender Is the Night* was what he had in mind; it was written and rewritten over seven painful years while he was losing Zelda. Max's buoyancy in that critical time was indispensable. Their friendship, as the editors have skillfully emphasized, was Scott's anchor in a stormy career.

WE SPEAK NO TREASON
by Rosemary Hawley Jarman
Little, Brown, $8.95

To be believed in, a historical novel must cast a spell of verisimilitude; it must pronounce the difference in speech so that the words, as in Chaucer's time, are as fresh as dew and vital; it must make us believe in the quaintness, the human longing, and the brutality of a time when life was not as nice as it is today. In *We Speak No Treason*, Miss Jarman has turned the clock back five hundred years to entice us into medieval England. Her hero is the much maligned King Richard III, and her story, beginning with the romance of his youth, moves into the struggle for power, the drawing and quartering of the victims from the Tower, and the sanctuary which the Church alone offered to the widows. Richard was the last of the Plantagenets, and in the author's eyes, a brave and loyal man whose spirit was stronger than his body and who was dogged by misfortune from his boyhood. Miss Jarman knows her period. "I would have been perfectly happy in the fifteenth century," she said, "and during the writing of this book I literally lived in it."

Her romance is told in the form of the reminiscences of three people, each of whom was attracted to the court of Edward IV, the sunny, amorous older brother, and each of whom came to serve and love Richard in his various way. The first reminiscence is that of an old nun who in the infatuation of her youth became Richard's mistress, who bore him a daughter, and later lived in her convent, waiting for death and grieving for a King slain in treachery. The second reminiscence, less sentimental, more bawdy, is that of Patch, the court Fool, who witnessed at close hand the scheming and killing in the Wars of the Roses and whose life was spared because he could make men laugh. Patch had observed Richard's development ever since the boy was being trained for war at the age of twelve by the Kingmaker, Warwick. The Fool respected Richard's unshaken loyalty to his brother the King; he had likewise observed Richard's passion for the Maiden, for whom he too had a hopeless love.

The third reminiscence is that of a farsighted young knight, a champion with the long bow and a gentleman-usher in whom Richard puts his trust. His testimony is the most acute. The three show us, as it were, the different facets of the young diamond who was to be a sturdy fighter and an unhappy King. We see him as they saw him, thin, sober, and gracious, the right shoulder, because of his long training with the sword and mace, stronger and higher than the left. We see his valiance and why they loved him. The charm of their recollections comes in part from the language in which they are written, a pleasing blend of old French and Anglo-Saxon, and by dovetailing the three accounts, the author clarifies the intricate and bloody struggle for the Crown. A good romance, like a good opera, begins with bliss on earth, but as one watches the lovers, one knows that whether in Camelot or in London of the fifteenth century they are inevitably separated and condemned.

SHORT REVIEWS BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

HAIR by Wendy Cooper. Stein and Day, $12.95. Since there is no end to the superstitions, fashions, and neuroses that the human race, from aborigine to astronaut, lavishes on its hair, it is probably rash to claim that Miss Cooper has reported all of them. But while a stray lunacy may here and there have escaped her net, she has certainly gathered the majority, ratting them into a cheerful tangle of information, reliable and otherwise, with wisps of quotation and anecdote straggling about the edges. The book is a collection of oddities designed primarily to amuse. If it should also encourage parents who fear that their children are turning into English sheep dogs, that is a fringe benefit.

THE OCCULT by Colin Wilson. Random House, $15.00. It is Mr. Wilson's contention that mankind is inherently capable of a far wider range of experience and action than that developed under what must, for want of a better term, be called normality. He takes magic, spiritualism, and the like to be manifestations of the neglected "faculty X" and calls for investigation of the whole supernatural field, while acknowledging that modern scientific methods may be the wrong tools for such a project. Since Mr. Wilson's intention is serious and his researches have been prodigious, he cannot be brushed off as a man who believes in spooks; but as support for his basically rather moderate appeal for action, he has written an immoderately long history of the occult, from the speculative beginnings of time to a recent case of spontaneous combustion on the dance floor.

COLE edited by Robert Kimball with a biographical essay by Brendan Gill. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $25.00. Cole as in Porter—a jazzy album of snapshots, clippings, gossip, lyrics, japeries—everything to incite a roaring bout of nostalgia. Except the tunes.

THE BEJEWELED BOY by Miguel Angel Asturias. Doubleday, $4.95. The three sections of this novel by the

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Nobel Prize winner of 1967 are so disconnected that it might almost pass for a collection of short stories. Almost, but not quite. The action begins with a plotless, vaguely sinister melodrama through which images (there are no characters in the standard sense) whirl as mysteriously as Tarot cards from some other planet. Then comes a ghost-ship voyage which pretty certainly has to do with the inadequacies of orthodox theology. Finally there is a sequence in which the small son of a very odd household appears to have dreamed all the antecedent material, which he repudiates on learning a few facts about the family history. For all its nagging ambiguity, the book is rich in surprise and enchantment. It has a genuine touch of magic. Translated by Martin Shuttleworth.

THE JOURNEY OF AUGUST KING by John Ehle. Harper & Row, $6.95. Mr. Ehle always writes about the people of the North Carolina mountains in an unfussy style and with a sharp ear for local speech. His latest novel, set in the early nineteenth century, records the adventures of a law-abiding, grimly industrious farmer who, to his own bewilderment, risks his life and loses valuable property to help a runaway slave girl escape to the North. The work is notable for the contrast between the gentle tone of the narrative and the horrors it describes. A device which might have proved merely inappropriate actually creates a kind of eerie chiaroscuro.

FLAUBERT THE MASTER by Enid Starkie. Atheneum, $10.00. The concluding volume of the late Dr. Starkie's biography of Flaubert covers the years from 1856 to his death in 1880. Since he knew everyone worth knowing in French literary circles, his biographer had a treasure trove of letters and journals to quote from and made the most of it. The book covers far more than Flaubert.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE VINLAND MAP CONFERENCE edited by Wilcomb E. Washburn. University of Chicago Press, $10.00. The inconclusive conference was held in 1966 (scholarship publishes slowly) under the auspices of the Department of American Studies of the Smithsonian Institution, in the hope of finding out more about the controversial pre-Columbian map through discussions among specialists in other areas than cartography—although, of course, cartographers were present. Readers genuinely curious about the problem will find this collection of reports and arguments informative and even fascinating.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC by Edmond Rostand, translated by Anthony Burgess. Knopf, $5.95. Mr. Burgess has adapted as well as translated, arguing that the old Brian Hooker warhorse (for which he professes great respect) is too languid for the modern stage. His own version boldly mixes prose with a variety of verse forms, a method that works very well in the comedy scenes, which have a fine rasping snap. It works rather less well in all those romantic arias, which read just as long-windedly as they ever did. The adaptation includes the removal of Roxane (rechristened Roxana), coach, and horses from the battlefield. Mr. Burgess justifies it on the grounds of increased realism and the need to make the play available to "good amateur companies." He is right on both points, in regard to his own accomplishment. One is entitled to wonder, however, whether realism really benefits the peculiar *fin de siècle* romanticism, part sweet champagne and part wormwood, that underlies the play. As for those good amateur companies, Cyrano was written for a virtuoso professional, a notorious dazzler of an actor, and only Thalia knows how many audiences have been protected from an evening of ineptitude by Roxane's rig.

OUR GANG by Philip Roth. Random House, $5.95. The victims may not enjoy it, but they should be flattered. It is no small distinction to have provoked the wittiest and wickedest political satire since Dryden.

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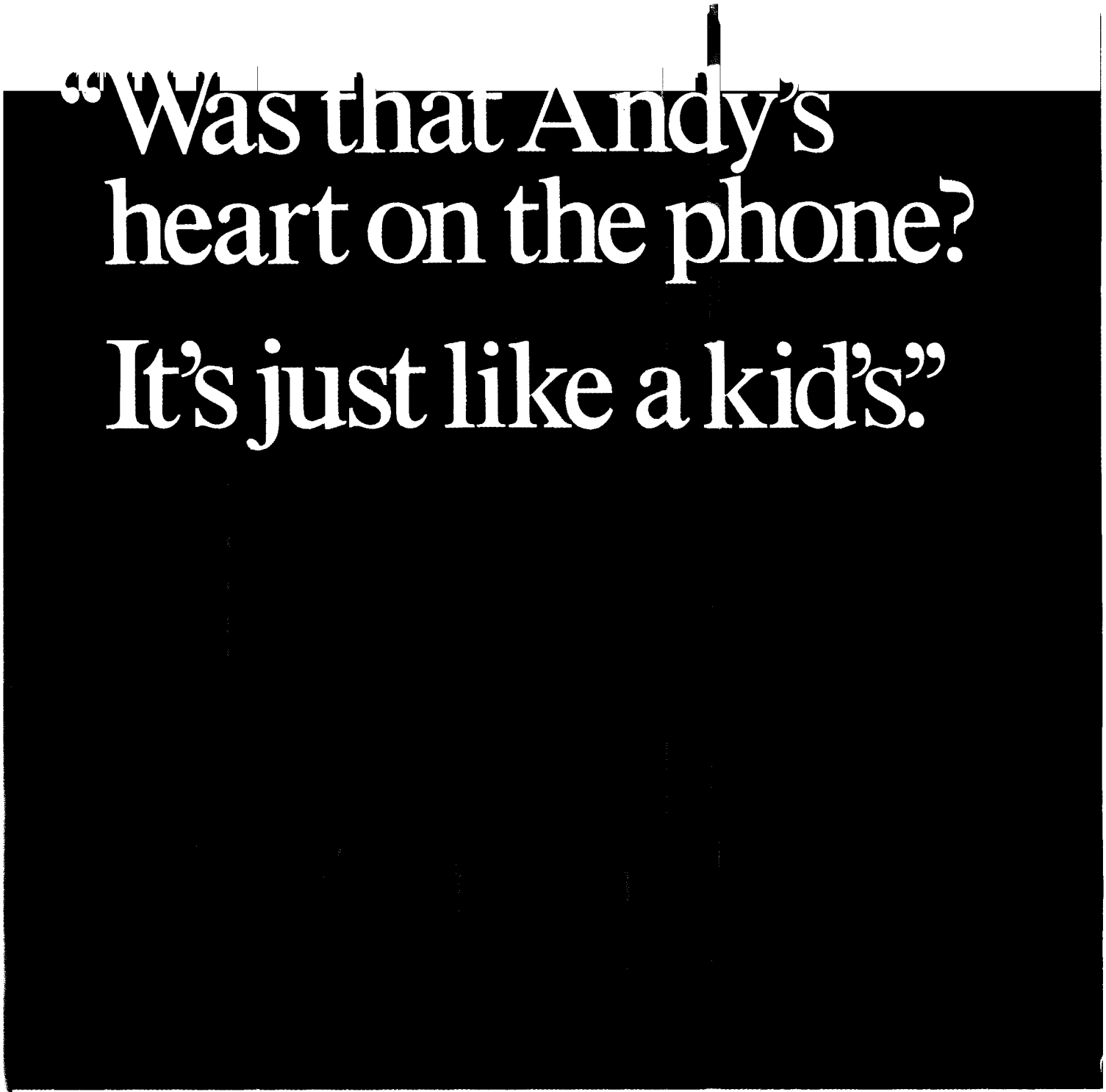

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